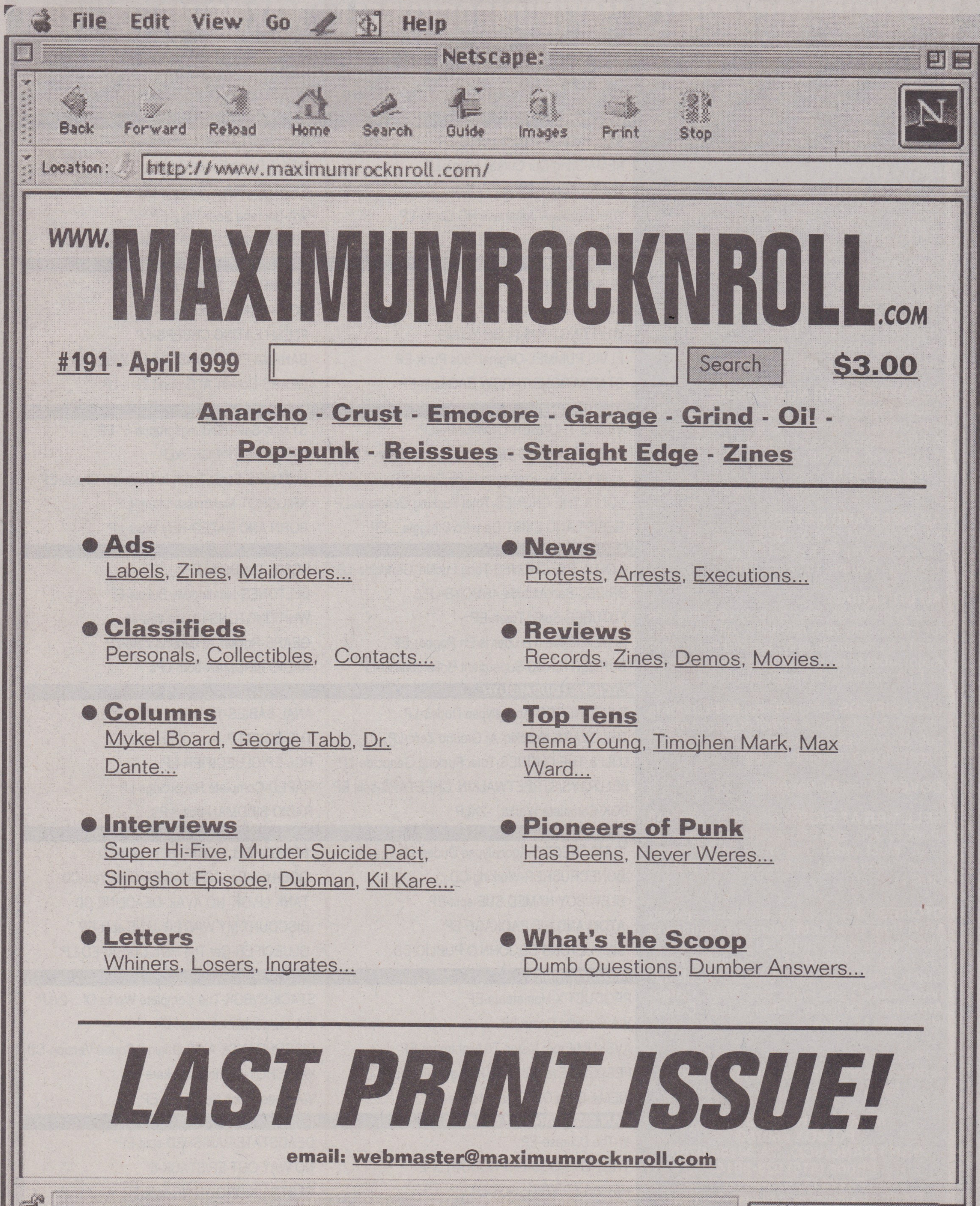
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#191 - April 1999

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: Back issues 148-149, 152-153, 156 Pt 2, 160, 161, 166, 168, 170-175, 177-187 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In: by 15th of previous month– **NO LATER!!!**
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

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(use this mainly for comments & letters.
Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

STACK-Selbstfingunsgruppe-EP
NEMA-Bring Our Curses Home-LP
324-Soulwinter-EP
V/A-Godzilla-A Japanese HC Comp-LP
V/A-Hardcore Holocaust-LP
KRIGSHOT-Maktmissbrukare-LP
BGK-A Dutch Feast- 2XLP
EYEBALL-Talkin' Straight-EP
V/A-Bacteria Sour Vol 2-EP
DISCORDANCE AXIS-Original Sound...-CD

JEFF HEERMANN

RUNAROUNDS-The Plaugue Of...-EP
BLACKS-Balls Deep-EP
WHITTINGTONS-I'll Get You-45
ELVIS PUMMEL-Original "50s Punk-EP
STARVATIONS/THROW RAG-split-EP
MAGNITUDE 3-She's Mine-45
BOYS-Sick On You-45
FLESH EATING CREEPS-EP
BANANA ERECTORS-Fed Up With...-45
GEARS-Rockin' At Ground Zero-LP

TOM HOPKINS

VEGAS THUNDER-Live/NEMA--LP
ELECTROCUTES-Steal Your Lunch Money-LP
A//POLITICAL-Propaganda By Deed-EP
LOLI & THE CHONES-Total Fucking Genocide-LP
RESIST AND EXIST-Dare To Struggle...-EP
STACK-Selbstfindungsgruppe-6"-EP
!!!-Disease-EP/BGK-2xLP
FUTURES-Sonic Trash In Minimum Chaos-EP
KRIGSHOT-Maktmissbrukare-LP
BORN AND RAZED-Holy Wars-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

LOLI & THE CHONES-Total Fuckin' Genocide-LP
BRIDES-Bad Attitude-45/BOYS-LP
FUTURES-Sonic Trash-EP
ARTLESS-Mein Bruder Is En Popper-EP
BURGER KINGS-Supergiant Rollercoaster-LP
RC5-In The Bottle-EP
BELTONES-Naming My Bullets-EP
WHITTINGTONS-I'll Get You-45
GEARS-Rockin' At Ground Zero-LP
RADIO BIRDMAN-both-LPs

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

TURBONEGRO-Apocalypse Dudes-LP
THE GEARS-Knockin' At Ground Zero-LP
LOLI & THE CHONES-Total Fucking Genocide-LP
BELLRAYS/STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS-split EP
BGK-Complete Works...-2XLP
ANAL BABIES-10"
THE BOYS-LP
RC5-EP/GLUECIFIER-EP
RAPED-Complete Recordings-LP
RADIO BIRDMAN-both LP's

RAY LUJAN

TURBONEGRO-Apocalypse Dudes-LP
BONECRUSHER-Working-CD
BLEW/BOY NAMED SUE-split-EP
ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE-EP
SIMPLETONS-CD/JOHN Q PUBLIC-CD
BOMBSHELL ROCKS-Street Art-CD
GOB-How Far-CD/SCARIES-Over You-CD
TANK-LP/OF NO AVAIL-DEADLINE-CD
DISCOUNT/MY WINTER JANE-split-EP
GLUECIFER-Get The Horn-CD/RAPED-LP

TIMOJHEN MARK

PRODUCT X-Hometeam-EP
V/A-Godzilla Comp-LP
AVSKUM-From Vision To Nightmare-EP
FEEDERZ-Ever Fell Like Killing Your Boss-CD
.NEMA-Bring Our Curses Home-LP
STACK-6"/BGK-The Complete Works Of...-2xLP
V/A-Hardcore Holocaust-LP
DISCORDANCE AXIS-Original Sound Version-CD
KRIGSHOT-Maktmissbrukare-LP
V/A-Better Luck Next Time-EP

SEAN SULLIVAN and MELANIE

!!!-The Disease-EP
THE HOT DOGS-LP/PRODUCT X-EP
HELVIS-EP/KRIGSHOT-LP
MENSEN-both-EPs/GLUECIFER-EP
NEMA-LP/NAILED DOWN-10"
DEADSTATE/BANISHED-split-EP
NO WAY OUT-EP/STACK-6"
RESTRAIN/DROWNING-split-EP
THE BOYS-EP/BGK-2xLP
BORN AND RAZED-LP/TURBONEGRO-LP

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TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

RAIMUNDO MURGIA

- GROOVIE GHOULIES/TEN FOOT POLE-live
- TURBONEGRO-Apocalypse Dudes-LP
- HELLSTOMPER-Bootleggers & Ridgerunners-EP
- BGK-A Dutch Feast-2XLP
- THE BRIDES-Bad Attitude-EP
- MOLOKO MEN-Drunk and Poor-LP
- ARTLESS-Mein Bruder Is En Popper-EP
- SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH-Hell Hath No Fu
- CO CORD CONTROL-One Size Fits All-EP
- THE STARVATIONS/THROWRAG-split-EP

JAH NELL

- THE HOT DOGS-Rock 'N Roll Army-LP
- ATOM AND HIS ROCKAGE-EP
- BELLRAYS/STREETWALKING CHEETAHS-split-EP
- CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SEMTENCE-EP
- LOLI & THE CHONES-LP/MENSEN-EP
- THE ROULETTES-live/THE FEEDERZ-CD
- THE BELTONES-Naming My Bullet-EP
- THE KNOCK UPS/THE CHASE-split-EP
- THE BOYS-LP/RADIO BIRDMAN-both-LPs
- TURBONEGRO-Apocalypse Dudes-LP

JACQUELINE PRICHARD and DOUG GRIME

- STACK-6"/POSITIVE NEGATIVE-EP
- REACHING FORWARD-EP/HELVIS-EP
- RUNAROUNDS-EP/KRIGSHOT-LP
- THEE OUTCASTS-EP/CHAUNCEY-EP
- RESTRAIN/DROWNING-split EP/RC5-EP
- MALCONTENT/KIL KARE/DEAD MOON-live
- PRODUCT X-EP/NO WAY OUT-EP
- ARDEN CHAPMAN-EP/PONTIUS PILATE-EP
- UNDERPRIVILEGED NATION-EP/BGK-2XLP
- DEADSTATE/BANISHED-split EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- RESIST AND EXIST-Dare To Struggle-EP
- PONTIUS PILATE-Witness The Crucifixion-EP
- DEADSTATE/BANISHED-EP
- BGK-A Dutch Feast-LP
- NO WAY OUT-Next Step-EP
- A//POLITICAL-Propaganda By Deed-EP
- EYEBALL-Talkin' Straight-EP
- GROOVIE GHOULIES/TEN FOOT POLE-live
- NEMA-Bring Our Curses Home-LP
- VA-Hardcore Holocaust-LP

MAX WARD

- NO WAY OUT-EP/BGK-2xLP
- ONE SIZE FITS ALL-EP/324-EP
- EYEBALL-Talkin' Straight-EP
- V/A-Hardcore Holocaust-LP
- DISCORDANCE AXIS-Original Sound...-CD
- STACK-EP/PRODUCT X-EP
- REACHING FORWARD-EP
- NAILED DOWN-Violent Distortion-10"
- V/A-Godzilla-A Japanese HC Comp-LP
- HALF MY TIME-No More Lies-EP

RYAN WELLS

- SMASHED BLOCKED-EP
- V/A-TEENAGE TREATS-Vol 1-LP
- HOT DOGS-Rock'N Roll Army-LP
- LOLI & THE CHONES-LP
- WHITTINGTONS-I'll Get You-45
- RADIO BIRDMAN-both-LPs
- BRIDES-Bad Attitude-EP
- ANAL BABES-Cocaone Swastika-10"
- BOYS-s/t-LP
- BLACKS-Balls Deep-EP

KENNY KAOS/REMA YOUNG

- ANAL BABES-Cocaine Swastika & 5"-10"
- TURBONEGRO-Apocalypse Dudes-LP
- PLEASURE FUCKERS-Simple Needs-45
- DATSUN-Preaching The Gospel Of Porn-10"
- MENSEN-Wembley-EP
- GLUCECIFER-Get Under The Horn-45
- HELLSTOMPER-Bootleggers & Ridgerunners-EP
- RC5-In The Bottle-EP
- THE RUNAROUNDS-The Plague Of...-EP
- THE WHITTINGTONS-I'll Get You-45

ZINE TOP TEN

- Annoying Crack #6
- East Village Inky #2
- Absurd #5
- Sexscraper
- Sore #7
- I Hate You #7
- Suburban Voice #42
- Off! Autumn '98
- Cool Beans #9
- Rats in the Hallway #10

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#148/Sept '95. Adversives, Thorazine, Toe Rag Studios, Scott Radinsky, Wizo, Bollocks, Shitworkers, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Soda Jerks, Walking Ruins, "Roots Of Punk–The Sixties Pt 1".

#149/Oct '95. Manic Hispanic, Pet UFO, Campus Tramps, Joe Kidd, Bad Luck Streak, Chumpslap, The Humpers, No Violence, Diferentes Actitudes, Juveniles, Richard the Roadie, "Roots Of Punk–The Sixties Pt 2".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers of Punk–Ohio '77".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers of Punk–Dead Boys".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneers of Punk–The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Patrick Grindstaff of Pelado Records, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawls, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, The Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, The Bristols, My 3 Scum, The Space Shits, Chris of Pessimiser Records, The Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers of Punk–GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, "Education" theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers of Punk: The Henchmen", Filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNT's, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless I.D., Quarantine, "Roots of Punk–Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, The Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, "Economics theme issue".

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers of Punk–Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, T.V. Killers, Slack Action, The Eyliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, The Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers of Punk–Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, The Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Block 5, D.D.I., The Normals, "Pioneers of Punk–999", "Pirate Radio" theme issue.

#182/July '98. Thee Headcoatees, Vapids, Manchurian Candidates, Squiggy,Nema, Traffic Violation Records, Jumpin' Land Mines, B-Movie Rats, Budget Girls, The Bruisers, Discount, Dead End Kids, "Pioneers of Punk–Adverts".

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pioneers of Punk–X-Ray Specs", Article on Chiapas.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers of Punk–Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Whimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites. "Pioneers of Punk–Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-article on homeless punks, "Pioneers of Punk--Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily and Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers of Punk--Dead Kennedy's".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers of Punk--DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Records, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita and Sister.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers of Punk--Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers of Punk- Minor Threat"

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C/Z records

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!! Please list alternates in case we're out of a particular issue. Price list is on previous page.

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! Hi! My name is Jenn and I input and edit the scene reports that come in. MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff? We prefer things typed up on a 3 1/2" computer disk, either Mac (preferred) or IBM. Please don't type in ALL CAPS! If you can't access a computer, then typed up cleanly on paper should work, as long as it's in a fairly common and straightforward font. Graphic stuff? Send photos (B&W preferred, but color OK too), logos, etc. Thanks

Records/zines? See detailed information listed on the mastheads of the Record Review and Zine Review sections.

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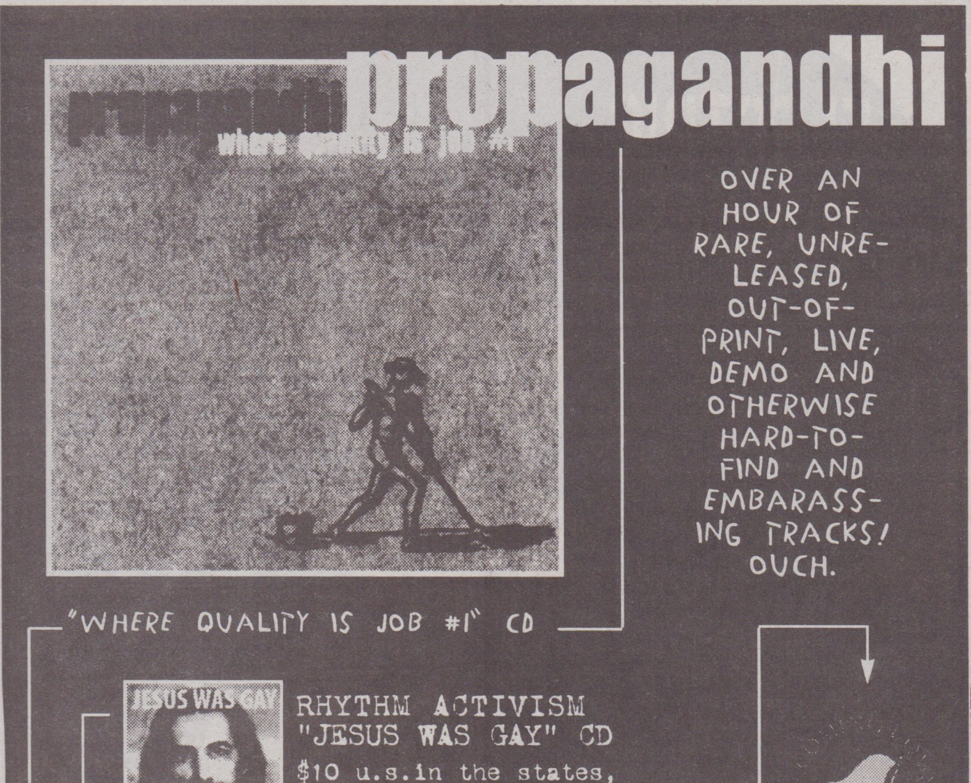

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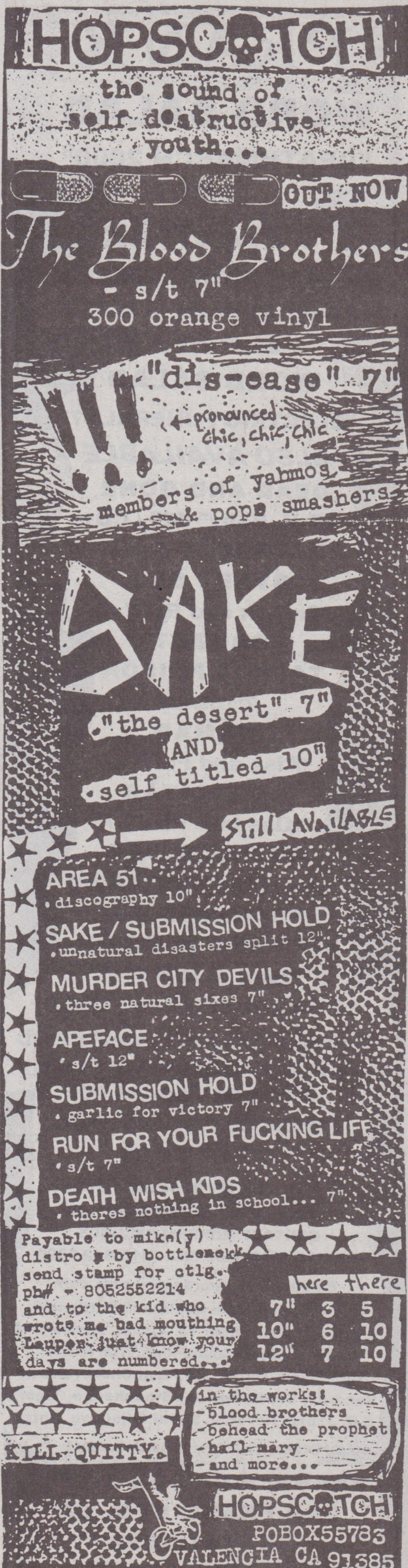

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MURDER CITY DEVILS
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ASSUCK -------------------------	Blindspot	1992 recordings, 7 tracks, reissued.	Schematic	EP	3.00
B.G.K. -------------------------	Dutch Treat	Double LP/ CD - European legends...	Alt Tentacles	2xLP/CD	9./10.
CAVITY -------------------------	Supercollider	By far their best material yet. Awesome.	Man's Ruin	CD	10.50
DEVOID OF FAITH ---------------	Commodified	Their awesome full length, repressed	Dbl Decker	LP	7.25
DISCORDANCE AXIS ------------	Complete	All early recordings, available again!!	Devour	CD	11.00
DJ Q-BERT ---------------------	Wave Twisters	The first full length - self released + hard to get	Galactic	2xLP/CD	20./16.50
DWARVES -----------------------	Free Cocaine	Reissue - 1986 to 1988 inclusive. Their best...	Recess	2xLP/CD	13.50 ea
DYSTOPIA ----------------------	Human = Garbage	Still an amazing listen - back in stock	Life is Abuse	CD	10.00
FEEDERZ -----------------------	Ever Feel Like...	Amazing political 'art' punk - smart & spiteful.	F.B.	CD	12.00
HIS HERO IS GONE--------------	Fool's Gold	Split LP tracks rerecorded/rereleased	GASR	EP	3.25
JUDGEMENT --------------------	Night Brings	Awesome stuff + full color artwork.	HG Fact	EP	4.50
LOS CRUDOS -------------------	Los Primeros	Collection LP - older & out of print material	Lengua Arm.	LP	6.00
NAILED DOWN ------------------	Violent Dist.	Reissue of the 3" CD - Neg Approach Cover!	Revolution	10"	9.25
NAILED DOWN ------------------	Honor and Glory	8 New Studio tracks / 2 live tracks...	Six Weeks	8" flexi	2.75
SLEEP--------------------------	Volume 1	Post AsbestosDeath - 9 tracks....	Tupelo	CD	12.00
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ULTIMATE WARRIORS -----------	Nazo Wrestle	Crazy packaging, and a crazier record - frantic	D. Decker	EP	3.25
WADGE-------------------------	On a Mission	Fierce Canadian Hardcore - grt tempo changes	R.S.R.	10"	8.00
V/A BACTERIA SOUR II - Second Edition		New tracks - DOF/In My Eyes/OAC etc etc	Bacteria Sour	EP	3.25
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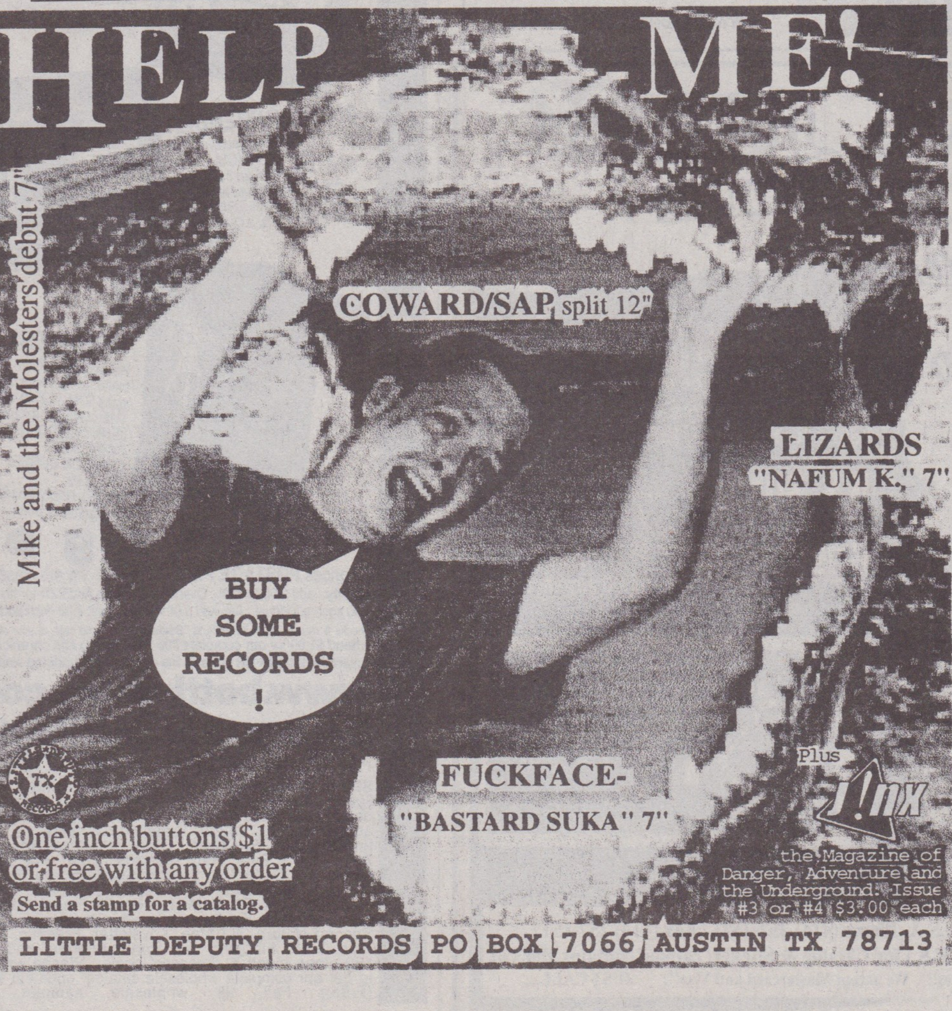
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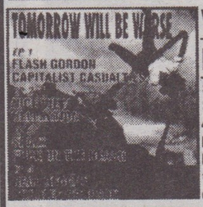

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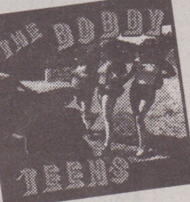

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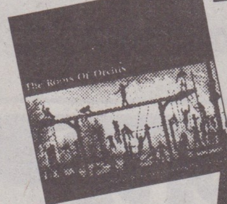

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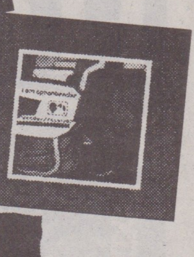

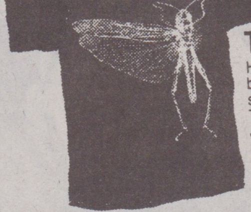

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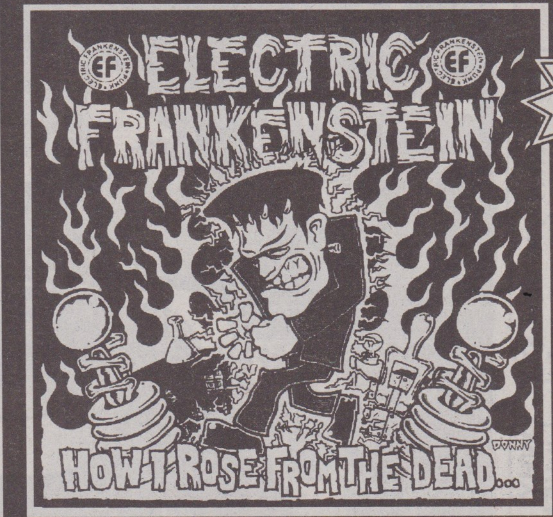

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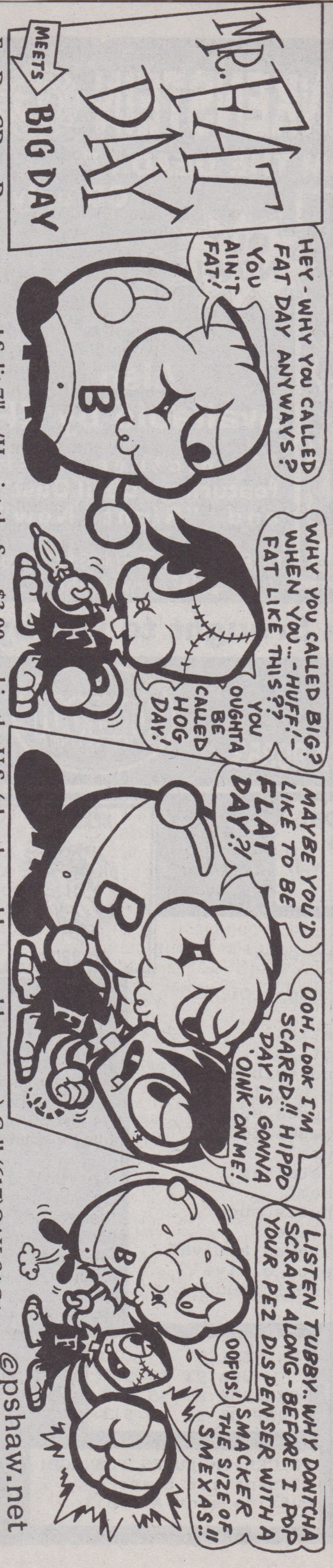
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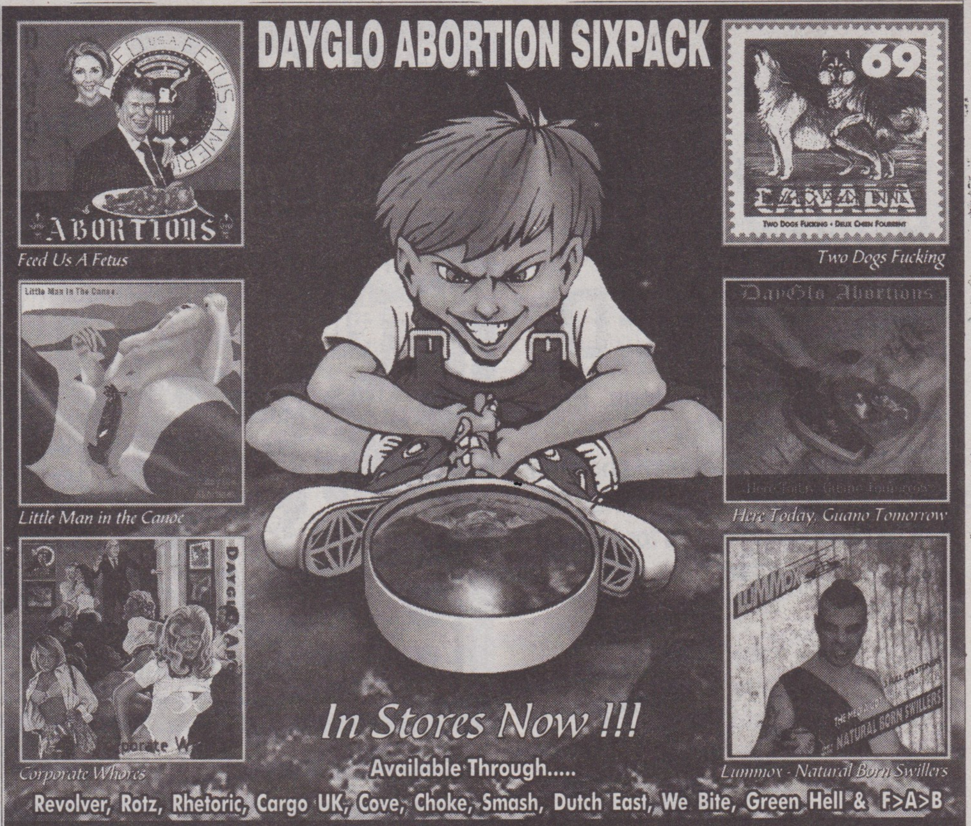
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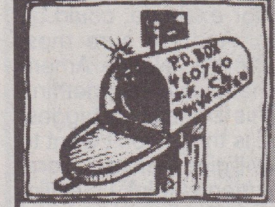


A

Dear MRR,

I am very pissed off. I'm so damned pissed! *Piss!*

The reason I am writing to is because I have to cover an extremely important issue: Operation Ivy. I love this band more than words can explain. Jesse Michaels wrote lyrics that *changed my outlook on life*. The "Energy" booklet is my 2nd bible.

The reason I'm pissed off is because of one thing. Punks (some, not all) refuse to accept Op Ivy as a punk band. I happen to be part of the punk population that does accept Op Ivy as a punk band. This is not just my opinion, though. In "Unity: The Complete Collection" Lint wrote that they were "punx in a punk band playing punk rock." Chew on that you ignorant pieces of shit!

I was standing across from my high school wearing my Op Ivy shirt, and some guy walks up to me with "Sublime" written on his backpack. "Nice shirt," he said. "They weren't bad for a ska band." That pissed me off so much. All I could think were the lyrics, "unity, as one stand together." I repeated this to myself as I walked away.

Fighting is not my thing, but some people make me want to hurt them. My point is that the only people who consider Op Ivy as "ska" are uneducated about this band. Not too long ago, some pot head skater punk asked me when Op Ivy was coming to town! How stupid can he be!?

All I'm saying is this: if you want to learn about Op Ivy, do it through serious research. If you really do your homework, you'll find that Op Ivy had/has a huge impact on punk. And if you hear somebody call them ska, give them a good, hard slap in the face for disgracing the best fuckin' *punk* band that ever existed!

See ya in da pit,

Barrett Applegate (aka "Lint II')

B

Ty-

Patrik Jonsson of Really Fast Records, Sweden, here. Just a short answer to your question where S.O.D. has been hiding the last 13 years that you asked in the review of the S.O.D. 7" in MRR #188. The answer is that they haven't been hiding. They're not even back!! The S.O.D. you reviewed is *not* the same band. It's a different band with the same singer and the same initials!

S.O.D. (Sounds of Disaster) split up in 1986 and have never ever played together since. The singer though has struggled to keep the name alive in various ways. Maybe you remember the South African "Surf Or Die". His band in South Africa!!! Due to the popularity the original S.O.D. gained the singer can't let the name go away, even forming a completely new band and naming it with the same initials and trying to imitate the songs and sound of the original band. A band where he wrote *no* songs. He didn't even come up with the name S.O.D.!!! I have to point out that him and I are friends, but I think this behavior is totally stupid.

Patrik

c

Dear readers of MRR,

I would like to report an illness in Lancaster, PA that could lead to death! It's our fuckin' scene!!! When I first got into punk, it was through the local scene around mid-'93. Why? Well, at first it was because I wanted to check out a show that I found a flyer for at a local record shop (Web of Sound, r.i.p.) Anyway, I had found a place where it was cool just to be me. I never felt that way before, through school I was always made fun of (mainly high school) because my clothing wasn't brand name or every day was a bad hair day. It got to the point where I quit school in 1992.

Getting back to the point, in mid-'93 there were around 150-200 kids going to shows. Now, if we're lucky we get around 50! A lot of people who put on shows got burnt out! There wasn't enough kids coming around anymore and lots of money was lost.

My opinion, our local scene got two groups of people. We got the "I know it all, and I was around forever." The other group is the mainstream kids, they're the ones who put away their Pearl Jam t-shirts and cut their hair so they could buy into the "punk look" ($70 bondage pants; $18 punk t-shirt from the mall.) Wow! Now they look the part! But they still (and most of them) always will have that mainstream attitude!

I like going to shows for two main reasons, enjoying the music and meeting new friends. I thought that's what it's all about?!! Instead, when I try to make friends people just snub you away or they smile to your face and then make fun of you when your back is turned! That's probably why a lot of the "true" scenesters don't like going to shows anymore!

In ending I would like to thank the Lancaster punk/hc shops (C. I. Records; Angry Young and Poor; 1.2.X.U.) and all the people who care enough to put on shows and the bands and scenesters who truly care! Anyone from this area or nearby get in touch! (or anyone else who wants to write!)

Jeremy Culp/ 516 N. 3rd St./ Columbia, PA 17512-1142

PS I do a mailorder distro called "Bondage Boy Records." If you want a catalog send on 33¢ stamp or an IRC.

d

MRR,

As a reader of *Maximum Rockandroll* for about 2 years now I just wanted to say thanks. Your magazine has helped both my band and myself with its diy ethics and interesting columns. I look forward to every issue, as it seems to bring important news and great new bands to my attention. Out here in Minnesota's redneck capitol our band actually started something great, a punk rock kid's haven. It was an all ages venue where new acts could gain a following and older acts could experiment with new things to do on stage. It also provided our band with a place to practice and play as often as we wanted.

My point is, well, the diy ethics from your zine is what inspired me to propose this club idea and it worked. We have had some great bands come though there like the Fuck Yeahs, Greenstick Factor, the Porcelain Boys, Lucky and many, many more. Our own band has gotten to play there as often as we want and, well, it has improved our stage show 100%. We also have managed to pay the rent so we practice for free and have enough left over to pay the bands and buy that much needed new band equipment. Anyway just wanted to say thanks and keep up the great work!

If anyone out there has any info on upcoming comps, or any names and numbers for clubs our on the west coast, email me. Our band is planning a tour this summer and we're booking the whole tour on our own. Email me at gofourteen@hotmail.com.

Nikki

E

Dear *Max Rock & Roll*,

The problem with new school punk is that the lyrics are extremely stupid and have no meaning or message. This is why it appeals only to middle school kids. Instead of writing a song called "I love ewe" that any retarded third grader could write, they should be writing songs about politics, problems in the scene, the fact that kids are being oppressed by shitty laws such as harsh penalties for MIP (here in Texas they suspend your license, make you take a 6 hour class, give you community service hours, and a $200-300 fine), the 21 drinking age, curfews and the fact that the people writing these laws (the baby boomer hippies) were doing acid and heroin when they were our age! Hypocrites! (Hey this is kind of related to the city of Berkeley wanting to close down 924 Gilman!)

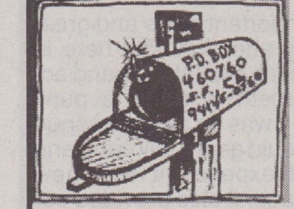
Although the music they play sucks, the hardcore & straight edge kids seem to actually have meaning in their songs. Punk should head in this direction while leaving out the crappy heavy metal guitars and terrible vocals. What punk nowadays is, is really just bad alternative music with terrible singers and a slightly faster beat. I think all these new school bands need to go out and buy themselves a copy of "Not all is quiet on the Western Front" for some inspiration.

Mike/ cherrybomb77@yahoo.com

F

Hello MRR folks,

I hear Mark Murrmann has returned to our humble little



town (we live in Bloomington). Thanks for giving him back. Please keep up the good work and thank you for not having glossy covers and bar codes. Here's an ad and money. Enjoy. Love,
Chris

G

Hey Maximum Rock and Rollers!

Mike here, from Agent 86. I am sitting in a prison in Holland after being convicted of assault resulting from a street fight in Amsterdam.

My wife and current Agent 86 drummer, the inimitable Bunny & I moved to Amsterdam in Jan. '98 to take a break from the cut-throat Seattle music empire and try to make a living playing gigs across Europe.

Agent 86 played their last big tour in the summer of '94 throughout California. I've spent the last five years or so working for other bands as a live sound engineer. I toured with DOA for a couple of years, tour-managed Portland's .30-06, and worked as a sound man in two of Seattle's largest clubs: The Off-Ramp and the China Club. I've mixed 100's of NW bands like the Cherry Poppin' Daddies to Popsickle and national bands like Fear, Run-DMC and Agent Orange. I've also toured with Seattle's Christdriver.

After all these years of shit jobs and some good ones, too—like managing DC Space in Washington, DC)—mixing bands live is what I seem really good at doing. So last year ('97), I tried running my own club, an all-ages downtown space called Area 51, in Seattle. Unfortunately, due to severe police and City Hall hassles brought on by a rap/hip-hop night we also ran, and the subsequent denial of a beer license by the state, we went under after only 6 months, losing about $75,000.

Bands we've played with over the years include: TSOL, Black Flag, GBH, Circle Jerks, DOA, NoMeansNo, the Wipers, the Gits, Bad Religion, Jawbreaker, Holy Rollers, Jawbox, Dead Kennedys, Christ on a Crutch, Rebel Truth, Rancid, the Detonators, Green River, Hiatus, Hüsker Du, Subvert, Tales of Terror, Agent Orange, and dozens of others all over the U.S. and Europe. We started in Arcata, California and have also been based in Washington, DC, Eugene, Oregon, and now, Seattle.

What can I say but prison sucks. And Holland sucks. Even though only about 5% of the Dutch population is black, the black prison population is about 70%. Most come from the South American country of Suriname, a former Dutch slave colony. I'm the only American at this particular prison, although an embassy official told me there's about 35 other U.S. citizens in jail here. So, consequently, I'm very isolated in a country where everyone speaks English but refuses to speak it.

I'd like to hear from friends, former friends, fans, enemies, anyone who knows me. I used and alias when I was arrested (I really don't know why...) so I can be reached at: P.I. Norgerhaven/ Oude Asserstraat 20/ 9341 BC Veenhuizen/ M. Williams/ G5/ the Netherlands.

I'll gladly accept t-shirts, hats, stickers, posters, etc. Unfortunately, I can't have tapes, CD's or discs. Zines too, but they have to be sent separately, packaged as if sent by the "publisher".

Also, if any bands need a good, road experienced sound man, please keep me in mind. I get out in July 1999. Thanks. Peace,
Mike/ Agent 86

h

Dear MRR—

Please accept the following haikus as entries in your "Cutting Edge Poetry" contest that I have seen advertised on the internet. Please e-mail us back if we win and get published. Thanx.

Pimp
He was the big pimp
I am a huge fan of pimp
I love to sing pimp
By CJ

Shark
The shark ate my meat
The shark swallowed my big meat
The shark likes my meat
By CJ

Guitar
My guitar kicks butt
I can make my guitar scream
Electric guitar
By RK

i

Mykel...

I just came home to poop and needed something to read so I grabbed the MRR from the table and started flipping through. I've been really sick so I haven't had time to really look at it, so I thought it was a convenient time to read a few articles. It's a good thing I was on the toilet because I was so happy I wanted to pee! I've been "fighting" with my friends about the whole political correctness of describing people. They think I'm "rude" when I say "that black guy over there.." or "the Oriental girl" or what have you... but I think that is how it is! It makes me happy that other people feel the same. I refuse to call Negroes/ black people/ whatever "African-American" because if most of them were anything they would be "native American" like me... because I was born here just like them. If they want to be called African-American because of their ancestry, then every single person on the earth could be called African-whatevers because that is where humans first came from... it's a fact. And most likely if they went to Africa, the Africans would call them Americans no matter what color. If they don't want to go that far into the past. Still, most white people that live here could call themselves something else also. I, for example, could be Swedish-American. And I'm sure most everyone except the true Native Americans could call themselves something other than white. This is one of my biggest pet peeves in life... is this "I don't want to offend people so I will give them a general name" bullshit. My friends think I just like to offend people... which for the most part is sort of true... but still, the whole thing is bullshit. I'm also glad you said the part about "Asians" because Russians could be considered Asian... and they look white to me. But well... people are just fucking stupid. That's it... I just wanted to tell you that, and say thanks for talking about it in your column. Yo.
Lindsey Thompson

J

TK Getzgo,

Hi. My name is Zack Phillips, I am a PFC in the Army, stationed at Ft.Polk, Louisiana. My m.o.s. is 19 D-Cavalry Scout. I really enjoyed your article on tattoos in issue 188. How new is your column? I haven't read MRR for awhile because I am out here in the sticks.

You did a very accurate description of the stupid tattoos people here get. But tribal tattoos are a lot more popular now than cartoon characters. But everything else was so true.

I have heard about the Air Force's new rules. That totally sucks. Fortunately the Army is still pretty lenient. I have old-school sleeves and the only problem I have run into is people ask if the spider web on my elbow means I am a Nazi. Whatever. I have no idea where they heard that. I grew up in Portland, OR which is the former bonehead capitol—nobody ever said anything about spider webs. Another friend of mine, who is also into old school tattoos, got a spider web and somebody filed an equal opportunity complaint on him. What*ever*! We're not even skins, and definitely not Nazis!

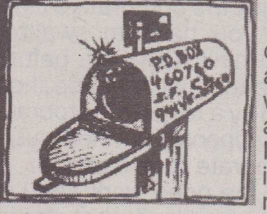
Anyway, I think your column rules. It sucks being a punk in the Army. Especially in the South. I'm sXe and vegan too, so that makes life about 10 times tougher. Do you know how hard it is to find hummous here?

If the Army does decided to crack down on tattoos, what can I do? I am a good soldier, I've never been in trouble, and I'm in good standing with my superiors... but my tattoos might get me in trouble. Is there anything the ACLU or anyone like that can do? Please write me, thank you very much.
PFC Phillips, Zack/ K-Troop 3/2 ACR/ Ft. Polk, LA 71459-5230

K

To the kind folks at MRR,

I'm going to keep this letter as short as possible. I've been following the letters you've been receiving about the Indecision interview. Last issue, I think you really dug yourselves a hole you can't possibly get yourselves out of!



Justin from Indecision once again wrote in whining about this and that. Frankly I'm tired of hearing him bitch and moan about little shit. I didn't think he made very much sense in saying "lighten up" in regards to the use of the word fag. I would have to agree with you guys that you should not accept that word in any form.

But wait a minute... let me quote George Tabb from his column in the very same issue: "See I'm gay?" "Yes, you are." Now, I'm a bit confused. George is clearly using this in the same context as it was used in the Indecision interview.

Now, before people begin to think that I am a fan of Indecision looking to find something, even the smallest thing, to complain about in this zine, you're wrong. In fact, if anything, I would consider myself a George Tabb fan. Every column of his that I have seen has made me laugh. Truthfully, I don't like Indecision at all. In fact, I don't understand why your zine would even cover them. I'm not talking about the Revelation thing, either. Anybody who is unfortunate enough to have ever heard them knows what I'm talking about.

Before I get too off track, I will let this letter end and hopefully the whole argument will be over. I think you guys should think about the double standard that you have developed when it comes to the usage of the words "gay" and "fag."

On a final note, I think Mike Beer City was so right on with his column in last issue. Garage and surf bands are for lame bar types. Then again, shitty crunch bands like Indecision don't belong in punk rock zines like MRR, either.

Keep up the good work MRR! Send all pez dispensers to:
Josh Lyons/ 49 Wilcox St./ Rochester, NY 14607 USA

Josh,

Here's what it says on the first page of the columns section: "Opinions expressed are solely those of the columnists and (thankfully) are not MRR editorial policy". Since so many folks work on the magazine, it doesn't have the monolithic voice I sometimes think it does. I think "pussy" is a sexist insult. Jeff M.

Dear MRR and readers,

This is in response to Felix Havoc's column in issue #188. I am not responding to bash Felix in any way. I would just like to expand upon what he wrote and give a different point of view. I am particularly referring to the section in which he writes about Swedish bands and Japanese bands (always a good topic). He goes on to write that he wishes more bands from these areas would do more vinyl releases as he and others he knows pass up CD only releases. He writes, "If you don't want to do a vinyl edition, I bet you can find someone who will." What about the bands that don't come from the infamous hardcore countries or have big names behind them? They would be lucky to even get some of the larger hardcore labels (by larger I mean the bigger labels that are often advertised in MRR. I won't name labels so nobody gets upset that I refer to their label as "larger") to even listen to their CD when they mail it to them. I am sure many bands want to put their music out on CD and vinyl, or even vinyl only. Who wouldn't? I know my band would have loved to put our stuff out on vinyl instead of CD. Let's face it, 12 inches are awesome. But, now, let's look at cost.

A CD, with a one-color print and music put on it costs about eighty cents if you make a thousand. Throw in a jewel case, sleeves, and printing costs and each CD comes out to about a dollar and a half. If you add recording time (I know, not all of us punks are so cool as to know some guy with a bunch of recording equipment is his basement and nothing better to do than record bands for free, but oh well) you are looking at about two dollars and fifty cents a CD for one thousand. That means your band (or if you're one of the lucky ones, your label) has spent about twenty five hundred dollars to put out a CD. Certainly, that is not chump change. If this band or label does not have a big name or several releases prior then expect to lose money as distribution is going to be an absolute nightmare.

However, a twelve inch vinyl record runs about $3.00 to $3.50 each to make a thousand. That is the vinyl with the music on it. Throw in sleeves, lyric sheets, covers and printing costs and you are looking at about five to six bucks a record when completed. Therefore, your band or label will spend five to six thousand dollars to put that record out (I still do not understand why CDs cost more than vinyl in the punk world but whatever). Again, If you don't have many releases prior then distribution is going to be a nightmare. That is a lot of money to gamble with.

Felix then goes on to say "Some of the best hardcore goes overlooked while labels like Victory can sell 10,000 copies of the most generic metal-core re-hash. Time to look beyond the hype and marketing, cut through the enforced mediocrity of the commercialized punk scene." I would like to offer the flip side of view concerning this statement. Are you saying bands that are on labels that have enough money to put their stuff out on vinyl and do so, get overlooked? Come on now. Think of all the infamous bands that have sold thousands of 5-inch picture discs. You know those ones that cost a lot, look super cool, but are impossible to play on the average turntable. Now think of all the bands not on labels that would hope to sell a couple hundred CDs. Since they are not on a label with a dozen or more releases distribution will most likely just result in a few consignment sales. Plus, they probably don't have the financial backing some of these labels can offer so advertising alone is going to get real costly. Most of these bands would love to have their stuff put on imaginative vinyl projects or just plain old vinyl but it is just not going to happen. I understand what Felix is saying about Victory, but who listens to stuff on Victory that are actually into punk anyway?

My whole point is CDs are far less expensive to make than vinyl. $2,500 is a shit load of money, but $5,000-$6,000 is simply impossible for a lot of bands. Therefore, many bands that would love to put their stuff out on vinyl never get the chance to get backed by labels that have money because of the whole anti-CD thing. I am aware of all the bullshit behind CDs, its take over of vinyl (although I don't feel it at all since I buy vinyl all the time), etc., etc. But, give us poorer bands a break. We want to put our stuff out on vinyl but money is in the way.

I hope this letter does not come off as harsh or anti-Felix because I think he knows his stuff and puts out great records (I mean who else would put out two seven inches from a Finnish band that were recorded as demos in the early 80's? Felix, that's who. He's the shit!). I just wanted to shed some light on MRR readers as to why bands do CD only releases sometimes and how the whole anti-CD thing hurts them.
Ken Leek/ 4646 1/2 West Point Loma Blvd/ San Diego, CA 92107 USA/ eabolton@aol.com

Dear Jackers/ MRR,

First off—thanks for printing my initial reply in the letters column of issue 190. Though my better judgment suggests I avoid going around again, I will reply to the further comments by Jackers to the letter and perhaps answer what I believe may be the question at the heart of the matter. I think it is "what is my personal and political agenda at being involved in the 'scene' and what does Man's Ruin 'stand for' politically?" I will be as honest as possible in my answer, which unfortunately is a rather long and involved one... It seems that Jackers feels my defense of Slim and my 'interest' in Valley are somehow indictitave of some sort of connived abuse of 'the scene'... I'll answer those

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two first...

1: Valley Distribution. I agree with you entirely, Jackers, Valley is a big, dumb corporate entity that controls a large section of the market and is responsible for such atrocities as Janet Jackson. I despise this state of affairs, I really wish that there where no chain stores whatsoever and that there was a cool mom and pop store in every neighborhood in America that we could deal with on an intimate, personal level. As it is we try to make personal contact with all the ones we know about, but our entire society is shifting rather rapidly away from that, and we still want to be able to get the records out to people, many of which only have access to chains, and for which mailorder is not a 'habit'. Hence, part of my job with Man's Ruin is to get our stuff through the cracks of places like Valley so it can get out to the people.The point is not huge, volume sales, but actually getting that Idiots record in the rack next to the Janet Jackson record so that there may be a *choice* at the retail level. If I do not do that it's assured that it will be Janet Jackson wall to wall.

2: My defense of Slim. Well as previously stated, whether or not Slim's label is successful, or his artists 'sell out,' he has been releasing fresh, new, eclectic music for many many years, and I know that 98% of his catalog has not sold shit... The success of 2 or 3 bands out of maybe a hundred does not seem to me to be any sort of corporate ploy or bad thing. People really seem to want to buy Sleater Kinney, Bikini Kill and Elliot Smith records.The people chose, not Slim. And as far as talking 'business' I believe that is what the convention is for, a forum for exchanging information and cross-pollinating ideas. Perhaps there should be an ancillary 'Ideals' convention, where the political/moral thing can be passed around. But I believe that's what *Maximum RnR* is for.

Now on to what Man's Ruin and myself "stand for"...

First, the label... It seems that since we are distributed by Mordam, there 'has' to be a punk tag attached to the label... Well, we are not a punk label... an 'independent', yes.We are not here to further any political structure or moral stance at a public level, except, perhaps in a 'Crowley' sort of way... "Do what thou wilt" or "Let It All Hang Out Baby" or maybe "Rock Out". Though we do like and have some roots in the punk scene, we have never taken that as an official stance. We release music we like. Period.

As for my personal "greedy motivations and corrupt tactics"... I like the music we put out because when I listen to it it transports me to a different plane of reality for a few brief moments.That's why I do it, so I can listen to it myself. It was no master plan, believe me, I went from doing flyers to doing art to working with bands step by slow, natural step over almost 20 years now, and like most things, responsibilities and reality have coalesced into a system. It is as fair and honest a system I can devise, but it *is* a system at heart and therefore cannot be morally pure. If I could I would give it all away for free, a copy of every record right into everyone's hands so they could *hear* a fantasy of life that would empower them, but that is, alas, an impossibility.

It seems to me Jackers, that you are having a problem with feeling like a victim, with a "shit" job and all of that... Perhaps you need to do something for yourself to get out of that and channel the energy you put into criticizing others into creating new opportunities for yourself and those around you. Thanks,
Frank Kozik

Hello all,

I first found out about MRR when I was an impressionable young teen and I've been reading it ever since. It's been a big influence in my life because it introduced me to a political movement I never knew existed, and therefore I became politically active in my community. Because I like MRR so much, it's easy for me to tell you that you're being a fucking hypocrite! I'm referring to MRR 189 when you effortlessly justified the fact that Borders Books and Tower Records now carry MRR in their magazine shelves. I'm sure you are distributing your "product" to these corporate companies because you want to reach as many people as you possibly can like people who might not ever be able to wander down a to Gilman St. Therefore, how can you and some of your bitter, mad at the world columnists justify your new corporate partnership when you consistently criticize and condemn bands who make deals to have their music sold in these same stores? I personally see nothing wrong with MRR being widely available, but I just don't understand this double standard. I write and record music as a way to voice my own alternative beliefs and political philosophies, yet I allow these chain stores to carry my records because I want to reach as wide of an audience as I possibly can just like you and hopefully make a difference somehow!

Besides, exposure and fame are just like penis size, it's not what you have, it's how you use it. Just because you occasionally suck the corporate dick, it doesn't mean you have to swallow right?? Please think next time before you criticize a band just because their music is carried by a "certain" corporate distributor that happens to put their music in "certain" corporate record stores.

Keep up the good work and I'm looking forward someday to that glossy MRR swimsuit edition that I'm sure you'll be able to justify when it hits the chain store shelves. Cheers and jeers,
Plain Jane/ Berkeley, CA

MRR,

I was sickened to read that your magazine is sold at stores such as Tower and Borders. Aren't you trying to save punk from being completely exploited? You have your policy of not printing ads for bands on major labels or who have any connection with them. Then why are your magazines available for these greedy corporations to profit off of? In Mike Beer's guest opinion column he complains about how Mordam distribution doesn't distribute punk music now and only distributes garage and surf bands. He also states that MRR is distributed by Mordam and if MRR were to bring up the subject they would get voted down. Are you scared of being dropped by this company that totally turned its back on punk? Are you scared to have a say in what kind of stores your magazine is sold at? Or do you like all of the publicity and the cash it rolls in?

Another thing I noticed about this zine is that one of your contributors, Mykel Board submitted info on Tim and MRR to the infamous mainstream mag known as Spin. Another hypocrisy. Again, I thought that your zine wanted nothing to do with the mainstream. Your magazine seems to constantly contradict itself. Practice what you preach.
Sincerely,
Krak R. Crums & Ogie

Maximum Rocknroll,

The best thing about MRR is that you support local, "small time" talent rather than just running feature after feature on the current big thing. The worst thing is that you ignore bands because they've recorded once on a label you find in your wisdom unworthy. Close to this though is your utter hypocrisy. Being DIY at your end is virtuous and I applaud you. But I have one question. In Australia, every so often, a massive corporation comes in from overseas and ruins the business of many local competitors, simply for the joy of ruining them, or so it seems. Then prices get jacked up, service is reduced, etc etc. One of these has been a chain called

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HMV. (Forgive me for my ignorance, I don't know what large retail outlets you have in the US.) The latest is Borders cafe and bookstore.

Since opening in the trendiest, hippest street in Melbourne, Borders has been hailed as a saviour by many conservative readers and music listeners. It is one place where you can go and be guaranteed of finding what you want. As long as it's really, really ordinary. They have a lot of ordinary stuff. The store itself is the size of about four average Australian bookstores backed onto three CD stores and a cafe. And bar. And christ knows what else. What is my point? In this bastion of capitalism, this tower of the almighty dollar, sits *Maximum Rocknroll*. I guess that being DIY only counts at the making end, not the selling one. Do you make plenty of money from Borders? I hope so, otherwise it was hardly worth delivering another blow to your already dodgy image as high and mighty blah blah blah. Nevertheless, I hope the columnists keep up the good work,
Justin Evans/ Australia

Jane, Crums, Ogie, Justin, and those concerned,

Thanks for your letters and your concern, indignation, shit callin', etc. We're glad to see that people do care what we do around here. I wanna talk about what's going on with MRR and these shitty chain stores, and also refute some of the stuff you're claiming we do which we don't.

The advisory we printed in MRR #189 encouraged people not *to buy the magazine at Borders or Tower. It was aimed at folks who found it there and never knew or considered that these businesses are helping drive independent record and book stores out of business. These stores carrying MRR is not a recent development. Tower has been carrying it for a long time and Borders for a couple of years. We are* not *involved in a "partnership" with these stores, any more than we are with any other business that sells this rag. We do* not *banish bands and labels from these pages for having their stuff sold in shitty chain stores. It is bands and labels who have* exclusive *distribution through major-owned companies, or "press & distribute" type deals (i.e. where the major is helping produce the material) that we get rid of.*

The history of these chains carrying MRR is as follows: When Maximum *first started out, Tower was just one store based out of Sacramento, and took MRR when bigger stores would not. They paid on time, treated us well, etc. Later Tower became huge, started treating their employees poorly, etc. Because they had supported us when we both were small, we stayed with them when they (and we too, kinda) got big.*

A few years ago, Desert Moon, a magazine distributor Mordam sells to, worked out a deal with Borders. Tim was worried about just what Justin says, that smaller stores, who had supported Maximum *before chains ever would, would lose sales. He decided to go with Borders, unless smaller stores complained about losing business, and on the condition that barcodes would not be put on the zines. I remember reading this in the mag, I think like in '94 or '95. No stores complained.*

MRR now sells about 840 copies through Borders per month. This is about 7-8% of our total print run. As it stands, any store who buys from Desert Moon can buy MRR. We can't keep on top of our customers like we try to with our advertisers and contributors. But, by not printing a barcode, we discourage most of the big culprits from trying to carry MRR.

We are more adamant about maintaining control over the "making end," than the "selling one." We don't, for example, have control over the post office, or the internet, where we (and you, probably) also conduct business. Still, "sucking corporate dick," in my opinion, is best avoided, whether or not one swallows. It is important to show respect for yourself by being smart about who you're intimate with, just as it is when giving head to real people. Remember though, MRR doesn't solicit a relationship with these stores. We want people to support their local indie book and record stores.

Huge chain stores and "one-stop shopping" are damaging independent businesses. You can look in the phone book to find what's nearby, and call or visit stores to see if they do or will carry this magazine. Any store that wants to carry it can call Mordam (whose number is on the inside front cover of MRR, every issue, under "stores"). And, you can always send us $3 (or as much as $7 if you live real far away like Justin) and we will send a copy to you.

You've been raising criticisms about issues we take seriously, and we'll be discussing this at our next monthly meeting, so watch for future developments. But in the meantime, this is where we stand. Jeff M. & Arwen C.

Dear Readers,
Before I close out the letters I wanted to respond to something I saw in this month's news section. The piece is titled "White Power Music and Good Capitalists", about a record store in Hoffmann Estates, IL which carries new and used white power material. I strongly agree with calls to boycott any store that carries this type of shit, cuz what they are doing is "financing organized racism," as the first part of the piece states.

I think spreading word of what this place is up to is very important. Not just in the punk scene, but among all the genres this place carries. Many regular people hate racists, and customers into predominantly black genres like blues, reggae, funk, etc. should be ready to go along with a boycott of this spineless shithole.

What pissed me off was the lack of response to the extremely half-assed defense of the store, evidently by an employee. For racial minorities, queers, and anyone who is active or vocal against racism, fundraising for boneheads is like buying the bats, knives, bullets, what have you. The store does condone racism by catering to racists! But they're good customers, right, they don't bash anyone in the store, get blood on the carpet... Is having an "eclectic selection" more important than standing up against racism? No fucking way.
Jeff M.

PS: To me, speaking out against racism is part of what *Maximum* is all about. I wouldn't call it "knee-jerk." It's one of those things that's said over and over cuz it needs to be, as this piece indicates.

**Email:
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(use this mainly for comments & letters-to-editor. Use phone for ad reservations. Do not expect answers, but you might get one)**

VITAL MUSIC MAILORDER

Independent Until Death!

Above: TED LEO of Chisel plays a set at Vital's February open house, starting out solo and then adding bass and drums to shake the rafters.

VITAL MUSIC CELEBRATED IT'S 10TH ANNIVERSARY LAST MONTH

Thanks to all the labels, bands, distros and customers who have worked with and supported Vital over the last 10 years. Despite some difficult times we are still here and standing with many plans for the future. We are in this for the long haul.

Below is a small sampling of band and zine titles starting with **A**, **B** and **C** from our catalog of 4000+ records, CDs, patches, buttons, T-shirts, zines and more. Visit our website or write, e-mail or call for our 80 page catalog. Next month:D, E and F.(how exciting)

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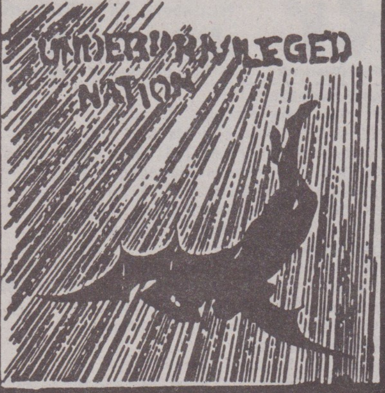

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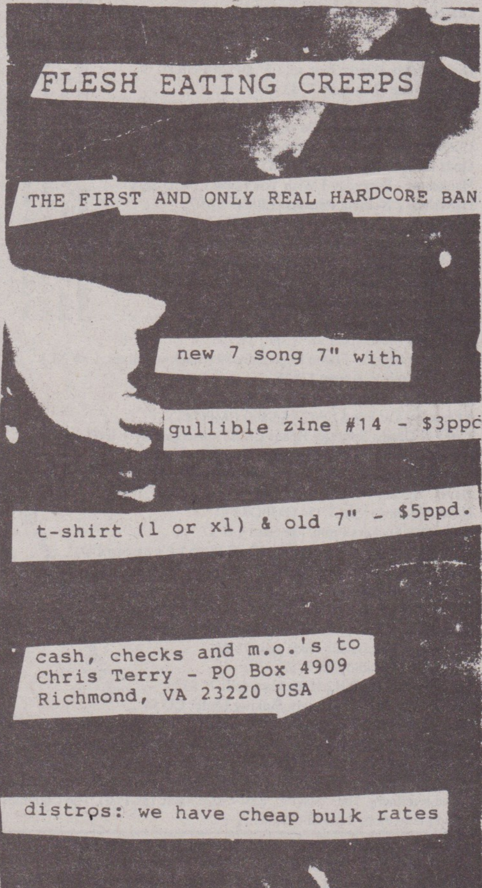

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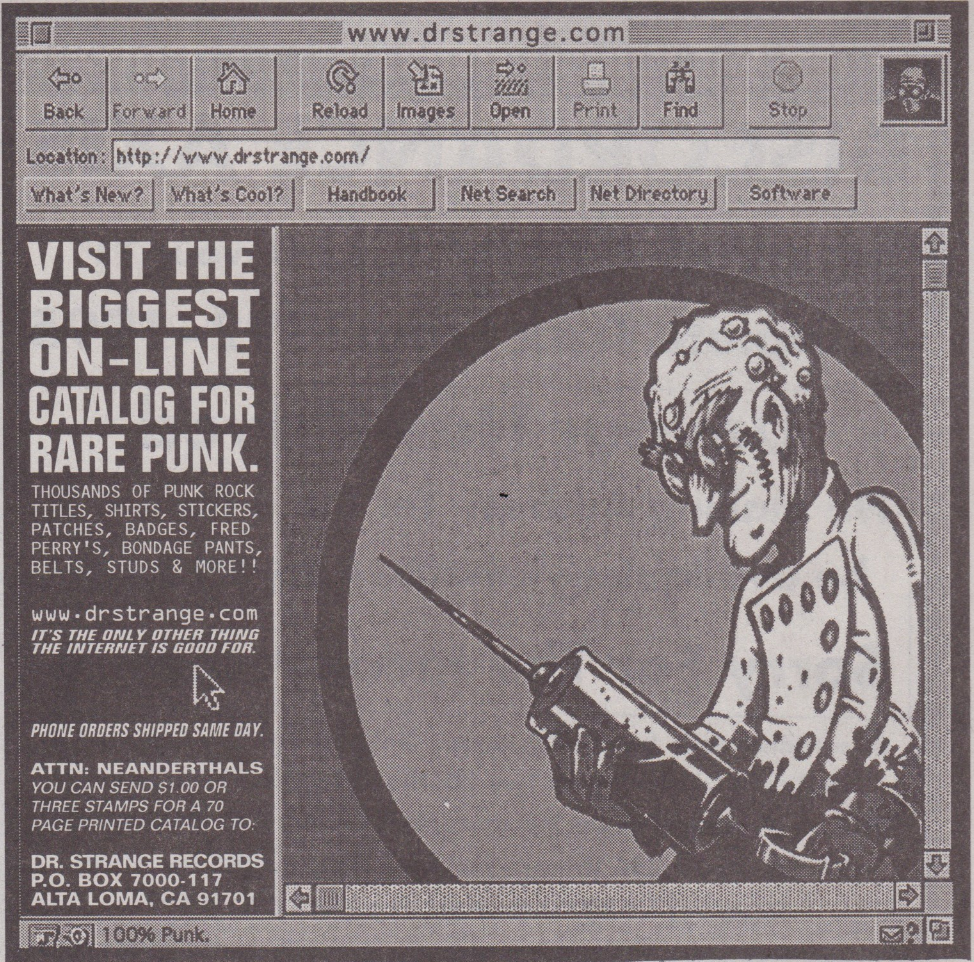

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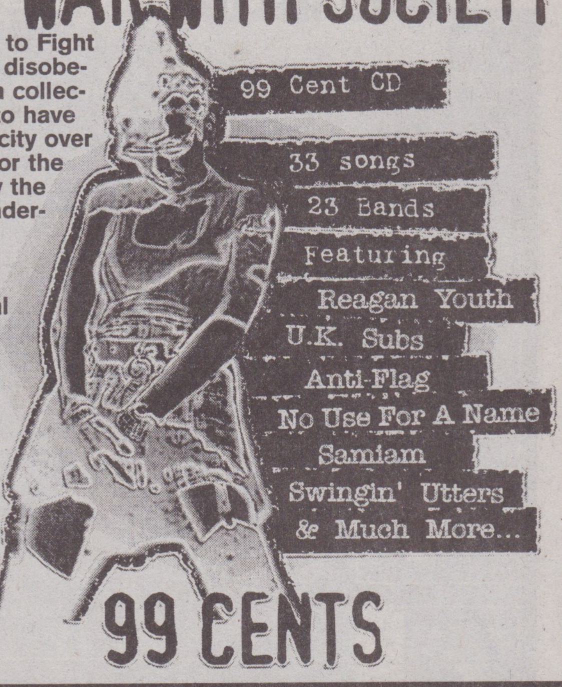

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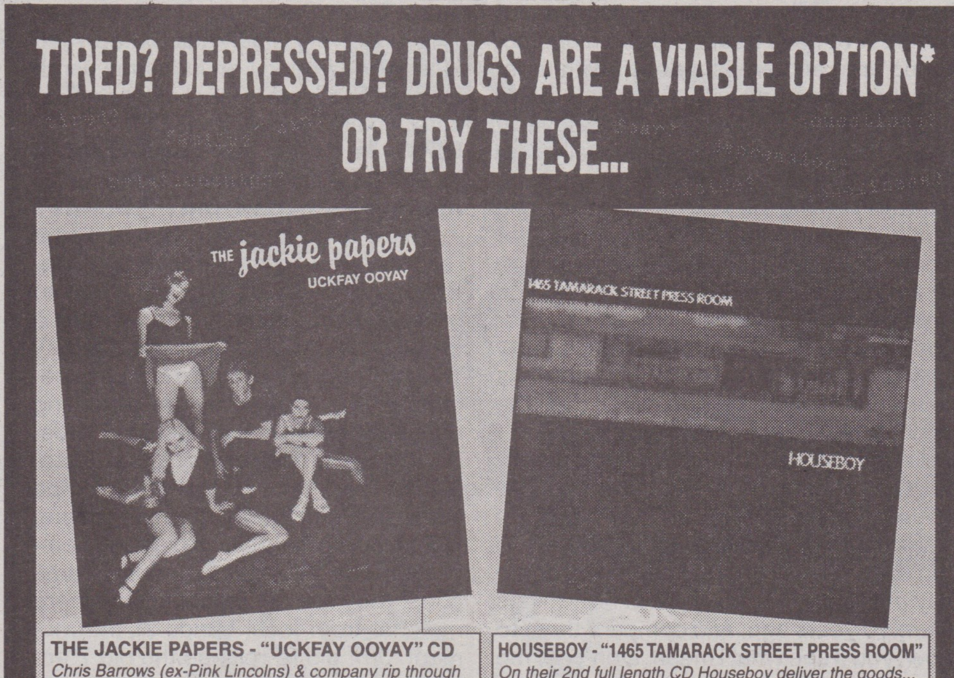
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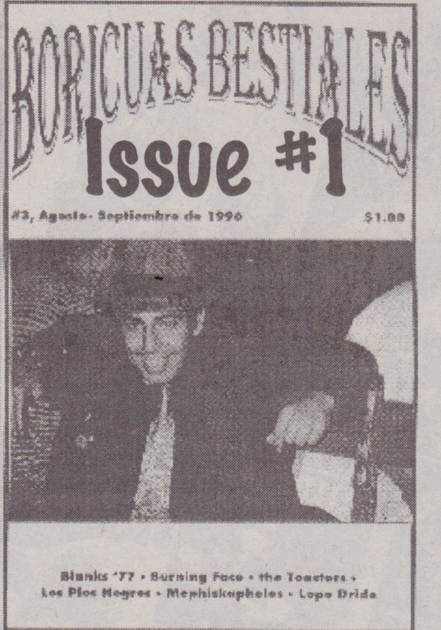
SUBURBAN HOME

records on vinyl- and I mean USED to have, 'cause they're now all mine). Things didn't really get that serious until the early 90's. At that time more and more bands started coming out and some of the first records were released. There was this guy called Jeff Spazz who released some 7" records from Sham Pain and Golpe Justo (hardcore). He did some re-issues of them and sells them through MRR. I think he was a very important person in terms of helping spread our bands throughout the world. Then came tapes from Descojon Urbano (industrial), Burning Face (goth) and a Fobia Estatal (punk-funk) 7" on Fuera de Orden Records, a local indie. After that came a lot of bands: Trato Injusto, Rechazo Social (later Lopo Drido), La Experiencia de Toñito Cabanillas, and a lot more I can't remember right now. There were some oi bands too, like Fuerza Rapada and Al Raz. Most of the bands who recorded material only released tapes or demos, because there has never really been a lot of money from shows, and when there is they usually split it and don't save for the future. The only band to release a CD was Descojon Urbano (through Basati Diskak in the Basque Country). As far as ska goes, the ska scene started around '90 or '91 with a hardcore band called Resistencia, who also had some ska songs. After that came Los Pies Negros and Skapulario, which are the two longest-running ska bands, and play two-toney modern ska, initially heavily influenced by Spanish bands like Korroskada and Skarabajos. After them came a big boom of ska bands, and more styles like ska-core, ska-Punk and ska-jazz were explored. At this moment, there are about 8 or 9 ska bands in Puerto Rico and some 30 or 40 punk bands. The best ska is Los Naborias, Los Pies Negros and Kampo Viejo, while my favorite punk bands are La Experiencia de Toñito Cabanillas, Da' Pingaz, and Odio Simple.

MRR: What's happening right now around you and do you think it's linked to an "anti-US" movement?

J: There has always been a big anti-US attitude from punks and skins alike. We were invaded by the US 100 years ago, just when we were about to realize our autonomy from the Spanish crown. So there is some resentment there. At this moment we live in a state of limbo where we're neither a US state nor an independent country. We're just a colony that they're keeping in reserve for who knows what. Most of the skins and a lot of punks are pro-independence. To be honest, I have lost most of my hope in this place and it's people. I don't think there's anything that'll make Puerto Rico a better place, neither independence nor statehood. It's all pretty fucked up. As far as Puerto Rico goes, it's all a matter of whether you live in reality in spite of your ideals or not. I would have really loved for our country to be independent, 'cause the Americans never really treated us that well, except now, and if you go to places like New York we're still one of the bottom rungs in the human feeding ladder. In any case, Puerto Rico is not really fit to make it on it's own. Unemployment is rising. Many foreign US companies are closing or reducing their operations since the elimination of Section 936, which basically provided them with some tax subsidies. They are now moving to Mexico and other countries where it's cheaper. Violence is rampant (last week we couldn't even get into my girlfriend's house because there was a dead body right in the front), and everyday people have less and less respect for the lives of others. We have no real strong manufacturing area and are in a deficit with most countries we trade with. A large percentage of jobs are covered by the government. Plus, our government is really very partisan and every time a new governor fixes something the next one comes along and fucks it up. When the time comes for people to choose between independence or a state, you can bet that we'll end up being a state. Besides, on the regular voting polls, the pro-independence party only gets about 3 or 5% of the votes. As much as (some) people wish that the country was independent, they really don't believe it's possible, and to be completely honest, neither do I. Hell, you live in a country where people can't even respect traffic rules, how can you expcet them to run themselves? It's really sad to hear me say this, but when you look at how things were 10 years ago, and compare them to now, you'll see what I mean. Don't get me wrong, there are still many things here that are pretty great and you won't find anywhere else, but they seem to be going bad, too. Maybe my kids won't get to see a lot of the beautiful things that I experienced.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Issue #1

#3, Agosto- Septiembre de 1996 $1.00

Blanks '77 • Burning Face • the Toasters • Los Pies Negros • Mephiskapheles • Lopo Drido

MRR: Is it easy for PR bands to export themselves and where?

J: Not really. To be honest, I can't remember any local bands that have played outside of here. There have been plans and invitations to get Lopo Drido and Da' Pingaz (punk) outta here, but they've never materialized. As far as records go, that's another story. Some bands have been able to export a lot of copies of their records, like Los Pies Negros (ska) and Actitud Subversiva (punk). The biggest export (and best known band) is Golpe Justo, who play NY Hardcore. They had a 7" on Computer Crime records which was very widely distributed. Also Descojon Urbano (an industrial band) managed to have a label in Spain (Basati Diskak) release their CD.

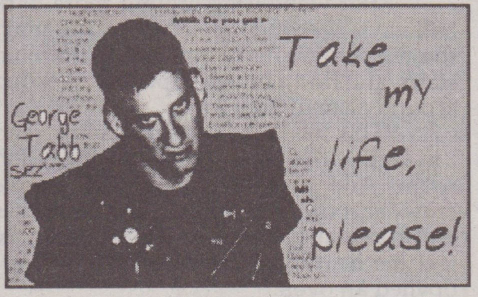
MRR- Is there any record label in PR? Is Computer Crime still making records from PR bands?

J: There are a couple. There's Tenet records, who have released a CD by Burning Face (goth) and are about to re-release on CD the first tape from La Experiencia de Toñito Cabanillas (punk). They will also release the new La Experiencia CD, which they are recording right now. There's also Justo Records, run by the singer from Golpe Justo, "BB". They have released the Golpe Justo CD, and the Odio Simple demo. Both labels have plans to release compilation CDs. As far as Computer Crime goes, they are not releasing any more material from local bands at the moment. Jeff did re-release the old 7"ers he had done and is selling them as a box set.

MRR: What about the distros? Stores? Zines? Places to play?

J: The only record store where you can get decent records is called Finyl Vinyl. It is owned by the guy who does Tenet Records. Their main thing is jungle, electronica and that sort of stuff, which

Boricuas Bestiales



"This place sucks donkey dick," I say to my lawyer, Andy Krents, who is helping defend us in the retarded Curious George Vs. Furious George case, and our friend, Clayton Patterson, as we stand around the back room of The Limelight. It's the OFFICIAL re-opening party of the place, even though the church turned club has been reopened for at least a month.

"Expensive donkey dick," says Andy, as he forks over sixteen bucks to the bartender for two small Dewars on the rocks. Andy likes Dewars. And likes me to drink it, too. He always tells me "it's a man's drink, George."

As we sip our rich man's version of Seagrams, we look around in amazement. Every woman we see is beautiful, and every guy, either old or gay or Bayridge. It's the Slimelight all right. Different year, same people. Models, and the Mafia Men who love them. The once Club Kids, who are now Club Meds. Probably fueled on antidepressants, hormone replacements, and heart pills, instead of cocaine and sex.

"Let's leave," I say to Andy, thinking we should go to Billy's Topless, then remembering it's not "topless" anymore. Fucking Mayor Guilliani.

"You're not having a good time?" asks Clayton, as he and his wife stand near us, in their matching home-made caps.

I've known Clayton Patterson for years. He used to film my old band, False Prophets, back in the dinosaur years of punk rock. I've followed his East Village exploits for years, and was right next to him the night of the Tompkins Square Park riot. I think of him like I think of soldiers who have fought in wars. He's a Village Vet.

"I don't belong here," I say, feeling uncomfortable.

"Yes you do, George," says Andy, "as your lawyer, it is my duty to inform you that you are making the scene."

"Yeah," I say, feeling guilty. I had had a free pass for Andy and I to get in to the club, and even into the V.I.P. room.

"It just feels weird," I say.

"What?" says Clayton, "that you are now The Establishment?"

I gag. The Establishment?

"I am not The Establishment!" I yell at him and his wife, in their dopey hats, "I am punk rock!"

"You got in for free," says Clayton, "and you write for a newspaper, The New York Press, I'd say you are The Establishment."

I feel his words slice my insides like a surgical knife.

"But I'm punk rock," I manage to squeak out.

"Which is now The Establishment. Face it George, you no longer just work for The Man. You are The Man," explains Clayton.

I feel like hanging myself from the church ceiling. Right above the dance floor. I imagine the drool and vomit dripping off my chin onto the trendy dancers below. Then they'd look up and see me, dead. And think I was some sort of party decoration.

"Cool art!" one model would say, with her nipples poking through her Vivianne Tam dress.

"Naw," the other would say, in her Anna Sui blouse, "dead punk rockers are so 1998. Especially ones in woman's stretch jeans with bleached blonde hair."

"George," says Andy, "as your lawyer, it is my duty to advise you that you don't look so good," says Andy, as he finishes up his Dewars.

"As your client," I say, "it is my duty to tell you I'm gonna punch everyone in this place in the fucking face," I yell.

Clayton notices I'm tense.

"Hey, why don't you guys go to the V.I.P. room, there's free champagne and stuff," he says.

"Free?" Andy and I say at the same time. Sixteen bucks down the toilet.

"Yeah," says Clayton, "but ya gotta know the secret password. Even if you have a pass."

"Which is?" I say.

Clayton tells me. And Andy. And we can't believe it. That couldn't be the password. No way in hell. I was willing to bet my life on it. Clayton had to be pulling our legs. He just had to be. If that was the password, well, then maybe I WOULD hang myself from the ceiling.

Turns out I should have brought the rope with me.

***

"George," says Andy into my answering machine earlier that evening, "I'm out on the street and don't know when I'll be home. Call my machine, and let me know a good time to meet. I think we should meet somewhere else besides the Limelight as it will be really packed. Let's try and meet at that Irish Bar, Peter McManus, on 19th and Seventh, then walk from there. Leave me a time we should meet. Oh, by the way, things with the Curious George versus Furious George case are..."

Then the machine cuts him off.

I search through the pile of crap on my desktop to see what time the party is supposed to start. I eventually find the pass buried underneath two video game magazines, one porno magazine, and a pair of red and black shoelaces I purchased for my last pair of sneakers. I was wondering where those were.

The fancy pass with the attached button announces that the official Limelight re-opening party starts at 9:30. That it's being put on by Peter Gaiten and HR Giger, and that you have to R.S.V.P. I sort of remember doing that. I think. Between Riki Lake and Judge Judy.

I call back Andy's machine and tell him ten would be a good time. Can't be too early for these things. I actually thought about going later, but it was a school night.

Then I remembered I wasn't in school.

Then I remembered that even to this day, when I get home from somewhere, I change into my "play clothes".

Then I remembered I was slightly brain damaged and it all was okay.

Then it was nap time.

I awoke a few hours later, and made my way to Peter MacManus to meet Andy. I found him on the corner in front of the place.

"You look good," I say to my lawyer, as he stands there in a brown velvet jacket.

"Yeah?" he says.

"Yeah," I tell him. Then I comment on how the jacket makes him look like James Bond.

"It's nice," he says, "I got it on the street for cheap."

"How cheap is cheap," I say, a bit jealous. He looks suave. Like James Bond in "Goldfinger".

"Well," explains Andy, "I hate to say this, but I Jewed the woman down who was selling it. She wanted forty. I got it for twenty five."

"Cool," I say to myself, as my jealousy fades away. Any used item of clothing that costs more than five bucks is way too much, in my book.

As we walk toward The Slimelight, Andy shows me what at first looked like a handkerchief in his top breast pocket. It turns out it's a bow. The kind women wear in their hair. Andy explains that he got it off some thirty-something woman who was going through some sort of childhood regression. He says he took it from her because it matched his forty dollar, Jewed down to twenty-five dollar jacket.

I tell him it makes him look even more Bondish.

We arrive at the church, and the sidewalk is packed. There are cops and media all over the place, and a huge ass line of people.

"I hope we don't have to wait in that fucking line," I say to Andy.

Andy, as my lawyer, informs me that since we have a pass, and are like V.I.P.s, we should have no problem just walking right in.

As we do, we see our friend, Lola, who works at New York Press. I tell her I hate the club scene. She tells me she loves it. Later, I found out she loves it so much she lasted five minutes in the place.

After giving our names, and being

politely invited inside, we walk in past lots of bridge and tunnel people in line. Serves them right for living out of Manhattan.

Once inside the club, everything begins to look familiar. And smell that way, too. Colored lights flashing, video displays of art, Mr. Clean on the floor. Yup, it's The Slimelight.

"Hi," say a couple of pretty girls to Andy and I as we stare at an HR Giger sculpture near the entrance of the club, that looks like an aborted fetus with sunglasses.

"Hi," we say back to them, amazed they are even talking to us.

We talk to them for a bit. Their names are Jillian and Pauline. One of them wants to work in Forensic Homicide. The one that looks like Madonna. With bleached blonde hair, black headband, huge crucifix and all.

"Like Quincy?" asks Andy.

The other tells us she is a singer and that the reason she has no boyfriend is because she has too many rituals, liking smoking pot and playing keyboards and singing before she goes to bed.

As she is telling us this, Andy and I stare at her in her see-through black dress. We can clearly see her tight, tight underwear, and perky breasts.

As we talk to them more, the conversation turns to sex and drugs. Two things these girls seem pretty into.

"This is like the old days," I whisper to Andy, "this place is still a pussy paradise".

Andy then asks the girls how old they are. They tell us. They say they used to come here, and Danceateria, back in the old days.

"It's still a pussy paradise," Andy then whispers back to me, "because it's still the same pussy."

We talk to the chicks a bit more. Jillian, or Pauline, whatever, tells me she video tapes bands and wants to start a cable television show. I tell her I have one, and ask her what kind of camera and video tape she shoots on. She tells me she has no idea, that she calls her video camera "HAL, like in that movie 2008, ya know?"

I tell her I do and then Andy and I make our way deeper into the pits of the church.

We enter the big room, where the stage is. The place False Prophets used to play in back in the stone age. The room my band Iron Prostate once played, after our drummer didn't show up and we used a replacement guy, who is now in Dick Army. The place where I finger-fucked some girl on the balcony, and later took her back to her F.I.T. dorm, where I fell asleep.

The place is packed wall to wall with dancing morons. As the techno beat pulsates, we see half naked painted people up on the stage, dancing around like they are some part of a performance art show or something. It's really lame, and I tell Andy we should find the bar as soon as possible.

Andy then leads me to the back room of The Slimelight, where we had hung out a few weeks earlier, with some hot chicks including Jaid Barrymore, Drew's mom.

As we stand around waiting to get a drink, we notice some familiar faces. We say hello to them, and they say "hi" back.

Eventually, we see Clayton Patterson and his wife, and it's then we learn about the password for the V.I.P. room.

"Pussy," says Clayton, to me.

"Yes?" I say back.

"No, pussy," he again says.

"That's my name," I tell him, "don't wear it out!"

"No, pussy, it's pussy," he says.

"Pussy?" I ask.

"Exactly," he says.

"Third base," I say, all confused.

"The password is pussy," Clayton says, more than a bit annoyed.

"I can't believe that," I tell him. "That's just too perfect. You mean people have to go up there and say 'pussy'? That's just too hard to believe."

Clayton just shrugs his shoulders, and then he and his wife say good-bye to us.

Andy and I quickly finish our sixteen dollars worth of Dewars, while staring at some of the finest breast hangers, I mean models, we've ever seen.

"Let's get the free booze," Andy finally says, and I agree with him. After all, there was no way in hell I'd buy a drink in the place.

We make our way around some dark hallways, and up and down a bunch of staircases, looking for the V.I.P. room. I remember it being at the top of the club somewhere. But am not exactly sure of its location.

Lost, we finally find some bouncer guy guarding a velvet rope.

"Is this the V.I.P. room?" asks Andy.

"It's the exit to the V.I.P. room," he snipes.

"Can we enter through here?" I ask, "we are lazy and can't find the entrance."

"It's the exit," he growls.

"We know the password," I tell him.

He tells us he doesn't care, and to get lost. We tell him we already are.

"What if we tell you the password backwards," says Andy, "will that get us in?"

The guy looks at us like we are nuts.

"Why-sup?" says Andy.

"Huh?" says the big bouncer guy, looking puzzled.

"Why-sup?" Andy repeats.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" says the guy, as his face turns red with anger.

"That's pussy, backwards," explains Andy.

I laugh.

The bouncer doesn't. He points to the staircase leading down and tells us to follow it.

We do, after I burp in his face. I'm getting drunk from The Dewars.

After wandering around more dark hallways, we find ourselves in the main room again. We make our way up the main stairs, and find a bunch of people crowded around a small doorway.

"This has to be it," I tell Andy. And I'm right. It is the entrance to the V.I.P. room. And there are about 200 people crowded onto a couple of tiny staircases and in a small hallway. As we get closer, we feel the heat blast our faces, like we just opened an oven.

"Should we go in?" I ask Andy, as we face a huge crowd, pushing and shoving each other.

"Do you have any money for drinks," he says.

"Good point," I say, as we push forward with the rest of the idiots.

As we get closer, we see three guys on the top of a small staircase picking and choosing people to get in.

"This is just like Club 54 or Danceateria or Nells," I tell Andy, "It makes me sick. I always hated that. People getting picked to get in somewhere. The beautiful people. Bleech."

"Free booze, George," Andy says, stabilizing my anger.

We watch in amusement, feeling claustrophobic, as the three doormen guys turn people away by the tens.

"We'll never get in," I tell Andy, as insecure now as I was ten years ago.

"You're George Tabb," he tells me.

"Oh yeah," I reply, "and that means what to these people?"

"Just keep pushing forward," says Andy, from behind me. I do. We worm our way through at least a hundred people. I feel lots of nice model breasts rub up against my leather jacketed arm.

Finally we are directly in front of the three doormen.

"Get lost, guys," the doormen says to us as he lets in three Barbie looking models, "the room is over packed, there is no room for anyone".

"I guess we're fucked," I tell Andy.

"Show them the pass in your pocket," he tells me.

I do, and they wave Andy and I in. Amazing.

As we make our way toward the V.I.P. room, we slap each other five. We made it past hundreds of the "beautiful people".

Suddenly we are stopped by a huge bouncer guy who just stares at us. He puts his huge arm down to block us from the V.I.P. room.

"What's up?" I say to the guy.

He just stares at us.

"Can we please go in?" I ask him.

He just stares at me some more.

"You want the password?" I say, finally getting a clue.

He just stares at me.

So I look him right in the eyes. Me with my women's stretch jeans, and bleached blonde hair. Him, in a tight black t-shirt, with huge muscles, and fists the size of Thanksgiving Day turkeys.

"Pussy," I spit out, making sure the saliva sprays all over his face.

Suddenly my life flashes before my eyes. I'm in a baby-chair, and I pooped in my pants. I'm in school, and I peed in my pants. I'm home, changing into my play clothes, because I peed in my pants. I'm in the tour van, drunk, in a snowstorm, and peed in my pants. I'm in the dorm of an F.I.T. student, asleep, and awake to find I peed in her bed. I'm at the Slimelight with my lawyer, Andy, and am about to pee in my pants.

The doorman guy raises his hand, wipes the spit from his face, then, to our amazement, lets us pass. Unlike the troll in "Three Billy Goats Gruff".

Once inside the V.I.P. room, we snag a few glasses of champagne, and proceed to get ourselves totally smashed. As we do so, we stare at all the HR Giger work on the ceilings and walls. Giger is the guy who designed all that stuff in "Alien", and did the poster for the "Frankenchrist" album by The Dead Kennedys. The album and lawsuit that made Jello Biafra a household name.

"Hi George," says some girl to me. It's Melissa De La Cruz, who also writes for New York Press.

I say hello back, and introduce Andy. She then introduces us to her three friends, men, dressed in black. They look very nice, and act the same. We talk for a bit, and I ask Melissa if she had to say "pussy" to get in. Then I thought of all the models who were up there, and if they had to say "pussy". I thought about how great it must be to be the doorman guy, and hear all these beautiful women utter the word "pussy". My name. I felt my blood running south.

Then I felt a cool breeze. Maybe someone opened a door or something.

A few minutes later I found myself talking to a man with a handlebar mustache and leather cap. He looked like the motorcycle guy from "The Village People".

"You are so cute," he told me as he squeezed my arms, looked me in the eyes, then stared down toward my crotch.

I thanked him and walked away. Quickly.

"As your lawyer," said Andy, drunk and slurring, "it is my duty to inform you that that man likes you!"

I thanked him for his observation, then gulped down yet another glass of champagne.

"Ya know, Andy," I spat at my lawyer, "I'm at that stage between drunk and totally fucking seriously wasted to the point of no return."

"Then by all means drink more," slurred Andy.

I did.

About ten minutes later, after winking drunkenly at every waitress, and asking the women dressed in leather outfits if I could fondle their rubber clad breasts, we saw Donald Trump. Followed by television cameras and paparazzi.

"It's the Donald," I yelled at Andy.

"Yes," he said, "it is".

"Ya know Andy," I said, putting my arm around my lawyer and pal, "he's rich."

"Yes he is," said Andy.

"And we're poor. And we're fighting that fucking Man In The Fucking Yellow Fucking Hat," I spit, "we should ask The Donald to help finance our fight. Free Furious George. Fuck that Nambla nazi motherfucker fuck."

"George," said Andy, "you're drunk, but if you want to ask him for money, as your lawyer, I say go right ahead".

"How much should I ask for?" I ask Andy, "A million fucking dollars? Maybe two?"

"One hundred thousand would be plenty," replied Andy.

"That's chicken shit to The Donald," I yelled, "we need a zillion billion dollars, and I'm gonna ask him for it. It's his duty."

I then began to make my way toward Mr. Trump.

Then I forgot where I was going and somehow got engaged in a conversation with some scary looking guy with a gold chain around his neck.

"How ya doin'?" said the guy with a thick Italian accent.

"This is George Tabb from The New York Press and Maximumrocknroll," says Andy, introducing me to the guy.

"New York Press," says the guy, "I used to advertise in there. I was one of the first. I have an escort service. One of the biggest in New York."

"What's your name?" I ask him.

"Johnny Rizzo," he tells me.

"I know you, I heard all about you," I say, "You are the guy who started his business from nothing, and made it into something. You are the guy who started from the ground, and built his way to the sky. I know all about you!"

"How the fuck do you know me?" he asks, pissed.

"Oh I know you," I say, drunk out of my mind, "you started small, with a small loan, and now you are the king of prostitution. I bet you get laid a lot. Budda Bing Budda Boom"

Johnny looks over at his big, huge, menacing friend.

"How the fuck does this fuck know me?" he asks him. His friend shrugs his shoulders.

"I told you I know you," I yell, spitting in his face. Of course I knew absolutely nothing, except what I see in Law & Order on television. My favorite show. But I was drunk, and at the point of confusing Jerry Orbach with my uncle.

"He doesn't know anything," said Andy, with a slight tremor in his voice, "he's just a comedy writer, a comedian, he's pulling your leg."

"Shut up, Andy," I spat, "Johnny Fuckin' Rizzo, the king of the whores. Man, dude, you go!"

"Really," said Andy, now really scared, "he knows nothing. Nothing at all. Do you George?"

Through the drunken haze, I could see the real fear in Andy's eyes. But I didn't know why he was afraid. I mean, we were talking to my old pal, Johnny Rizzo.

"Whatever my lawyer says is right," I said.

"That's a good thing," Johnny Rizzo said, "it better be", then turning to his pal, "let's get out of here."

Then they both left.

Then Andy just stared at me.

"What?" I said.

Andy said nothing.

"Look," I said, "I'm really fucked up. Now where's Donald Trump. We need money."

Andy told me in my condition that it probably wasn't a good idea to bother The Donald.

But I insisted.

Only I couldn't find him. He'd probably left with one of the dozens of supermodels. He probably could have paid less for it if he'd talked to my pal, Johnny Rizzo.

"Hi again," said the man with the handlebar mustache and leather cap, as Andy and I made our way into the back room of the V.I.P. area.

"It's your boyfriend," Andy whispered to me.

I shot him a dirty look.

"Hi," I said, "how are you?"

"Fine," he said, then looked down at my crotch again, "you really do let it all hang out, don't you?" he whispered.

I told him I'm a swinging guy, and what could I say.

He then said we should go somewhere "private".

I thanked him, but told him no, I had to leave. Then I walked away from him.

And again, I felt a door or something open, and a cool breeze. Around my groin.

Then I looked down at my woman's stretch jeans.

Then I realized my fly had broken and it was unzipped.

Then I saw the head of my penis.

Then, I screamed.

Then, Andy got me out of the club.

***

Twenty minutes later, I found myself near the subway saying goodnight to Andy. We had survived the re-opening of The Slimelight. We had rubbed the mammories of models, mingled with the mob, entangled the establishment, and pronounced "pussy" as a password. We had tried to Trump The Donald, and on top of that, my fucking dick may have been hanging out half the time.

I thanked Andy for everything, especially saving my life, and hugged him goodbye, making sure my crotch was far from his, in case my flesh antenna decided to reappear.

Then I went down the station stairs and got on the train.

As I made my way downtown, I was so wasted I leaned my head against the window behind my head, and tried to stay awake. Two stops later, a couple of nuns got on board and sat directly across from me.

I looked at them, and they looked at me.

I smiled at them.

They smiled back at me.

I stared at their habits.

They stared at my pants.

Then, I suddenly felt a cool breeze.

And, I wished I was back in that church/club.

With that rope.

Well hung.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.furious-george.com check the website, we have a new message board and all this other cool stuff plus neato links.
2. Hugh, from The Queers, passed away recently. Hugh was the drummer, and one hell of a really nice guy. He always had a warm smile, and loved to hug. I'm really gonna miss him. RIP, Hugh. We love you.
3. The Teenage Supplicants are now recording their first 7". It's about time. Check this out when it comes out. Also check out the AML/Recess split comp, "Worker's Comp", with tons of cool bands, and a surprise song by Furious George.
4. Happy 1999 to everyone...and somebody get me a fuckin' beer. Or Zima. Punk Rock.

IF YOU DIE and GO TO HELL WHO CARES?

mark murrmann

At the drop of a pin everything changes. What I write one day becomes nullified or otherwise just doesn't happen as planned. A few columns ago, I mentioned starting a distro thing in hopes of making punk reissue compilations more readily available here in the States. I was ordering most of mine from Detour Records (UK), Kris Verreth (of Demolition Derby in Belgium) or from a guy in Finland named Petri Kantola. All of these people got all the greatest, newest records in as soon as they came out and sold them for reasonable prices. What was killing me was the postage. It would cost almost as much (if not more!) for postage as the records themselves.

After digging around a little bit, I found some equally great distributors here. They carry most of the same kind of stuff–punk reissues of old incredible stuff and new, vicious bands. Here's a quick run-down of some of them. These are only the ones I've dealt with. I know there are others. These however, have been around for awhile and can be very well trusted. Just for clarification, when I say these people carry Killed By Death-type stuff, I mean the punk reissue compilations, the reissues of old, hard to find records, as well as the newer bands who appeal to the scum who listen to the old punk shit.

A lot of these people have email updates and/or web pages, in addition to their printed catalogs. I've listed information for all ways to get their catalogs that I know of. Also, if you're outside the USA and want a catalog from any of these people, be sure to include an extra buck, or maybe a few IRCs.

Out of Florida, Bob Suren runs Sound Idea Mailorder and store. His catalog is huge, carrying more non-Killed By Death type stuff, but he does get a lot of good shit in, and his prices are good. To get his catalogs via email, send him a message at: snidea@ix.netcom.com. For the printed catalogs, send $1 to: PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509-3204. Visit the store if you're in Florida. It's at: 113-H E. Brandon Blvd/Brandon, FL 33511. Do NOT send orders of any kind to this address!

Bomp Records has been around for a long time, and their mailorder catalog continues to be one of the best. They carry a lot of punk stuff from the '60s up to today. Lots of good stuff. Plus, they often have GREAT deals on Bomp-related records. Send $1 to: PO Box 7112/Burbank, CA 91510.

Get Hip is huge. They have just about everything you could want. Along the same lines as Bomp, they also have an extensive catalog of '60s punk stuff. Send 'em a buck for a catalog. Get Hip/Columbus & Preble Aves/Pittsburgh, PA 15233. No, I didn't forget the street address.

Jim from Underground Medicine sent me an email message after I wrote my column two months ago, telling me he had Teenage Treats #1 and #5. My old roommate Dave used to order from him all the time, and I've seen his ads in MRR for years. The extent of his catalog showed in how much money I could've spent in a single sitting! The same can be said for Get Hip and Bomp as well, but Jim's catalog isn't nearly as huge. It is however, full of great rocknroll records. He has all the punk reissue comps, just about all the newer records, both those that are on the big labels and those that you've never heard of that smoke just as much (if not more). A lot of the upstart bands blowing shit away you can find here in Jim's catalog. Most of the stuff he carries is vinyl (fuck yeah!), but he does have some CDs, and he also carries a handful T-shirts of a lot of the best punk bands ever. Order the catalog to see what he's got. Hey Jim, any chance of ever getting any mediums in? His prices are right, and if you live in the states, the postage is will save your ass. Send $1 for a catalog: PO Box 5075/Milford, CT 06460-1475. Or email him to get on his update list: Umedpunk@aol.com

While I'm at talking about Jim, let me mention that he does a label called Rapid Pulse. His newest single, the second he's done with Brazil's The SELLOUTS, is fucking Great! I got the pleasure to review their first record a few months ago, and though that one was right one, this one tops it! Great and fast and trashy.

Outta New York, a guy named Mark Henry does a just-starting mailorder called Underworld Music. This guy gets a lot of European stuff I've NEVER seen in any other catalog. This is where I found my copies of the European pressing of the Turbonegro LPs. He doesn't carry the punk reissue comps, but has a lot of great outta control rocknroll, from lands far away as well as the states. His catalogs are cool-looking too–full color with descriptions that'll make you want to blow your whole paycheck! You can tell he carries records he likes. He also has a few harder to find records. The catalog is $2, but Mark says with this, you get $1 off your first order. Definitely worth checking out. His address is: 170 East 2nd St, Apt #17/NYC, NY 10009. Or email him at: under worldrock@worldnet.att.net

It's not a mailorder so much anymore (or is it? I dunno...), but if you're ever in Washington, DC, be sure to visit Smash Records at 3279 M St, NW. The people who work there know a thing or two about punk, and if the store doesn't have something you're looking for, they know where to get it. Ask for Dave or Alec, tell them I sent you.

And that's a quick rundown for all you Yanks on where to get the goods here in the states. There are lots of other places, but this will get you started finding the best rocknroll in the world.

Last Gasps...

•Out Now! Out Soon!: The new issue of Cincinnati's finest rawest punk rock gossip rag, Neus Subjex, has hit the streets. This is the Killed By Marge Schott issue. Send a stamp or two for a copy (PO Box 18051/Fairfield, OH 45018). Shawn Obnoxious from the Neus Subjex has also created a message board thing for discussion or whatever on Killed By Death type comps. As of writing this, it's basically me and Shawn emailing each other. Check it out...maybe someone should start an email group for people interested in this old/rare punk stuff. It'd be a great way to find out about bands you've never heard of, ways to get copies of records you'd never find otherwise, and just not feel quite so nerdy about your record obsession...as I mentioned above, **Teenage Treats** #1 and #5 are out now (and probably gone from most distributors by the time you'll read this). They are not nearly as strong as #2-4, and I still doubt #1 was done until recently. The matrix number on #1 precedes the matrix number on #5 (meaning it was at least probably mastered, if not pressed just before #5)...in the future, my crystal ball sees **Killed By Death #999** and **Bloodstains Across the UK #4**. It also see **Bloodstains Across the World** *finally* being released...LEWD's "Kill Yourself...Again" has recently been released on vinyl (double LP!), along with an anthology of the ACCIDENT (who did "Kill The Bee Gees," on KBD #9)...Spain's most rare punk LP, the LOS PUNK ROCKERS has, for some reason, seen itself bootlegged. This record was made by a group of studio musicians and it literally a cover of the SEX PISTOLS' "Never Mind the Bullocks..." LP. It's funny, but definitely not the best punk (non-punk) record to be released...Yugoslavia's punk super stars, PEKINKSA PATKA have seen them selves on the reissue circuit. An album titled "Poltika Poezija" has been released and includes their classic (and hard to find, of course) 1st LP as well as their first and & third 7" AND the a handful of cherry-picked tracks from their second LP...I'm sure you've heard by now, but the AVENGERS have a new LP out on Lookout! This comes on the heels of the bootleg of their LP on CD Presents which surfaced in January.

•In The Rumor Mill: After burning down San Francisco, the REAL KIDS may take Japan by storm with The BOBBYTEENS. It is also rumored that TKO Records will be the lucky label to put out the REAL KIDS' next record. Also on the TKO slate–a 7" by the LOOSE LIPS! [thanks Tina!]...Rock 'n' Roll/artist/goddess Niagra has been showing her art to the tunes of old punks UNNATURAL AXE. Her show in the Detroit area featured the old Boston bad boys who Saved Hitler's Brain, as well as Mr. John Felice and a combo he put together which featured: Fritz Ericson (GANG GREEN), Frank Dehler (UNNATURAL AXE) and Jack Clark (JERRY'S KIDS). There's a show I woulda love to have seen [thanks to Doug Giovanni for the details!]...Handsome Dick Manitoba has a new eating/drinking establishment in the Big Apple. It is, of course, called Manitoba's. What else could it be called?...The BUDGET GIRLS are in heated negotiations with a number of labels vying for the rights to the results of their tenative arrangements to records a handful of new songs.

•And, HEY! Speaking of New York City, by December (99) I'm moving to New York City. If any of you hear of a good jobs in the writing/editing or photography fields, keep me in mind.

•For those of you who've asked (and those who haven't), I'm still compiling photos for my photobooth zine/book. I don't expect it to be out for a year or two. I want to get *at least* 100 sets of photos. To be included, please send a strip (or square) of photobooth pictures. Include who is in the photos (if known), where and when they were taken. Everyone who submits photos will receive a finished copy of the book or zine (depending on which format I wind up putting it out in). Tell your friends! Tell your enemies! Send me the photos...oh, and by the way, I prefer actual photos (not photocopies) and will return the pictures when I'm done with the project.

•The Rocknroll War is under way on www.wfhb.org. If you have Real Audio on your computer, check out my radio show, Rocknroll Blitzkrieg, from 1am-3am on Thursday nights (Central time). If you don't have Real Audio, you can send me a 120 minute tape plus a buck for postage and I'll make you a tape.

•The Big Thanks Dept. I've got to extend a thank you to Pat Smick (again), for coming through on getting me the MRR photozine, as well as just sending me a lot of cool shit. Same can be said for Doug Giovanni of Michigan and Frederico in Israel. That's it this time around. Thanks to everyone who has written. Keep the tips on great rocknroll coming!

PO Box 1223 • Bloomington, IN • 47402 • icki@mindspring.com

The Teenage Suicide

WITH NICK FITT

The End Of Maximumrocknroll

As many of you may have heard, this is the last print issue of MRR. MRR will now be a website zine at www.maximum rocknrollroll.com. I for one am disgusted. And in this column I will tell you a lot of things. You may be very shocked so keep reading.

Apparently the new coordinators think that the cost of keeping a print zine is too much and that we should just liquidate onto the web. Its part of a slow process that is the end of the printed media in favor of the electronic one. As much as I am in favor of the Internet and think that the shrinking of the world and speed of communication are important things I also hate the counterposition of the printed media to the electronic one. The two art forms are complimentary and at best exist alongside one another. Like your books? I do. However I also realize that they won't be around for too much longer.

Part of the disgusting nature of this is that none of the contributors were asked for their opinions on this. It came merely from the coordinators and I assume also the board of directors. There was no open debate or questions of how this would even be implemented. We were merely emailed two or three weeks ago notifying us that this column would be our last on the printed page. I urge Maximumrocknroll readers to protest this by boycotting the website.

Furthermore this will be my last column for MRR. I will be launching a new zine with other MRR has-beens Reverend Norb, Tesco Vee, Metal Mike Saunders, Lali Donovan, Larry Livermore, and Adrienne Droogas from my home base in Attleboro called "The Big Picture". It will be on newsstands sometime around July of 1999 everywhere. Anyone who appreciates MRR in its purest (i.e. printed form) should pick this up.

My predictions for MRR- this new transition to the electronic media will not last. This is the end of MRR. The first sign of a greater plague which infects the magazine and has been allowed to run rife by the new management. I think its too bad that MRR has to go out in this protracted way rather than with a little dignity. Anyone who is as disgusted as me with this can email me or write me at home.

Although maybe something good will come out of this. Some people have said that MRR should've died with Tim and maybe now this will allow the space for new Tims to come along and make their mark in the world. Anyone who thinks that they have the stuff to pull off something of this size should throw their hat in the ring like I'm doing. Unfortunately, I think it will more likely be people just sitting around with their thumb up their ass complaining about how nobody does anything anymore.

To be honest, I really have little more to say about the matter. I've voiced my opinion and I thank Sean, Arwen and Jacqueline for allowing me to air my opinions on the matter. Maybe its no "MRR is gay and I quit" but its a lot more productive. I bid you all farewell and hope that you pick up my new zine this summer. G-d knows that I need the fucking money.

ENDNOTES:

1. Write me: 404A South Main Street, Attleboro, MA 02703
2. Email me: xnickfittx@aol.com
3. DON'T go to www.maximumrock nroll.com
4. Go Celtics.

sheri gumption

babbling
raving
madwoman

This may be the first Maximum column ever written by someone wearing a red silk robe and a blue clay facial mask, but that's probably appropriate since I have a sordid confession for you, dear readers. I, Sheri Gumption, age 25, am a girl. That's right, a girl. At first glance, this might not seem like much of a revelation. You're thinking to yourself, *Of course she's a girl*, because there's only a few of us around here and we stick out like drag queens at a Promise Keepers convention. That's not quite what I'm getting at. I mean that, despite years of protests to the contrary, I've somehow turned into a bona-fide hair-dying, make-up-wearing, leg-shaving, black-patent-leather-high-heel-owning Girl. Sometimes, anyway.

This is only surprising because I've never really *felt* like a girl. I never doubted or disliked being female, but I was always most comfortable inhabiting a vaguely androgynous neutral zone. I've written odes to the tomboy I was as a child, and bragged in print about my fondness for boots, jeans, and power tools in adulthood. My reluctant teenage attempts at conforming to the feminine ideal were specifically designed to avoid being billed as more of an awkward monstrosity than I already was, and I still managed to avoid anything pink, ruffled or otherwise overtly feminine as if it were tainted with an anthrax-ebola cocktail. My disdainful adjectives for girliness mutated from "stupid and boring" to "annoying and pathetic" and finally to "frivolous and oppressive," but my fundamental contempt for it changed hardly at all.

My rejection of all things feminine became a point of political pride for me. After all, the argument that high heels, boob jobs, and their brethren function as tools of capitalism and patriarchy is fairly obvious and convincing, and it became a philosophical defense for my uneasiness with such things. Of course I was uncomfortable, I thought; it was an instinct for self-preservation. I was proud that some part of me had recognized this even as a child. My hair was short and messy, and the only beauty products I owned were Clearasil and Ivory soap. I felt victorious, having escaped the clutches of the evil dictator who sought to make my superwoman self weak and distracted.

The thrill of victory gradually gave way, though, to the agony of guilt and self-doubt whenever I would find myself wanting to pluck my patchy monobrow or raid my femmy roommate's closet. My relationship to girly things became a lose-lose situation: if I shaved my legs, I was a foolish collaborator in male domination; if I refused to shave my legs, I was a pint-sized Amazon resentfully sweating in jeans under a hot Midwestern sun. Something was wrong, I reasoned, if I was now just as obligated to boycott femininity as I was previously required to comply with it. So much for Women's Liberation. Perhaps, I decided, it was time to rethink the suspicion with which I'd always regarded women who mixed a bit of lipstick in with their feminism.

Don't get me wrong; I haven't gone the Courtney Love route with a plastic surgeon, a push-up bra and a personal trainer. Most days find me working in front of my computer in my glasses and long johns, hardly a glamorous image for those of you who've grown weary of beating off to your sister's Victoria's Secret catalog and your record collection, or those of you who think this little confession is grounds for having me burned at the stake. I know that femaleness and femininity are two completely separate things, and I know my sexiness and my value as a person go far beyond my appearance. But I've grown to love the way red lipstick lights up my gray eyes and platinum blonde hair, and the way my lover's tongue feels sliding up my bare leg from my ankle to my thigh. I also love my boxer shorts, the hair under my arms, and the confidence that comes from walking down the street at night in a pair of sturdy shoes.

I'm sure there are plenty of you who think this is a contradiction, that it's inconsistent for any woman to reject femininity or for a feminist to embrace it, and especially for a girl to do both simultaneously and enjoy it. But you'd be wrong. The balance I've found between tomboy and femme is perfectly consistent with what makes me comfortable and happy, and stems from the feminist notion that the person I am and the work I do is more important than what I look like. I don't have to be "ugly" to be powerful, and I don't have to play dumb or diet to be beautiful. I certainly don't have to do any of those things to be a "real feminist" or a "real woman." I hope this sounds as obvious to you reading it as it does to me when I'm writing it. And if it doesn't, you've got some time to think about it while I get dressed and scrub this blue stuff off my face.

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Walking a similar feminist tightrope is a fine publication by the name of Bust. If you're missing the old Sassy and you've somehow managed to miss stumbling across it's wiser little indie sister at newstands around your town, send $5 (it's worth it, I swear, I swear) to the Bust girls at: P.O. Box 319 Ansonia Station, NY, NY 10023.

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gumption #4 is done. my addresses are pob 7564, ann arbor, mi 48107 and sheri@cyberspace.org. don't send hate mail. xoxoxo.

NetPunk

with

Mark Hanford

It's so nice to find my lifestyle being vindicated by the powers that be here at MRR. I'm sure you've read about it in other places around the magazine, so let me just say it's nice that the rest of the magazine has decided to join my world. C'mon, how punk is it to waste paper anyway? Plus, don't the changes coming about mean that more intelligent punks will be reading the zine now? Anyway, on with the regularly scheduled column, which, I'd like to remind you, for this month at least, can be found online at http:// www.cruzio.com/ ~hanford/ maximum. html .

First bit of news this month is that as of this writing (early February), a US District Court judge has issued a preliminary injunction against the Child Online Protection Act (AKA the "Son of the Communication's Decency Act", saying that it could hinder free speech. Good news for all of you punkers who like to talk dirty on the net - or get information about birth control or other controversial subjects.For those of you looking for cheap web access, I found a company that gives you access to the net for very low rates - in fact, it's FREE! NetZero (http:// www.netzero.com) has access numbers all over the country, and they charge absolutely nothing for their service. All you have to do is give them some information about you, get their software (it's a free download, or you can purchase a CD for 6 bucks or something), and put up with a window flashing advertising at you the entire time you are on the net. The advertising is a pain, I suppose, but a small price to pay for free access. Before you install NetZero, however, I have one word of warning. There are some reports of the NetZero software screwing up your ability to access your regular ISP, so think about that before you install the software.

A funny thing happened at home the other day. I had a hot water pipe bust open in my foundation, and I had to call the plumber. They ended up having to jack hammer in my bathroom. Well, to make a long story short, it turns out one of the guys on the job has an online e-zine that deals with plumbing, comics, and more. This world is getting weirder and weirder. Anyway, Drainwash is the zine's name, and you can find it at http:// www. drainwash.com/ . Get inside the mind of a plumber and read all kinds of great top 10 lists - like plumber' nightmares, the worst things about being a plumber, and things you shouldn't flush. Plus, you get original comics. Who woulda thought...?

Here's a site for those of you into the new swing dancing craze - it'll tell you why you suck. Check it out at http:// www.geocities.com/ BourbonStreet/ Quarter/ 3341/ index.html . Unfortunately, the web address is about as long as the page, but it still deserves a mention.If you're looking for other people's opinions about music, check out the Punk Review Connection at http:// members.xoom.com/ talleysucks/ index.html . Over a hundred reviews here, but mostly stuff that you are already aware of. Unfortunately, their frames were fucked up when I visited the site (with Netscrape 4.0) and I had to resize the top frame to figure out how to use the site. Still, it's worth a visit.

One of the things I love about the net is that you can scope out tons of underground bands who you'd never see or hear if it wasn't for their web pages. Unfortunately, a lot of their web pages suck bad. Moral Panic has a site for their band that DOESN'T suck at http:// www.geocities.com/ SunsetStrip/ Underground/ 9206/ bob.html . Lots of lyrics, pictures, news, and some poorly recorded sound files here. Political hardcore from Canada, too.Also from Canada, Monolithic offers ala' carte bootlegs. That is, you can pick up to 74 minutes of stuff from their bootleg list, and they'll kick it onto a CD for you. The cost is something like 15 bucks, and they've got old shit from the Germs and Flipper, as well as newer indie stuff, corporate punk, and the like. Anyway, you may find something you want at http:// www.dowco.com/ jgwilson . Now, if they'd just learn how to format their graphics to load quickly...

Another site for you collector scum is Vinyl Recycle. Vinyl Recycle has a bit of everything, from punk and new-wave to jazz, metal, classical, goth, and more. There is a lot of semi hard to find vinyl here, so if you've been searching for something fo years, you may just find it here. Vinyl Recycle is at http:// www.vinylrecycle.com/ .A super-happening site is Panx at http://www.panx.net. From France, Panx has been around as a label and production company for a long time. This site has it all. Panx zine, Panx real-audio radio, Panx live video of punk bands, music distro, and more more more more more. Unfortunately, it's all in French, but that shouldn't keep you from enjoying it.I'm hesitant to mention this last site, because at this point they don't exactly have a lot on it, but they've got a really cool logo, and a good idea. I just hope they get around to actually putting something up. The site I'm talking about is Unixpunx dot org (http:// www.unixpunx.org), a site that is "For people who like counter-culture music and counter-culture operating systems". Yep, you got it. It's a site for those of you into punk music and Unix, an operating system for the true geek. That's all I have for you this month. Remember to e-mail me your websites at hanford@cruzio.com or write to me at PO Box 752; Santa Cruz, CA 95061. If you're online, I'll see you next month. Otherwise, it's been fun. Bye.

"Lefty" Hooligan

What's Left?

As Richard Nixon used to say, let me make one thing perfectly clear.

The capitalist ruling class—what Marx called the *bourgeoisie*—is our principle enemy. Always has been, always will be. The *bourgeoisie*'s power is based upon the ownership of most private property in a capitalist economy, and that ownership is maintained by control of the instrumentality of state power through which the *bourgeoisie* rules society. When I talk about the abolition of capital then, I'm saying that capitalism as an economic system as well as the political institutions of the state that support and protect capitalism need to be overthrown. Speaking charitably, Leninism is merely a bloody dead-end masquerading as socialism. And while I've spent the past two columns ripping Leninists a new asshole, they're to be superseded not constantly attacked. Only insofar as Leninism recreates class society through the vanguard party's monopoly of state power can it be condemned as the left wing of capital.

Capitalism, not Leninism, is our main adversary. I'll stop bashing Leninism for the moment and focus on kicking capitalism in future columns. I'll start simple, with another installment of...

...ON-THE-JOB F.S.U...

I worked at 17 as a busboy and dishwasher for Buffalo Bob's Barbecue, a mom-and-pop restaurant in Ventura, California. Joe and Alice, the couple who owned it, were East Coast-born cowboy wannabe's. They wore goofy, dude ranch cowboy clothes even when they weren't working, religiously attended square dances and rodeos, and liked to greet their customers with a big cheery "howdy pardner." They played the worst canned country western music in the restaurant and preferred hiring folks also into "Wild West" culture. Most of the waitresses spoke with a twang. Charlie, the head cook, was a real tobacco chewing, honky tonk brawling, wife beating Montana cowboy who drank, gambled and whored with the best of them. I was a hippie by then, so I have absolutely no idea how I got that job. This was well before Willie Nelson made long hair acceptable in country western circles, and I had to hide my hippie hair under a wig.

Charlie's final job every night he worked was to prepare the specialty-of-the-house, called "buffalo loaf." Basically glorified meat loaf smothered in the house's barbecue sauce, the buffalo loaf had quite a reputation. People came from as far away as Los Angeles, Bakersfield and Santa Barbara just to eat it. The customers who ordered it knew it was made out of the odds and ends left over from the restaurant's choice meat entrees, but they didn't suspect that the loaf's recipe also included the meat tripe and offal swept up from the dirty kitchen floor. Charlie usually ground it all together with a blend of spices while smoking a cigarette, half-smashed from sneaking sips of vodka throughout his shift. Then he'd leave the vats of raw buffalo loaf in the cooler to age overnight, often uncovered so that cockroaches and the occasional mouse could contribute to the loaf's unique flavor.

Needless to say, old Charlie had a drinking problem. He'd sometimes arrive at work too drunk to stand, let alone cook. Joe and Alice refused to fire him. They covered for his drunk ass time and again while he slept it off in their upstairs office. Until the incident in that office that is. I wasn't there, but it seems that a swaggering, soused Charlie started to kiss and grope Alice. And from what I heard, Alice didn't do a whole hell of a lot to resist his advances. When Joe walked in on their lustful embrace, one thing led to another. Charlie decked Joe and Joe fired Charlie. Joe didn't press charges because he'd thrown the first ineffectual punch. But he did file a police report.

With Charlie's record—a couple of DUI's and many more barroom drunk and disorderlies—the report guaranteed him trouble with the cops. Charlie went into debt on a good lawyer to stay out of jail. He blamed Joe for his troubles of course. I guess he also realized that any direct, physical confrontation with Joe was a one-way ticket to prison. Instead of acting out of pure anger, Charlie came up with a rather brilliant way to get back at his former employers. He painted two large pieces of plywood white and wrote out, step by step in black paint, how he'd prepared the buffalo loaf during his two plus years as head cook at Buffalo Bob's Barbecue. He then drove his camper shelled pickup truck, signs in the back, to park as close as he could to the restaurant. After roping the plywood signs to the truck, Charlie spent his days for close to two months thereafter guarding his nauseating recipe of the restaurant's prized culinary offering.

Joe and Alice eventually got a court injunction effectively distancing Charlie's truck and presence from their business, though not before several comic legal twists brought Charlie's clever protest to the attention of local radio talk shows. I stayed at the job long enough to see demand for the buffalo loaf drop drastically. I no longer worked at Buffalo Bob's Barbecue however when they discontinued that menu item.

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I worked as a typesetter for a bi-weekly southern California boating newspaper called *The Spinnaker* headquartered in San Diego. The owner, Neal, his son and daughter, and their hangers-on worked to narrow the paper's focus from sailing to yachting, so that they could hang out with and report on a better class of people. They wanted to attend yacht club races and parties to rub shoulders with the rich and famous. Neal in particular was a character. An elderly silver-haired gent who dressed like a retired country club admiral and affected upper class airs, he was a penny-pinching miser who attempted to cut corners wherever possible, As the saying goes Neal was so tight-assed he squeaked when he walked.

One of his cost-saving measures was blatantly illegal. Old-style typesetting photographed each letter onto RC film, which had to be developed with photographic chemistry. It wasn't lawful to dump that chemistry down the drain once it got tired until it had been run through a silver recovery process. Such a service wasn't very expensive, but Neal didn't see the need for it and didn't want to pay for it, He insisted that we pour the raw chemicals directly into the city's sewer system.

The job itself rarely exceeded 30 hours a week. I'd hired on with the promise that the position would become full time. Neal didn't want to incur the expenses of or provide benefits for another full-time employee however, so he purposefully kept me hungry. Since I was desperate for full employment to pay the rent, my only option was to find another job. When I did so and gave Neal two weeks notice, he exploded. He yelled at me, calling me an ungrateful employee. "If you don't want to work for me," Neal said, "You can leave immediately." The paper's production manager talked him out of that in order to get out the next issue, but Neal kept my hours down to a bare minimum. I was hurting to pay my bills the day I left *The Spinnaker* , thanks to Neal.

The day after I left the newspaper, I made some telephone calls and wrote a couple of letters. I reported Neal's illegal chemical dumping to city and county health authorities, as well as CalOSHA and the federal Occupational Safety and Health Administration. I don't know which agency came down on Neal, but they closed *The Spinnaker* 's offices for almost two weeks, until the newspaper cleaned up its act. The paper missed an issue, and Neal lost quite a bit of advertising revenue. I met Neal's son in a grocery store a month after the incident and I made sure he knew I was the one who called in the violation.

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Dennis, the art director of an advertising firm I did typesetting for also in San Diego, knew a lot about graphic design but next to nothing about marketing. Yet to hear him talk, he was the company's sales lynch pin. When upper management was in a meeting or out of the building, Dennis would sometimes close the doors to the art department and give us his "I'm hot shit" speech. According to Dennis, upper management was completely incompetent. They could get contracts, but they needed the art director to keep their customers satisfied and to successfully fulfill those contracts. Dennis would wax poetic about how he shmoozed the clients, dazzled them with his artistic ideas, and worked hand-in-glove with them to create advertising masterpieces worthy of award. Artistically pleasing the customer was the be-all and end-all of marketing to the public in his estimation, and only he delivered. If it were not for his deft handling of clients and his artistic expertise, the bumbling, brain-dead management would have driven the company into bankruptcy years before.

His high opinion of his own skills and talent extended to how Dennis saw his personality and looks. Simply put, he considered himself god's gift to women. Casanova with an art degree. He was real short on seductive charm however, which was why he preferred hitting on the female graphic artists who worked for him. That way he could be blunt. "If you want to go anywhere in this company," he would say to them in private, "You'll have to sleep with me." Sometimes it was just: "If you want to keep your job, you'll have to put out." Dennis was slime.

One of the graphic artists he propositioned, Tina, turned the tables on him. She managed to record, not just a couple of his personal overtures to her, but also a sampling of his arrogant speeches to the art department. She edited out any mention of her name, put it all together onto a cassette and mailed copies of the tape anonymously to the company's upper management. Not completely anonymous since Tina included an unsigned letter with the tapes threatening legal action if management didn't correct Dennis's behavior. This was right about the time that sexual harassment suits were getting big press and even bigger legal settlements. The company set Dennis up for a sting by giving him a pretty, young and perky female assistant. When the art director made his move on the new assistant, she reported the incident directly to management. They in turn fired Dennis.

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I hope you've picked up on the simple rule of class warfare illustrated by these stories. Tell your fellow employees, the public, higher ups and the proper authorities of legal and ethical transgressions where you work in order to correct the violations, hurt the violators and damage the business. Sometimes known as "whistle blowing," this can be tricky to pull off, especially if you want to keep working at the job you're exposing. Whistle blowers are frequently fired, so try to stay anonymous when you open your mouth.

Capitalism cannot operate without resorting to lying, cheating, stealing and other practices harmful to workers, consumers and the public. Sometimes the best way to combat such corrupt practices is to expose them. Dangerous or unhealthy working conditions; inferior or shoddy products and practices; inaccurate, misleading or false advertising and reporting; company harassment, discrimination, fraud and coverup; capitalists always provide us enough rope to hang them.

Food service workers can disclose what ingredients are used, how they're prepared, issues of quality and cleanliness, etc. not only to government health and safety agencies but also to the public at large. Transportation workers who service, maintain and fix buses, trains and airplanes can reveal shortcuts, botched repairs, shoddy parts, accidents, whatever might cause problems for their bosses. Construction workers can make known the cheap substitutions made in construction materials, and the cheating on fire and safety regulations to cut costs. Factory workers can describe the lack of craftsmanship and built-in obsolescence in the products people buy, disclosing the glutted inventories behind high prices as well. Maritime workers can expose insufficient lifejackets and lifeboats. Office workers can divulge management secrets and inform on the use of pirated software.

An open mouth is particularly effective in the food industry, but given enough imagination it can be used almost anywhere. It can be used to enlist public support, and the threat of exposure can be used to back up workers' demands in organizing, strikes and other work actions. Whistleblowing as an on-the-job working class weapon, not to mention many others, can be found in the IWW pamphlet, *Worker's Guide to Direct Action* ($3; IWW, 1095 Market St., San Francisco CA 94103).

Next column, I'll start in on the complex subject of work and capitalism. Right now I'm busy learning html for MRR's move to the web...

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o MRR.

Scott Soriano

Rama Lama Fa Fuck You

The point in which any movement—political, cultural, or otherwise—is understood in any terms other than a threat to those in suits, whatever their age, is the point in which that movement is dead. I'll apply this truism to music since that is what excites me most. Here are three different examples....fuck that, here is one example cuz that's all you need. I beg you to go out and find a copy of the Kinks "Live at Kelvin Hall" any way you can. Buy it, borrow it, go to your local chain store and rip it off. Now find the song "Sunny Afternoon," the forth song on the first side. The Kinks announce the song, and the crowd goes even more wild than it is already going, and it is going pretty fucking wild. The band knocks out a good, drunken version and as the band is tuning at the end of the song, Ray Davies starts prodding the audience into singing. To give them a boost he starts softly twanging the chorus and the audience gives voice. Ray backs off the mic; the audience is singing full bore. The Kinks are no longer the stars. They are merely facilitators, or, perhaps more correct, the audience is now the band. They not only know the song but the feelings behind the song. The words are more than just filler to back up a nice riff. They are verses of an anthem that burrow deep into the chest and vibrate throughout the body. And it goes beyond simply relating to the song. The song becomes a bonding mechanism. The audience owns the song.

I listened to that song four times today, four times in a row. And at the end of the last listen, tears came to my eyes. The power of the feeling that electrified the crowd was the closest expression of pure emotion that I've heard or seen in a long time. And that is the power of music. That is what most suits do not understand. They look at a bunch of people freaking out and not just singing but belting out a tune, really feeling it, and one of them turns to another and sez, "Well, Tom. I think we got us a hit." "Sure thing, Steve. And who would think from a band like this. Kids these days, they'll listen to anything."

Thirty years later when the song comes on the oldies station, those who the song moved or rescued or gave a bit a shelter from the fucked-up realities of their every day lives can tap into hibernated emotions and take a little bit more control. Listen, when a stadium of 50,000 wild kids are vibrating the fucking place with their own song, they are taking some control, not from the band who are often also in the act of reclamation, but from the motherfucking suits outside the walls. Or as the great, great Lester Bangs once observed, the politics of rocknroll are the politics of getting lost in the moment. The audience at that Kinks concert could give two shits about school tomorrow or dealing with the boss or mom or dad or any other of the million of things that plague us every day from the holes in the ozone layer to the fact that we are slowly but surely slipping into some demented corporate fascism to the late-twentieth century mystery disease that we've picked up from godknowswhere and which our friendly neighborhood doc-in-the-box doesn't know what it is but that will be $200 and here's some antibiotics, thank you very much. None of that fucking matters because we are now in a liberated zone and to hell with those who want to take it away from us. Why do you think rocknroll shows shut down by the cops often lead to riots? It is because that show is ours and they don't understand or they understand too well and see that moment of personal liberation as a threat others could tap into. Think of the last time you were lost in the moment of anything and think of how good that freedom felt and how once you were conscious of being in such a free state you thought, "If this could only last forever..." There are many things that free us or ignite a desire to be free. Drugs are considered "dangerous" because of the freedom some provide. Religion caters to want of ecstasy and freedom. Fulfillment of the desire to reclaim space/time/life is what makes sex fantastic and music so important. And those moments in which a whole mess of people click into mass escape, whether it is on the Kinks "Live at Kelvin Hall" album or a bunch of bozos at the Loft drunkenly bellowing "I Gotta Be Me!!!" with the Bananas, well, those are the moments that make live worth living and these liberated zones worth fighting for.

Scott S./1114 21st Street/Sacramento, CA 95814/USA . e-mail: la-moo@usa.net (correspondence only, no e-mail promo crap).

PIERRE LE PEW

by John S Ringhoff

Ok so far I haven't received my paycheck from MRR for my column. This is bullshit. They send me some "punk points" in the mail. What am I supposed to use these for? I guess I should have signed a contract. But I figured that when me and that fat cat boss of MRR both spit on our hands and shook it was just as good. But let me tell YOU, the word of these greedy pervo punks is about as good as the cheap ink they use to print this "zine" that gets all over your hands when you read it.

I am probably moving back to SF because I can't find a job in Los Angeles. God knows I've tried. None of the hot shot movie producers liked me kicking their office door open and singing "Hello my baby hello my darling hello my ragtime gaallll!" while wearing a top hat. one of those novelty tuxedo shirts and doing soft shoe. Anyways in SF I plan to work as a newsie selling copies of MRR. So all you SF pervo punks look for a guy dressed like an old timey kid on a corner yelling "Extree, extree. read all about it!". That kid will be me.

When I'm not being a newsie I will be mining for gold in the hills of California. I will be wearing red one piece thermal underwear with my butt hanging out the back part. I wear a sideways cowboy hat with bullet holes in it. I have a long beard. I spend most of the time accusing people of jumpin my claim and sitting in saloons drinking sasparillla. I have a donkey named Hoss. Hoss is one stubborn ass. He usually refuses to move after a while and I wind up dragging him around town. Hoss doesn't like me because Hoss isn't really a donkey but an old goat. He's mad because I won't feed him tin cans and tires like goats like to eat. After my gold mining and newsieing I will sit in restaurants and imagine what the people eating around me would look like naked.

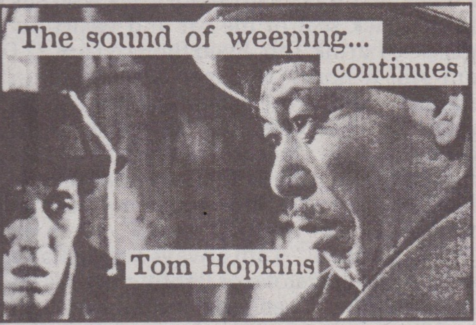
So now that I am a hot shot MRR columnist I still can't get laid. Perhaps I can't get laid because I am goofy looking. My body is very odd. When I walk circus music plays. Whenever I sit down and go to to the bathroom big brassy tuba music plays. I have a pig nose and bat wings on the sides of my head. The only word I know how to say is "panties". My feet are like a Don Martin cartoon, they bend down or up halfway through my foot. My toes are webbed. My dick has a dick and it forces me to suck its dick. If I was alive in the '50s I'd be that guy in a group of guys who sits in the back seat of the car and wears 3D glasses. I drink Tab. Even though I am 22 I am still a horny teenager who takes an inflatable girl to the prom. The head of my penis is a small version of my normal head complete with a face and big ears. Only that face ages much faster than my normal one. I have a train whistle on top of my head so when I get really mad it goes "Whoooooooo!". I am always accidentally sitting on a hot stove or lighting my ass on fire somehow. Then I run around the room looking for water. Then I run to the toilet and stick my ass in it and it goes, "tsssssss!" and there's a lot of smoke and I get a big grin across my face and I look at the camera.

Ok since my last column only one person has sent me a letter asking for advice. Dear John,

I am a young girl and my body is starting to change. My breasts are starting to come in and I have started menstruating. Boys are starting to notice me. They are looking at me differently than they used to. I think I like it. There's one boy in particular named Tim Duffy that pays a lot of attention to me. What should I do? signed Monica Schlaug, age 13. Monica you should be ashamed of yourself. Growing breasts and menstruating is the work of the devil. Shame on you for having impure thoughts about a member of the opposite sex. You dirty, filthy girl. You want some advice? Get down on your knees and pray to Jesus Christ to forgive you for being the devil's whore.

So teens send me some mail because if I'm not being paid for this at least I can have the knowledge that I made a difference. Because hey man, that's what punk is all about right? Making a difference. I can know that I did something not because I was trying to make money, or get more friends or poon taang, but because I was doing what my heart told me to do. Knowing that I helped some lonely teen get laid or made some fat kid feel pretty is more valuable than money. Know what else is more valuable than money? Not being old like Tom Hopkins. Ok a few last minute things: 5) I like Oasis. 4) I need a job. 3) My new Zine: "John Ringhoff's Too hot for

MRR" will be out soon. 2) This next month MRR is sending me to France to write a story about that one place there. The place where the naked ladies dance. Apparently there's a hole in the wall. Where the men can see it all. l) La la laaaaa la la la-la la-la la-la la. I am moving so I can't give you my address. So until next month you can only contact me through email or one of those telegram guys on a moped. ringhoff@gurlmail.com. When I get to my new place I am going to print my home phone number in my column so you can all talk to me at any hour. It will be the new teen party hotline.



The sound of weeping... continues

Tom Hopkins

Kurt, former singer of PALATKA has asked that I share some extremely bad news with the readers of MRR. On February 5th, 1999 Mike of PALATKA and *Scenery* fanzine was killed in his home. Kurt says that the details of the crime are extremely sketchy because there were no witnesses, Mike was dead when discovered, and the big picture has been put together by police investigators relying on the crime scene and information from friends. This is what is thought to have transpired: Mike left the library he worked at around 7:00 p.m. mentioning to another punk who worked there that he had met someone at lunch who was traveling through the area and was going to stay with him that night. Apparently Mike, who was always very trusting, had let this individual have his keys and was going to see him later. Police believe that this individual was responsible for pushing Mike down a flight of stairs in the house he rented with friends (who all had solid alibis and are not suspects). When Kurt was asked by police to come to Mike's house and give any information he might have, he noticed that Mike's NECROS "Conquest For Death" EP was on the ground broken in the area where the struggle is thought to have happened. Kurt quickly looked through Mike's record collection and found that most of Mike's rare records were gone. Mike is thought to be dead as a result of coming home, surprising someone stealing his records, who then panicked and engaged Mike near the stairs outside of Mike's room, resulting in Mike falling down the stairs shattering his skull and breaking his neck, rendering him dead nearly immediately. At this point, Mike has been buried, but an investigation is in full force. Kurt has asked that any information relating to the crime be sent to Mike's old PO Box which Mike's family is keeping open in order to let his friends throughout the world know what has happened. Kurt has also mentioned that letters and cards should be sent to this address as well since Mike's family is understandably distraught: PO Box 14223, Gainesville, Florida 32604. Among the records stolen were JUDGE "Chung King Can Suck It" LP, MOSS ICON/SILVER BEARING split LP, Process of Elimination Comp, GERMS "Lexicon Devil" EP, both IRON CROSS EPs, PROJECT X EP with the zine, ANTIDOTE "Thou Shall Not Kill" EP, and CRIMPSHRINE "Lame Gig Contest" LP. Locating all of these records, and likely more since Mike was such a huge record collector, in one place may lead to the killer so keep your eyes open.

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Under the circumstances of the above information, I'd rather not run reviews in this installment of the column, but I already have a backup from missing last month and I don't want the backlog to get unmanageable.

***

I've know for a while that the KOSSABONE RED LP is out. Just took me some time getting my paws on it. Before I go a tad negative just let me say that this is a really solid LP, introspective lyrics, slightly dissonant guitars, high danceability marks, and peculiar and distinctive vocals. But it doesn't touch their EP on Insurance Scam which had a bit more drive and leaned much more towards the emo of the late 80's and early 90's the that of the late 90's. Please be sure to get it. I don't know why this band doesn't seem to have that much buzz about them. Will they be overlooked only to become want listed in a few years? (Concurrent, PO Box 55462, Atlanta, GA 30308)

Germany, Germany, Germany—STAINS Way more often then not, the overwhelming majority of records in this column are American in origin. Now, those in the know are keenly aware that folks throughout the world have taken to the stage in tight pants and spock haircuts to share their feelings. In many of these countries the national sound has become fairly recognizable. Germany is land where the conventional soft part to loud explosion is put out on the ice in favor of a much more brutal and anthemic sound with a lot of range. What follows are some recent examples of quality German engineering.

COLE QUINTET - "Flamingo" EP. The drive on this EP, without any detriment to the huge wall of guitar hooks, gets me grinning every time. Smooth drumming and vocals which are totally thick and rough despite being all out. (Paracelsius, Hombergerstr. 12, D-37.124, Rosdorf, GERMANY)

COLE QUINTET/LINSAY - split EP. This second outing for COLE QUINTET is just as harsh, tight, and great as the last. Here the drumming really starts to stand out more often competing with the riffing guitars. Good english lyrics as well: "Average rebel fuck, go home and read a book." Sharing this picture disk is LINSAY who offer up their emo-violence in a manner likely to please fans of some Hydra Head releases. Imagine the meltdown sounds of BOTCH fine tuned and pushed into more compact tunes with an eerie guitar attack. (Paracelsius)

LINSAY/ENFOLD - split EP. The "Linsay Killed Enfold" EP is the most recent LINSAY relase. The above description holds true but with a slight slow down and the guitars work out a great tension. Whoever is on bass duty for ENFOLD is wielding one sludgy, deep ass sound with fucking precision. Makes a great molasses for the guitar to crunch and pick through. And the drums on the hook parts shouldn't be forgotten. Solid. (Per Koro, Fehrfel 26, 28203, Bremen, GERMANY)

Finally, the KIMUSAWEA 12". Much slower then their EP of about two years ago, but still with an anthemic edge. The dramatic sound is very similar to the sound change that ZORN went through from EP to LP. Not nearly as powerful which is a bit of a let down. (Nabate, BP 92, 4000 Liege 1, BELGIUM)

Back to the states. Something or other came in from SEROTONIN a while back, and whether it was good or bad I can't remember, it didn't leave me with much of an impression. Their recent LP, however, has the makings for a much more memorable release. The fact that the vocals here sort of remind me of a SHUDDER TO THINK style makes me think of the abrasive but pretty sounds of PARTY OF HELICOPTERS. Here, the vocals are matched up with a more deliberate sound, but one that stays on the quiet end more often then not. Think of SHOTMAKER with out the straight forward drive and turned down several volume levels. (Concurrent)

I know that in the past couple of years the CURE has lost a lot of the stigma they once carried in the punk scene. I myself used to voice loud objections whenever they were played, until I actually listened to them and became a boy who don't cry. Or something like that. Anyway, the RAPTURE has a CURE sound, definitely derivative of that band but a great listen. They also have an EP on Hymnal (1892 A, Market Street, SF, CA 94102) and a 12" of Gravity (PO Box 81332, San Diego, CA 92138).

A few bands in the pop emo vein this month. CHAUNCEY have a strong East Bay influence a la CRIMPSHRINE that they tighten up and deliver in a way that their fellow midwesterners are familiar with. (Synapse, 628, Pheasant Lane, Deerfield, IL 60015) TIE THAT BINDS don't nearly remind me of SAMIAM as previous releases did. Still pop edged, but now with a less direct drive, not unlike an understandable JAWBREAKER. (Act Your Age, 3244 Lock Lane, Houston, Texas 77019)

NUZZLE is, amazingly enough, still around. Probably the only 93-95 emo band still kicking. Recording wise, I'm only familiar with the LP which I gave to a pal thinking I wouldn't have any trouble getting back, which has proved otherwise. That LP stood out for me because of its unpolishedness, which is only a little bit present here, due to a nice recording job. Jangly guitars and bass that can do both the slowed down stare at the ceiling and the driven bits which get the shoulders shaking. ($3.50, Bottlenekk, PO Box 11794, Berkeley, California 94712)

Fans of emo who would enjoy the brutal sounds of the above noted German bands would also likely enjoy the pulsing, muddy, bass driven nastiness of the ORCHID "Mean SOB" EP. ($3, Hand Held Heart, 24445 Lisa Kelton Place, Newhall, CA 91321)

I've heard others compare BORN & RAZED to YOUNG PIONEERS. Maybe, though I think BORN & RAZED veer more towards electrified folk tunes and YOUNG PIONEERS continue to have a country bent. There's a lot going on throughout the 12" that fans of the MINUTEMEN and SWIZ will surely enjoy. (Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)

To my ears THE WORLD IS MY FUSE is immediately recognizable as being from the Boston area. Big, pop oriented sound that is super smooth but still a bit droning, in the same league as SIX GOING ON SEVEN and MILTOWN. (Espo, PO Box 63, Allston, MA 02134) CROSS MY HEART could probably get by in that area pretty well, if they were considering a move. Their "Dornier" LP has a similar college rock feel and also has the big melodies. CROSS MY HEART doesn't always stay so big and droning though, often trying the soft pick and whispered vocals approach. (Dim Mak, PO Box 14041, Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

Microphones, beer bottles, and kneecaps beware when motherfuckin' BLACK DICE appear live in you town!

While I'm usually impressed by the art on Hydra Head release, I can't say that I'm too into the oil painting portraits of the band on the NEVER NEVER LP. The cover art had me thinking arty pretension, but on listening I was thinking nifty quirk that knows when to start driving forward. Can you imagine SCHLONG or another Very Small band being less goofy and wearing form fitting pants and pea coats? A bit bluesy too. (Hydra Head, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199)

This review could start out with the hey this is a great record out of nowhere line, but I think that in this column that line gets pretty tired since most of the great releases reviewed herein are usually out of nowhere. Anyway, nearly 95% of the KILL VAN KULL "Human Bomb" LP reminds me of every great record on Dischord in the last few years of the 80's, SOULSIDE, early FUGAZI, ohh baby! But its fast forwarded in a way somewhat akin to a slowed down TORCHES TO ROME. And hey, it's got an ex-CITIZENS ARREST fella in there. Get it, the gettin's good! ($7, Handi-Kraft, 31-023 23rd St., #C6, Astoria, NY 11106)

MURDOCK returns for some reviewing action on a split with YUM YUM TREE. They've still got the guitar and vocal push and throw in a nice bit of spastic quirk before the final quick-drive home. YUM YUM TREE are much less Riot Grrrl sounding then I recall, a bit poppier and at times arty with some great hooks. Hmm. ($3, Push Pull Records, PO Box 471 Allston, MA 02134)

The second installment of the Fragil Records compilation series falls really flat. Of the four bands here, none every rise out of their mellowness to really attract any attention. TERESA UNDEFINED, NOBUHJEST, GEMMA, PROUDENTALL...no thanks. (Fragil, PO Box 12636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

Recommended purchases this month would be: KOSSABONE RED LP, COLE QUINTET releases, LINSAY releases, Rapture releases, and the KILL VAN KULL LP.

Next month loyal readers can expect beaucoup CD reviews (boy have they been stacking up) and I'm hoping a bit tighter of a writing approach. Later. 1950 McAllister #1, Frisco, CA 94115.

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PETE MENCHETTI

Many see the upcoming format change to a web-only MRR as a really bad thing. They'll miss the dirty fingertips, the newsprint smears on their walls, and the back issues decaying in stacks under their beds. They'll argue that MRR will only be available to kids from the suburbs who live on streets with names like "Willow Brook Meadows Pkwy." Gone will be the days when any old gutter punk could spare-change three bucks and pick up a fresh, fat copy from the record store.

There are a lot of good things about the format change, however. Computers and modems are becoming more available to the public, not only because their costs have dropped, but because many libraries and cafes are providing access, asking little or nothing. So any schmoe from any place in the whole world, at the touch of a few buttons, could have the pages of MRR in his/her face for free! Yeah, even gutter punks.

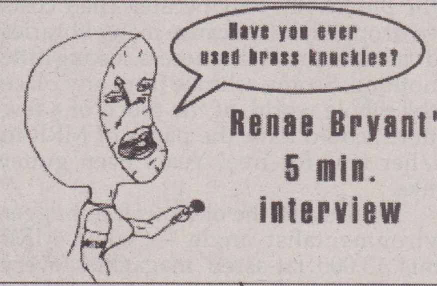
There's also the obvious tree-hugger environmentalist angle — when MRR prints 13,000 fat-assed magazines every month, it uses up a lot of our dwindling resources. I don't think I need to explain this one.

The best thing about the format change is that MRR will finally be off the shelves of Tower Records. A few issues back Scott S. wrote a great letter calling MRR on it's shit. Tower Records is a huge chain, and they along with other chains are making it harder and harder for "mom & pop" independent record shops to exist.

Do you care? Independent record stores are the essence of DIY, and they've supported punk rock from the beginning. It used to be that you couldn't find punk rock records anywhere except at mom & pop shops. So these shops would thrive — not only as places to find vinyl, but as meeting places for punks from around the community, and as the best place in town to hang a flier for your band's gig. Tower Records couldn't give a fuck about your local scene. Nowadays, lots of zines and labels seeking a wider audience sell their goods to Tower. This is nothing less than a stab in the back to those stores who have existed solely to provide an outlet for underground culture.

MRR and many other zines have always defended their relationship with Tower with the same lame story: "Tower supports the underground, they're such nice people, and they've been distributing our zine since Issue #1;" and "without Tower's great distribution, kids who don't live near an indie store won't be able to get the zine!" The story is all too similar to one I'd expect to hear from a band trying to justify their decision to sign to a major: "Capitol Records is down with the punk scene — our A&R guy used to be in Minor Threat!", and "we need their superior distribution to reach a wider audience!"

Yet for years within the pages of MRR, bands have been blacklisted (most deservingly so) for signing to major labels. Junk Records can't run an ad because of their relationship with Nitro, AK Press gets fucked with because they accepted financial help from Epitaph... meanwhile MRR still enjoys distribution from Tower. This has always been MRR's worst hypocrisy. While I'm glad it will finally end, I'm disappointed that it's only a circumstance of the format change, and not a conscious choice to stay true to DIY by refusing to collaborate with the corporate world. - pete@stickerguy.com / Po Box 204, Reno NV 89504 USA


Have you ever used brass knuckles?

Renae Bryant's 5 min. interview

So, for my December column, issue 187, I recounted for the first time in print the stranger rape and burglary that was committed against me in 1993. I ended my column by stating that I would tell the tale of how I was raped by the system in another column. Since there was an out-pouring of support in the form of letters, post cards, and e-mails in regards to the column, I thought I would finish the story so that it would be complete. The following is also (like the Dec. column) taken from the written account I gave the detective: Then he ordered me in the bathroom. After a few moments he orders me out telling me I have to go with him to cash the check. All I can think of is this girl, Lacy Chandler, from my high school whose body was discovered in the river bottom with sixteen stab wounds in it. I didn't want to be her. So, I plead with him to take what he has and go. He orders me back in the bathroom, bracing myself against the door. I have a sock around my neck and cum dripping down my legs. Maybe ten minutes go by. I hear footsteps coming towards the door. I am afraid it's him. The doorknob turns. I close my eyes. I hear my boyfriend's voice calling me. I open my eyes and it's my boyfriend. The two of these men had missed each other by five minutes. I start crying again and hyperventilating. I beg him not to call the police because I am afraid he'll come back and kill us. I call my mom and tell her to meet us at Kaiser hospital. She starts crying and screaming I call my friend Kirsten, from Women Enraged, and ask her what to do. She calms me down a little and tells me to call the police. I do. My boyfriend takes me to Kaiser.

Once inside the hospital I tell the emergency staff that, "a man held a knife to my neck and raped me and burglarized my apartment." I am hysterical at this point. My parents finally arrive. Policeman Rosenberg arrives, a stiff apathetic character, who didn't give a shit about what happened and acted as if I inconvenienced his morning donut break. He asked me some questions. He asked me, knowing the complete story, what I was wearing when the rape occurred. At that moment all the women in the room shot an evil glance his way. He then tells me that Kaiser does not do rape examinations and I must go to another hospital, Riverside Community. He then asks my boyfriend to take him back to our apartment.

My parents take me to Riverside Community. My mom and I walk up to the clerk and alert her to the circumstances. She has me WAIT IN LINE. I start freaking out. I look around at the other people in the waiting room. I start yelling, "Has anyone else here been raped in the last two hours? Oh, you haven't, well you won't mind if I go to the front of the line then." My mom is concurrently trying to calm me down. Finally, someone takes me to a room. At this point two new policemen inform me that Riverside Community Hospital no longer conducts the evidence retrieval (uses the evidence kit), the police have contracted with the Western Nurses Association and I will have to be taken to the San Bernardino Hospital where they can remove evidence from my body. So, I ask them, "Isn't the evidence getting old? I haven't washed myself in order to save the evidence. I still have cum dripping down my legs under my pants." They reply, "Oh, no."

So the female officer drives me to San Bernardino, getting lost on the way to the hospital. My parents get there before I do. Finally, we arrive at the hospital. I am seen by two nurses, who are very sympathetic but at point appear to not have a fucking clue as to what they are doing. I counselor from Riverside Rape Crisis Center showed up. She was very knowledgeable about evidence collection and had to remind them not to touch the evidence, i.e., clothes, cotton swabs, etc. They were finally able to let me leave but were not able to give me high dosage birth control pills. So, my parents had to take me back to the first hospital, Kaiser. I go to my parent's house. My boyfriend meets us there. I ask him what the officer said about the break-in. He informs me that the officer said I must not have locked the door. This infuriates me. When the officer took my statement I specifically said that I had locked the door and that I woke up to the sliding glass door completely open. So, I call the female officer who took me to the hospital in San Bernardino. She informs me that they are looking for a serial rapist who had three days before raped a girl in an adjoining apartment complex. She then gives me the number for the detective who was working the case. The next day he comes to the apartment with a forensic specialist and they concur that in was indeed a break-in.

Soon after the rape with the support of the Rape Crisis Center and Women Enraged, we held a press conference and made known our disappointment with the city, the police and especially the Western Nurses Association. That meeting began with me, in a tear filled voice telling the tale I have recounted in the Dec. issue and this issue of MRR. As a result of the meeting the officer was disciplined and the Nurses lost their contract with the city. Evidence is now collected in Riverside again.

I hope that this will inspire people to support local rape crisis centers and gain a different, more educated perspective on the experience of a rape survivor. I know I am lucky to have survived. I am well aware of the number of women that don't. I attended counseling along with my boyfriend. We eventually broke up, just like the counselor said most couples do. It has been six years. It's hard to relive in print. I went through a self- destructive phase, like the counselor said I would. I tried to intellectualize the whole experience, reading everything I could on rape. I eventually became an alcoholic, not realizing how I was punishing myself and trying to escape. I can say now that I have finally survived the experience and its lasting effect. Many people wrote and said, "what doesn't kill you makes you stronger" and I do agree. If there are any women or men that are survivors of any kind of abuse or attack I hope this stands to remind you that you are not alone. If enough of us talk about what's happened maybe we will be taken seriously.

****Well, I better sign off. All Or Nothing, HC (we have to put the HC behind our name because some lame ass band is using the name other than us) is playing tonight in the mountains with Dysentery, The Shrooms and Useless Intent. Next months column will be back on my theme of success with an interview with Chad Malone of Brother Inferior, and Sensual Underground Ministries. Contact me @ PO box 251 Norco, CA 91760-0251 or webmistress@www.ontherag.net.

PEER PRESSURE

RYAN RICHARDSON

OK, MRR reviewers got it virtually all wrong, so I'm here to set you straight on the recent Absentees reissues and previously unreleased material. First we have **ABSENTEES** "Tryin' To Mess With Me" b/w "F.U.M." reissue 7in. (Brain Transplant/UG). The original 7in. was not released with a picture sleeve and is a legend of early punk rock obscurities. Artwork by the lead Absentee, Rocco, graces the reissue cover. The artwork ain't gonna win any awards, but any collector will tell you, a mediocre sleeve is better than no goddamn sleeve at all. Of more concern is the "remixed, remastered" A-side (the B-side was originally pulled from a cassette recording and the same cassette was used). Since no two-track master was available of "Tryin' To Mess With Me", the original 8-track recording had to be mixed down to two-track again. Trying to match the original sound nearly two decades later using different equipment is impossible. What we wound up with is a polished, heavier sounding version of "Tryin' To Mess With Me" that is a damn good sporting try but lacks the charm and garage rockin' of the original. Killed By Death #7 has the original recording, but that LP suffers from the "pillow over my head" muffled sound, so take your pick of lesser evils. The reissue is as good as it can be using the materials available (though I would've opted for just pulling the song off a mint copy of the original) and is well worth picking up. Next up is the ABSENTEES 4-song EP of previously unreleased songs, also a Brain Transplant/UG split release. Until these were mixed recently, all four tunes had never seen the light of day. Despite what the MRR review said, these songs are friggin' great. Had they been mixed and released back in the day, the Absentees would be all the more legendary. You won't be disappointed... turn it up, brutha.

TONY FROM HAWAII AND OTHER TALES

No collector has given punk collector scum a worse name (or more names, for that matter) than.the man known to most as Rob Noxious. I say "to most" because of the many aliases he uses this one is the most common. His alter-egos include Robert Archambeault (apparently his real name), Guy Roberts, Guy Smiley, and my personal favorite: Tony from Hawaii. This last pseudonym made its debut at the Austin Record Convention last year, but I'll get to that later.

Let me start off by saying that there are so many Rob Noxious stories that my monthly column is not nearly space enough. A whole issue of MRR is not enough, and I'm not kidding. I'm just telling you a couple stories I know, but these are a mere sliver of the pie. The first time I remember hearing Rob's name was a tale relayed from Tim Yo. See, Rob has particularly sticky fingers. Your records seem to find their way into his bag. One such "sticky finger" incident many years ago found some of Mel Shredders' rare records disappearing from his booth at a local swap. They were recovered when Tim Yo, Mel, and MRR strong arm Bruce Roehrs muscled their way into Rob's hotel room, locked him in the bathroom, and sifted through his records. Voila, all records recovered. An unrealized reunion gig was planned in the wake of the post-mortem theft of Tim Yo's records as Rob was and is my #1 suspect.

This is what you must understand about Rob: his uncanny, unmistakable scent of bullshit has made its way around the world. I've traveled quite a bit and I can tell you that his name is inevitably the first name brought up when talking to stores and other collectors worldwide. "Do you know this tosser Rob Noxious" the limeys would query, "You don't know this motherfucker Rob from Los Angeles, do you?" the Kiwis would ask, "Ever deal with this dickhead Rob Noxious" Aussies would inevitably inquire. See, Rob not only gets around but he manages to inspire ungodly amounts of rage wherever he is. "No" is not a word Rob understands be it in reference to a trade or wanting to sleep on your floor. Most collectors get angry at the mention of his name, but I find myself constantly amused. I mean, this guy is SHAMELESS. Rob would sleep in your bed, use your shower, steal your records, invite himself to dinner, and ask you to pay the tab without batting an eye. Don't think I'm kidding.

Rob is an enigma. He lives for punk records, but that's it. Every diehard collector I know has some type of other interest or relationship or life outside of collecting albeit hard to see outside of regular record rampages. Not Rob. He has seemingly unlimited funds to travel anywhere and everywhere. He has seemingly unlimited time to hit every record store in every city worldwide. Yet, he is a cheapskate and a swindler with a sonar for suckers. He always finds one. The fact is that Mr. Noxious could have, at this point in the game, gathered an incredible web of collector friends and sources if he didn't make a point to burn every bridge he crossed. Then again, if he didn't do what he does, I'd have nothing to write about.

OK, now for My Rob Story. Actually, there are a couple, but the most recent one is this. One score and six months ago, I found myself at the Austin Record Convention chatting with my friend, Lou, who ran a local record that's since gone under. Anyway, Lou says to me: "Hey, you know all these punk collectors. Do you know some guy named Tony. He's from Hawaii." Quite sure I'd neither met nor even heard of a Hawaiian punk collector, Lou says "Man, I almost came to blows with this guy. He comes into my store and is pawing all the records and haggling over every price I tell him. He was such a prick." Then, turning and pointing, Lou says "Hey, that's that motherfucker right there." I looked over and saw a clean cut guy in a turtleneck carrying a couple of duffel bags. Never seen him. That's that.

Later in the day, I'm chatting with Bob from Moby Disc who, knowing I'm a punk record freak, mentions that some competition from his neck of the woods is here: LA's own Rob Noxious. Having only heard Rob's used-car-salesman voice over the phone, I didn't know what he looked like. My only description from years before was Steve Seagal-style long flowing hair. "Point him out if you see him," I request. A couple minutes later, Bob looks down the aisle and says "Looks like Rob's going for the preppy look." Turtle neck. Duffel bags. It was "Tony from Hawaii". Once again, Rob had me laughing... I mean, where does he get the nerve? I enjoyed observing him under a cloak of anonymity until a big-mouthed friend said my name near him. Doh! Rob's repeated requests to come by my house were met with numerous "I don't think so's" and "I'm homeless."

The best part of the Austin Record Convention story is this: later in the afternoon, most of the dealers are packing up and heading home. In walks the proprietor of Teenage Kicks, a record store in Seattle, (Mark's his name, I believe), with two duffel bags. Heading to a friend's table where I'm sitting, he says "Hey, someone left these in the parking lot and they're full of punk records. I figured you might know who's they are." We knew. We howled with laughter and imagined how sweet karma could be. Deciding not to take our ethical cues from Rob, we put the bags under the table and left the records (literally thousands of dollars worth) unmolested and waited. We just sat there and waited to see a sweaty, out-of-breath, red-faced, panic-stricken man in a turtle neck come sprinting into the auditorium. We saw just that. Rob's refrain of "I'm such an idiot, I'm so stupid" almost made me feel sorry for him. Almost.

DEMO-LISHED!
Jason Beck

I'm back. I have to apologize for my recent hiatus- I'm sure a lot of you figured that I had joined my predecessors in wimping out, and quitting the tape reviews (I remember when Tim gave me the job, he told me he wanted "At least a years commitment". That was over 5 years ago). I'm not planning on quitting any time soon. Unfortunately, my P.O. box was closed for awhile, while I was away, so some of you might have gotten your tapes returned- sorry about that, too, but I'm back, and my address is still P.O. Box 2584/ Conroe, Tx. 77305. I don't have a lot of stuff to review this time, I guess when my column didn't run, people quit sending stuff, but I do have a few. We'll start off with SPRAVNY SMER, a cool band from Japan with a demo full of vicious thrash. They have a pretty brutal guitar sound, c gruff vocals to add to the heaviness. 24 songs, good production, Ceramica 2 #301, 2-1-37, Minami/ Kokubunji, Tokyo 185 Japan. DONNER PARTY play tuneful hardcore punk, a little like the old Epitaph sound, but with a better guitar tone. Decent. 3 songs, good production. 1521 Norton St./ Wisconsin Rapids, Wi. 54494. LAME DUCK play the same kind of stuff, but with a bit of an older punk (think THE GERMS) flavor to it. 6 songs, good production. 2624 Bunnlevel-Erwin Rd./ Bunnlevel, N.C. 28323. - REEZETAG are a little like THE QUEERS- fairly average midpaced punk with cartoony vocals. 3 songs, good production. 5052 W. Main St./ Milan, Tn.38358. LE-

JION NEUTREX are my fav for this month- they play that awesome thrashy hardcore that was played by a lot of Italian bands like THE WRETCHED and Finnish bands like TERVEET KADET. 22 Short, fast, but still fairly tuneful songs, good production. AC 119/ 08190 Sant Cugat/ Barcalona, Spain. FACTOR 8 play that music commonly known as 'powercore' and commonly found on labels like Victory (metal mixed with hardcore), but these guys are a little more on the hardcore side than a lot of those bands, even having some M.D.C.-ish moments at times, so they're a bit more interesting. 18 songs, decent production. 119 Homewood Ave./ Steubenville, Oh. 43952. THE INSIGNIFICANTS are your basic, good, generic hardcore band. Nothing more, nothing less. They do it very well, and I love them for it. 4 songs, good production. 6Ql N. Medford Dr./ Tucson, Az. 85710. THE HELLBENT BASTARDS also do generic hardcore, but they take to a higher level with a good sense of charisma and humor that makes them stand out a bit. Better than most. 5 songs, good production. P.O.Box 156/ Coarsegold, Ca. 93614. TO EACH HIS OWN also do well played punk/ hardcore, with gruff vocals (which made me think of early CANCEROUS GROWTH- one of my favs). Good stuff. 806 Netherland Dr./ Arlington, Tx. 76017. And that's ai;, folks (for this month).

STARTLING DISCLOSURES

Personal Magnetism

Hypnotism, Will Power, Nerve Force--Call It What You Will

DR. DANTE

For more than two decades (a welcome change, you must admit, from the millennial references which many writers are still lame enough to make) I've been convinced that only a green rube (as I was before I was disillusioned, or as it will soon become evident, before I thought I was disillusioned) would think that there was anything especially significant about "punk rock." Much like James Coburn's character in "Duck You Sucker" who, when asked if he believed in the revolution, replied, "I used to believe in a lot of things. Now I just believe in dynamite." (I'm paraphrasing here), I came to believe that the only significant thing in the whole subcultural ball of wax was whether or not it was rock 'n' roll, since that raw power (and to a large extent, "Raw Power") was what had allowed me to retain a few vestiges of sanity through my troubled adolescence. I laughingly derided the lame attempts at "getting political" and other sheepish fashion trends. I didn't want to be "united," I wanted to stay divided (and this was even before my gig assisting a magician).

In all seriousness, I was far too infatuated with my own individuality to see the possibilities of effecting real and substantial change by using rock as a common basis among like-minded individuals. Now I realize that this is imperative for this world. This is not a laughing matter anymore (LAUGHTER=SLAUGHTER).

Pardon me if I start to preach with the fervor of the converted, but if we ALL, every one of us, can think and act as one we will be a force that can not be stopped. The first step, and one that I have made light of in times past (much to my embarrassment, but it takes a big person to admit when he or she is wrong) is vegetarianism (or better yet, veganism).

You've heard all the arguments, you know they're right, but (like me) you're too hardened against the truth to let it in to your heart.

Corporations depend on massive consumption of meat, fowl, fish, diary products, etc. to prop up the patriarchal hegemony. That WE of punk rock has not been able to successfully topple this worst of all possible systems is a sad testament to OUR inability to weed out the beliefs that society has inculcated in us, regardless of how "far out" we think we may be. And the cruelty that we allow in the name of meat-eating is appalling (remember, even Hitler was a vegetarian).

So now you know HOW to make a better world. The next step is up...to YOU.

Brian Zero

IMAGINE THAT

Once upon a time, a punk group put forward the following lyrics in one of their songs: "you are the government, you are jurisprudence, you are the volition, you are jurisdiction, and I make a difference too." The same band later went on to seek individual fame and glory by signing to the TimeWarner media empire, highlighting the irony of their audience empowering rhetoric and emphasizing why the punk scene continues to fall victim to predatory capitalism. We fail to implement into our structure the crucial motto conveniently absent from the aforementioned song: YOU ARE THE MEDIA.

Have you ever noticed how in our society we tend to think of writers as the creators of books and not the people reading them? When we do so, we fail to honor the struggle that readers have to undertake to turn the printed words back into ideas. We fail to notice that the reader must go through a similar ordeal to writing the book itself. The same can be said for the way we treat the relationship between rock bands and the audiences which watch and listen to them.

When you go to a show, when you watch a band perform, you are watching an expression of yourself. The fact that audiences generally don't see themselves in this light has been encouraged by the barriers we have erected against our collective perception, barriers such as the stage.

As an elevated platform, the stage is an instrument of hierarchy. This is not to condemn it as a media device, simply to draw attention to its function. The stage not only separates those on it from the rest of the group, but it transforms them into giants—it objectifies them, making them more important than the rest of the crowd, making them into living myths. The best that can result from such a relationship are benevolent forms of oligarchy, the worst are violent expressions of the cult of personality.

About five years ago, a group of youths at a mall attacked a person hired to dress up as Barney the Dinosaur. As they howled anti-Barney epithets and beat the purple costume, they managed to injure the person inside. At around the same time period, Jello Biafra was assaulted at Gilman Street, in Berkeley. Similarly, as his attackers hollered anti-Jello epithets and beat him, the person inside the name was seriously injured.

Although both incidents are different in a variety of ways, they both underscore what happens when people put on the costumes of gods, when people play with the power of the stage. Whether the stage is television or an elevated platform, whether it's "mainstream" or "underground," makes little difference. Those who dominate it become the subject of either absolute devotion or fanatical hatred, much like the sacred flag of any religion or nation.

When people burn an American flag, they are simply adding to its power as a symbol; they are mystifying it in much the same way as those who venerate it through holy rituals. Unlike a flag, however, the living myths who control the stage can actually be killed. This typically happens when people lose faith in the icon's divinity, when the icon leaves the stage and comes down to the same level as the crowd. On the other hand, as long as an icon, or a group of them retains the stage and the public faith, they can order people to die in senseless wars or dedicate their lives to questionable tasks.

This is the horror show dichotomy of the living icon and the devices we use to create them, and as long as we in supposedly progressive camps fail to see the power of symbolism, the horror show will not only continue to drag us along, but our rebelliousness will encourage it through various absurd expressions, e.g., the "Lilith Fair,"an expensive pseudo-tribal event supposedly catering to the feminist impulse but again centered around the stage, a media super phallus.

It's in regards to the power of symbolism that I try to refrain from name dropping in my writing. Constantly referring to the name of any celebrity whether to defame or endorse them is to only add to their mystique and consequent power. In the first column I wrote for this magazine, I wanted to talk about the incident above concerning Jello Biafra. I wanted to express my opinion that I considered him to be a complete and total hypocrite, but then I found myself confronted by a dilemma: I didn't even know the guy.

In the fifteen years I've been a part of the punk scene, I've never once spoken with Jello Biafra. I know absolutely nothing about him as a person. I only know the image of him on stage. As a result, to me he only exists as a collection of orchestrated actions, much like Kermit the Frog. He is a living icon, so I referred to him as "Mr. Icon," rather than give more power to the myth we know as Jello Biafra.

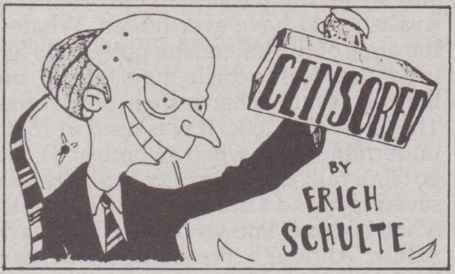
Over the years, I've tried to deal with countless scene myths in the same way, but it has been difficult. The language of current society is riddled with support for hierarchical symbolism. When one tries to remove such symbolism from our personal language it often makes it hard to simply communicate. Countless times I've wanted to use this column space as a vehicle to defame or glorify particular icons and bands, but what would this have accomplished? Why should we be so concentrated around the premise of bands or icons anyway? Shouldn't we instead be focusing on understanding the stage for the puppet show it is, and exploring how we can alter it to better suit our purposes as a species?

If we wish to break the cycle of hierarchical violence, then we must finally come to grips with what it really means to be tribal; we must understand the holistic nature of the world around us. This can only come through the removal of the media blinders we have attached ourselves to, the devices both within and without us that we use to segment one another. How can we accomplish this?

First and foremost, we all need to recognize that each one of us is the media. You are the creator through your presence and involvement. The words that you are reading right now belong to you as much as they do to me or anyone. They are your natural property as much as the air you breath. Secondly, we all must build associations with others to bring back a collective sense of what it means to be human.

In the columns to follow, I hope to address some ways in which this can be done; some ways in which we can take what's left of this scene and help transform it from a rock and roll hierarchy to a fully participant oriented chorus. In the meantime, don't be afraid to share your ideas. Write to this and other magazines and voice your opinions on how we can make something real from this mess.

You can contact me or find out more information about the philosophy of Structural Idealism by writing to PO Box 4842, Santa Rosa, CA. 95402-4842, or you can email me at Brizero13@aol.com.



We hear about terrorism all of the time. Most people think they have a pretty good understanding of what it is, but the idea of terrorism is frequently and badly abused in the public discourse. I think a fair, and pretty conventional definition of terrorism is, random violence against a civilian population with the goal of affecting policy. Terrorism, as the name implies, is about fear. A terrorist act is meant to inspire fear in the general population, with each person realizing that they could be the next victim. This definition excludes assassinations as well as actions taken without the goals of affecting policy, and I think that is as it should be. Assassinating a specific target is an action of a completely different character than bombing a bus. Similarly, the actions of a lone, deluded individual, or perhaps a cult have different implications than a campaign designed to force political change.

Where this definition most differs form mainstream use of the word terrorism is that it does not exclude large scale acts. One such act was the British bombing, directed specifically at civilians and away from military targets, of Germany during WWII. In his popular book on exactly these types of issues, Just and Unjust Wars, Michael Walzer describes both the bombings, which killed about 300,00 and injured 780,000 and the circumstances surrounding them. Initially, a case could be made that this was an instance where terrorism was justifiable. It could be argued that Nazi victory was completely unacceptable, and any action preventing it was therefore tolerable. However as the outcome of the war became more and more likely to favor the allies Churchill insisted that , "all the same, it would be a mistake to cast aside our original thought... that the severe, ruthless bombing of Germany on an ever increasing scale will not only cripple her war effort... but will create conditions intolerable to the mass of the German population." So the motivation and the methods, instilling terror in the population, clearly meet the definition of terrorism. The final strike against Dresden, in 1945, when the war was all but over, killing 100,000, is tough to justify and all of the bombing seems to be terrorism.

So, why aren't acts like these usually thought of as terrorism? The answer is obviously in what differentiates them from what we usually call terrorism, like say, the bombing of a commercial air liner. Both are random strikes against a civilian population meant to inspire fear for political ends. The difference is in the groups that take the actions. One is probably an informal, small scale group, and not a conventional army. The other is the armed forces of an established country. For the purposes of defining terrorism, this difference seems insignificant. The best argument for validating official national policy would be the support and accountability of the institutions and state which undertake the actions. However, this is relevant to the validity of the actions, not the their nature. If we define terrorism by the motives and authority of the actors, each case would have to be scrutinized, and even then, whether an action was terroristic would depend on one's perspective.

It would seem that if this were the case, the concept of terrorism would be practically useless. In reality, the opposite is true. It is this kind of view of terrorism which makes it tremendously useful to the powerful. The word terrorism as it is used in the media, and in general, usually means violence on a small scale with political motivations. Assassinations are usually included, the criteria that the targets are civilian is often dropped, and official actions are usually exempt. What this accomplishes is the stigmatizing of any actions by groups with less power, while validating actions by the powerful, which are in fact terrorism in their own right. If a member of the IRA blows up a pub full of random people it is rightly called terrorism. If the Israeli air force deliberately drops a cluster bomb on a school house (as they did) it is a military action.

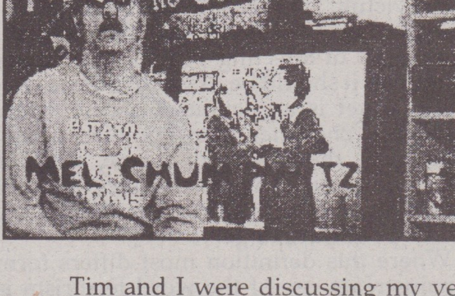
A fine example of the abuse of the word can be found in Stanley Karnow's widely read and arguably definitive book on the Vietnam war. In it, he repeatedly refers to Vietnamese strikes against U.S. military targets as terrorism, which hasn't caused much objection that I know of. The U.S. policy of destroying civilian villages which either did or were suspected to house enemy guerrillas is not generally considered terrorism. The difference, aside from the targets being military and civilian, is that one set of actions was undertaken by under-powered, popular revolutionary guerrillas, while the other was taken by a conventional military, under the control of the usual crowd of generals, political big wigs and capitalists.

Additionally, nationalism often redefines terrorism. The U.S. is no stranger to precisely the kinds of acts that are conventionally characterized as terrorism. The most deadly car bombing in world history was carried out by the CIA, which also has connections to a number of assassinations and violence that would certainly be categorized by most of the mainstream media as terrorism were it carried out against the U.S. In fact, it seems some of it has been. For example, there is very strong evidence of CIA involvement of the bombing of Pan Am flight 103 in Scotland. CIA operatives, supposedly flying home to uncover CIA drug ties were on board, as well as a Nazi hunter and a U.N. diplomat mediating conflicts in Africa. The CIA was on the scene of the bombing in less tan an hour and supposedly stole evidence. Finally, no group has ever been credibly blamed for the bombing. First it was Syria and Iran, but now it has become Libya. It is unclear why any of these states would strike a plane in Scotland. I'm not big on these kinds of stories, because by definition they are hard to prove as fact, but it seems clear that the CIA has carried out terrorist actions all over the world, but the U.S. is never said to be guilty of terrorism. A list of these kinds of CIA activities, as well as summaries of CIA fun in Angola, Indonesia, Iraq, the U.S. and many other countries can be found in Mark Zepezauer's pithy book/pamphlet, The CIA's Greatest Hits, widely available on Odonian Press. Check this one out instead of Stephen King the next time want a good scary read.

The reason terrorism is especially important these days, is that it is being used as an excuse by politicians to continue our outrageously high defense spending, as well as strip civil liberties. Recent acts of Congress, which I won't go into here, greatly increase the legal avenues open to insure domestic security, supposedly against terrorism. One justification is the increased technology terrorists have access to. We are supposed to believe that, with the collapse of the USSR, any terrorist group that has the inclination can stroll into their local Nukes R' Us and pick up chemical or nuclear weapons. If there is an upside to having a huge security state, with billions of dollars funding surveillance and secret operations all over the world, it is that it is pretty unlikely that neutron bombs are being traded like baseball cards without the governments knowledge. The bad part is that the U.S. security state has a long history of heavily arming nasty people, but increasing the security sate doesn't seem like a good remedy for that.

The second factor in our increased fear of terrorism is the "wave" of terrorist actions on U.S. soil. Basically we are talking about two events, both of which happened years ago. Those are the World Trade Center bombing, and the Oklahoma City bombing. Its worth noting that neither of the actors in these cases used anything much more high tech than a credit card. In fact, the Oklahoma bombing was done with a truck full of fertilizer.

The reality is that the government officials have coopted these acts of terrorism. They are using random acts of violence against the population (although they did not commit them) to inspire fear for political aims. Virtually all the pundits and politicians magnified these events as much as possible, and continue to refer to them, stirring up more fear than the original terrorists could have ever hoped. Whatever the aims of the killers, the politicians have used this fear, which they largely built themselves, to achieve their policy goals. This is an old tactic. It was used in 1886 to undermine labor when a bomb at a Chicago labor rally against police brutality killed seven cops and a number of participants in what became known as the Haymarket Affair. Although the culprit was never found, the bombing was used to paint labor as dangerously violent and undermine civil liberties (the excellent and enjoyable book on the history of labor oppression, especially that using racism to divide and conquer in which I read about this is The Color of Politics, by Michael Goldfield). Over a hundred years later, we're falling for the same trick again.



Tim and I were discussing my version of: "What's mine is mine, and what's yours is also mine" just the other day. I get my money from the government because I'm on permanent disability. That means what I do is paid for by your taxes. From my former record label *Shitter*, my current one *AmPoop*, and my music zine *Toilet Paper* to my clothing, food, medication and shelter, my vacations to Ohio and Las Vegas, even my gambling on harness racing, you make it all possible when you fork over your hard earned money to the Feds every April 15.

That makes you partners in what I do in a way, except that you have absolutely no say in how I spend your money. You don't have a voice when the government spends millions of your tax dollars on special prosecutor Starr's bogus investigation of Clinton, and you're not included in the decision-making when the Pentagon spends billions of your tax dollars on weapon systems that don't work. So why should you have any say in how I spend your taxes? By the way that also means you can't boycott me the way I want you to boycott *MRR*. Neat, huh!

In case you're wondering, I can write this comeback column only if I take my prozac. Tim insisted on that condition when we last talked. That's because I don't like girls telling me what to do or talking back to me, and I especially don't like it when the girl in question is a lot younger than me. I get real belligerent when I'm off my medication. When Jacqueline at *MRR* told me I needed to make my music reviews longer and more detailed, I harassed her and the other zine coordinator. I went ballistic on a couple of uppity female Mordam workers and tried to get them fired. I even punched out a woman program director at a local radio station. They all looked like Janet Reno to me, all because I didn't take my prozac.

I'm glad I'm back on my medication actually, because I was depressed after my friend, Jeff Bile, kicked me off the music zine we started together, *Hitler's Left Testicle*, even before the first issue was published. I wanted *Hitler's Left Testicle* to cover surf and pop music in the Third Reich, but Bile wanted to review only hardcore gas chamber music. I'd already been fired from *MRR* for the second time (Tim himself kicked me out the first time), and it really hit me hard when Jeff gave me the boot.

So the prozac helped, but do you know what's my greatest comfort? Being able to talk to Tim. I know the *MRR* Board was wrong to fire me because Tim told me so. When Jeff Bile wrote in *Hitler's Left Testicle* that Tim would approve of his zine, that's because Tim told me so. I talk with Tim Yohannan every day now...

MYKEL BOARD
YOU'RE WRONG!

In everyone's life, there are certain moments that are a mixture of pride and fear. Sometimes it takes awhile to talk about them. How about forty years?

The scene is Hicksville Long Island, February 2, 1959. The evening after my bar mitzvah. The party's over. The horas, the haforah, what I needed to say and do. Now it's loot time. Slit the envelopes. Put aside the checks. Pocket the cash. Open the packages.

"Be careful to save the cards with the presents," says mom. "You've got to write thank you notes."

"Even for this one?" I ask, smiling. I

reach for the long thin box. The card on it says "To our son, with all our love, Mom and Dad."

"No," says Dad," For that one, you can do your thanking in person."

I know what it is. It's what I've wanted for years. My trembling hands tear the paper off the box. It's a strong cardboard box, made to look like wood. On the top, in fancy black script is: *Daisy.*

That's it! It makes all those years of Hebrew, all that baruching and atahing worthwhile. It was even worth wearing a tie for a day

I run my index finger under the tape holding the cover on. There, like a jewel in a silver setting, is a Daisy Air Rifle, lying on a bed of tissue paper.

Another small package inside is the ammo. Air-powered Cummins Ammo Pellets. No wimpy BBs, but pellets, with points on 'em.

I rip open the ammo and fill the gun. Without even a thank you. Without putting on a jacket against the winter cold, I'm in the back yard, aiming at tree branches, birds, the fence. Anything.

POW! Pump the handle to recharge. BANG! Pump again. BANG! BANG! Pump some more. Of course, I hit nothing. I'm not worried about aim. I just want to SHOOT.

I don't know how long I'm out there in the cold. I do know I don't come back until the ammo is gone... shot out. I also know that the bar mitzvah cash comes to more than 300 bucks. All of it is gonna go for ammo.

The next day, it's off to the sporting goods store for more pellets, then back home to the fence. On one of the vertical posts, I set a Goya soup can. It'd be difficult for me to shoot at chicken soup, but anything with "Goy" in the name makes an easy target. Not as easy as I think.

FWAP! The Cummins ammo bounces off the tree about 5 feet to the left of the can. I try again, holding the stock tight against my shoulder. I look down the barrel, noticing for the first time a little notch. Further ahead of the notch is a small raised piece of metal. I line up the middle of the can, the notch and the raised piece of metal. Slowly, I squeeze the trigger. The rifle recoils against my shoulder, forcing me back a step. The pellet hits the fence. I walk over to examine. There's a mark in the fencepost, about 1/2 an inch under the can. I'm getting closer.

I march back across the yard. I plant my feet, one in front of the other like a plastic soldier in battle. I take aim. This time, lining everything up with the TOP of the can.

BING! The can sails off the fencepost into the neighbor's yard. I got it! Yowsah!

"Michael Joseph Board!" comes the loud voice behind me. When mom uses my middle name, I'm in trouble.

"You want something mom?" I ask.

"I want three things." she says. "One, that rifle won't take the place of your homework. You're not playing with it until you've done it. Two, I don't like you going through my cupboards for targets. And three, you're shooting toward the neighbors. What happens if you hit a window? Or if someone's in the yard?"

It's a long discussion, but we agree: First, every night I'll have an hour before sundown to practice. After that, it's homework.

Second, once we've eaten the contents, mom'll save cans for me but I can't dig for them myself. Finally, I'll put a piece of wood behind the cans, so I won't be shooting into the neighbor's yard.

The good boy that I am, I stick by the agreement. I also stick by my practice. An hour a day. On weekends three or four. The can size gradually decreases. From Goya soup to tomato sauce to tuna fish. BING! BING! BING! Boy, am I good!

The next year, 1960, I become interested in politics. There's going to be a presidential election in November. Creepy vice-president Nixon against who-knows-who? When it turns out to be Kennedy, I'm overjoyed. Maybe the beatniks will have a chance. This guy is good-looking, and promises a whole lot of things. He wants more rights for Negroes. I like that. Even though I've never seen a Negro close up, they still deserve their rights.

Let's shift forward a year. It's Christmas vacation, 1961. Kennedy has disappointed me a bit with that Bay of Pigs stuff. Still, I'm glad he said he's gonna "dismantle CIA." The war is over. It's about time we learned it.

My best friend David moved to New Orleans last year. My folks promised I could visit him. I'm on the plane leaving NY/NJ for the first time. G-d bless a good report card, and a recommendation for "rest" from the school psychologist. I can stay through Mardi Gras. That's from December 24 through February 9. Wow! What a vacation!

In the beginning, I spent most of my time with Dave. We go to the home of the Voodoo Queen. It's a museum now, with lots of candles and weird books. We also drank plenty of Dixie beer. In 1962, it's easy to get for two fifteen year olds.

Dave's dad takes us along the Bayou. I look through the white fog on both sides of the road, hoping to see alligators. I see white fog.

As compensation for the boring ride, Dave's dad takes us to see alligator wrestling. A big guy in a leopard skin bathing suit gets into a pool with a crocodile. The animal swims away. Tarzan Junior grabs it by the tail and pulls it out of the pool. The animal just lays on the ground, looking dazed. Maybe it's been drugged. The unattractive half naked man jumps on it. He rolls over on the grass a few times. Pries open the mouth and sticks his head in. Then, rolls around some more and throws the poor creature back into the pool. Show's over.

That's not exactly what I want to see. I'm fifteen. My hormones are acting as they do in a fifteen year old. Looking at anyone under the age of seventy gives me a hard-on. Under fifty, I come. There are so many sexy people in New Orleans— especially young Negroes— that I fear drowning in my own love juices.

The first day of Mardi Gras is almost too much. People shout from the windows. At the girls: "Show us your tits!" At the boys: "Show us your dick!" And they do!

It's about one o'clock in the afternoon, on the second day of Mardi Gras. David has a cold and sent me out alone. He wants to rest until later. Save his strength for opening beer bottles. So I'm alone, when this guy about fifty comes up to me. He's tall, good looking in a way that would be too occidental and manly for me in the 90s. But then, it's just fine. (What isn't?) In a way, he looks a bit like John Kennedy.

"You look like a boy who needs to do more than look," he says, putting his hand on my shoulder.

BOING! I harden in agreement.

"How do you do?" he continues, "My name is Clay."

"I'm Michael," I tell him. (I won't be "Mykel" for another ten years.)

"Well Michael," says Clay, "there's a little place named after me. It's called *The Clay Pidgin*. I think you'll like it. You interested in going?"

I nod, being both too nervous and too excited to speak. "This is it." I think, "I'm finally going to get laid."

I follow Clay to a parking lot where we both get in his huge Lincoln Continental. I expect a chauffeur, but there isn't one.

"I like to do things myself," says Clay as we get in. Then he rests a hand on my leg, "well, not everything."

We drive out of the French Quarter, over a bridge to the other side of the Mississippi, through an area with more Negroes than I've ever seen in my life. It's a scary neighborhood. People lolling in doorways. Hanging out, smoking. Not doing anything in particular. Like nothing I've ever seen in Hicksville.

There's a small flashing blue light attached to a building on the corner up ahead. At the light, Clay drives into an alley. He parks in front of an open door. Inside, a stairway leads up. We take the stairs and find ourselves in a large reception room. The clerk, a plump old man with a thin wisp of a mustache, stands when we enter.

"Mr. Shaw," he says, "it's nice to see you again."

Clay smiles and introduces me. "This is my new friend, Michael," says Clay.

"Cute," says the chubby man. I smile.

He hands us a couple of towels and waves us into the locker room. I've never seen so many naked men before. All kinds.

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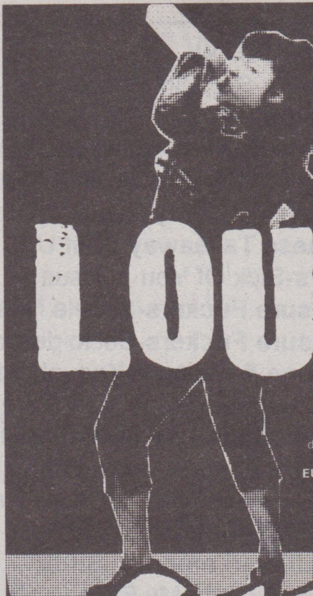

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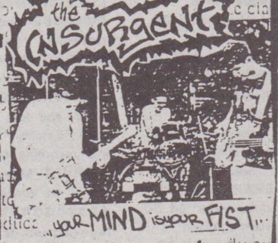

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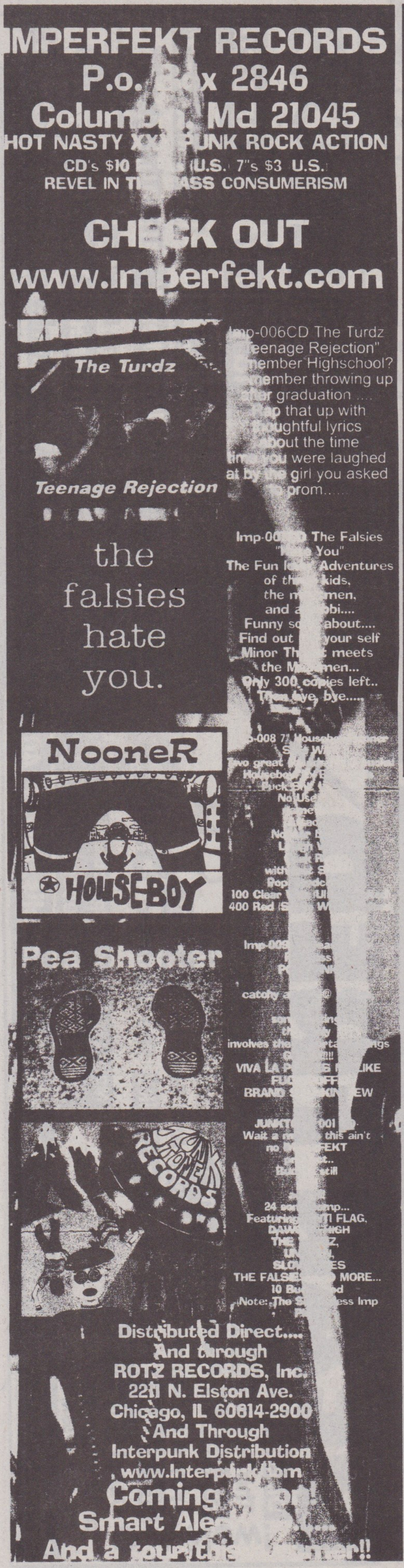

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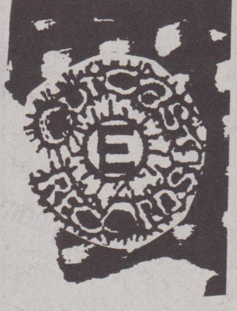

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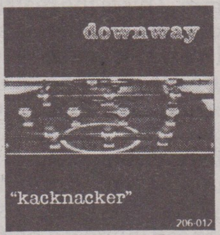

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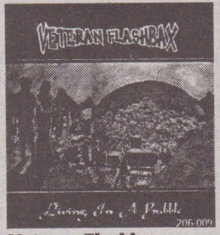

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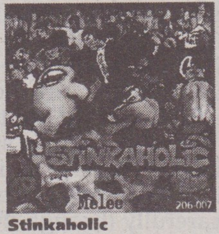

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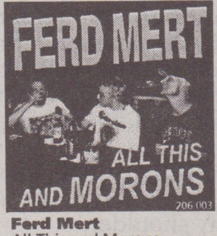

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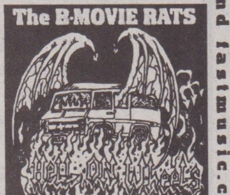

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Whites, colored, big, small. I stare. I'd only heard about them in school. Seen them on television. There are no Negroes in Hicksville in the sixties. Now ,I get to see the whole thing. Boy, is there a lot to see.

"Quick gawking and come on," says Clay. "I see you like that kind. We'll see what we can do."

He's already naked, enjoying the play of my eyes up and down his body.

Embarrassed by the competition, I slowly undress myself. Turning and facing the locker, I remove my jockey shorts and wrap the towel around me.

I follow Clay through a roomful of hot steam. On the other side is a small door. He opens it. A tiny red bulb is the only light. It takes awhile for my eyes to adjust. When they do... wow!

There are at least a dozen naked colored guys, all between 16 and 22 years old. All with hard knobbed little league bats pointing skyward between their legs.

"I thought you might like this room." says Clay.

In a second, I'm filled. Every hole plugged. A black hard-veined kielbasa in each hand. My own throbber is throbbingly stuffed into the young coffee-colored man straddling me. Standing along the side is the mysterious Clay. Watching us all, he jerks himself off, slowly, with a somewhat sinister smile on his face.

The internal pressure against my prostate and the anal pressure around little snubby are more than I can bear. I try to hold it. Hold back. My balls pull up, traveling north to their ancient home in my abdomen. The tube stake in my right hand erupts, splashing my forearm. A second blast goes skyhigh, nearly hitting the bare red bulb in the ceiling. The throbber behind, squirts its milky lusciousness deep inside me. That's it. I can't. I can't. Uh, ahhhh! Now I know what heaven is like.

After a shower, Clay and I are back in the locker room.

"I can't believe that guy hit the ceiling." I tell him. "With a little better aim, he could cum like I can shoot."

"Are you a good shot?" asks Clay.

"I can hit a nickel at 100 yards," I tell him. "With a gun, I mean."

He smiles.

As we dress, we exchange addresses. I tell him to be discreet when contacting me. After all, what would mom and dad say?

"I'm used to being discreet." he answers. "If I contact you, I'll switch names. You'll always recognize me though.

"Anybody ever tell you you look like John Kennedy?" I say to him.

"I hope not," he replies. "I hate the guy."

"Why?" I ask. "I know the Bay of Pigs was dumb, but he pulled out at the last minute. He didn't get us into a war."

"Just wait," replies Clay, "that bastard wants to go down in history as the man who ended it."

"Ended what?" I ask.

"Ended history." he replies, nearly yelling. "That motherfucker wants to get us all killed. I only hope the Russians aren't as dumb as he is."

"He's not going to do that," I tell him. "He's going to help the colored people."

Having regained his composure, Clay now smiles. "Call me when he disappoints you," he says.

It doesn't take long. The next year, 1962, Kennedy proves Clay right. In February, the President says US "advisors" in Vietnam will fire on Vietnamese. Then, in October of the same year, he goes completely bonkers.

US spy planes see defensive missiles in Cuba. The info comes from the CIA. This is the same group Kennedy said he'd disband. Besides that, the Russians are no nearer to America then NATO missiles are to them. Why should we care? But, that doesn't stop Johnny the K.

"If you don't get those missiles out of there," thunders Kennedy. "We'll start World War Three."

Luckily, the Russians back down. They *are* smarter than "we" are. But holy shit! Clay was right. This guy wants to go out in a blaze of glory. Atomic style. Unless he's stopped, there will be a next time. And another. Until finally, they don't back down.

I call my old pal in New Orleans.

"You were right," I tell him.

"I always am," he says. "Want to do something to save the world?"

"Sure," I say. "I used to think that was working for Kennedy. But now??? Who's left?"

"Not who, but what," says Clay. "Hang tight, I'll send you a plane ticket and meet you in New Orleans."

Clay meets me at the airport. Soon, his Lincoln pulls up to a big old house somewhere outside the city. It's an old-style southern mansion. The white fence and large bay windows makes me think of Tara from *Gone With the Wind*. There's no plantation here, though. It's in the middle of the swampy woods. Only a small gravel path leads to it from the road.

Inside the house, a Negro butler takes my jacket. Clay leads me through a set of double doors into a large living room. Inside is a huge table. Around the table stand a bunch of men at least twice my age—maybe older.

"This is that attractive sharp-shooter I was telling you about," says Clay, his arm around my shoulder.

"You're right on one account," says a short pudgy guy with a funny-looking wig. "I guess we'll find out about the other one."

Clay and I approach the table. I see there's a huge map on it. It's a city map, with a continuous red line twisting down a few streets.

"The patsy be over here," A tall skinny man points to a spot on the map. He speaks with an accent. "They find him in a second. He won't do no damage... and he won't last long for nobody to find out nothing."

"We need one here and here," says the pudgy man pointing to various places on the map. Then he points to me.

"You," he says, "you'll be up here on this knoll."

"What the fuck is a knoll?" I ask. "Nobody uses a word like *knoll*."

"How do I know what a knoll is?" he answers. "The guy who made this map says it's a knoll, so you're going to be on the knoll."

"What's this all about anyway?" I ask.

A pall of silence drops like a shroud over the group. After an awkward eternity, the pudgy man turns to Clay.

"You didn't tell him?" he says.

"You'd better come with me." Clay says to me, again putting his arm around my shoulder.

We go off into the kitchen. He motions for me to sit down. I pull up one of the chairs around a wooden table in the center of the room. Clay sits across from me. He looks me square in eye. Then he explains what we're going to do.

From this point, everything passes like a dream. I don't really feel my body in any specific time or place. It's as if I'm watching myself ask questions, get instructions, work out signals, details, receive those airline tickets to Dallas the next November.

The pudgy guy meets me at the Texas airport. He hands me a pocket radio with an earplug, a map and the most beautiful rifle I've ever seen. Polished wood stock, telescopic lens, perfect balance. This is not an airgun. This is the real thing. Against my shoulder, it's as good as sex.

I've never had a better map than the one I used to get to the knoll that day. Every step, every building, laid out in perfect detail.

Before long, I find myself alone on that knoll. I look through the rifle's telesight. I can see the finest detail. On the street ahead, almost a half mile away, I can see a man about 30 years old. He wears a black suit, with a Hawaiian print tie. His fly is open.

No time to enjoy the new toy. A cheer goes up from the crowd on the street. I'm ready. That bastard isn't going to get us into a war. I'm going to stop it.

I kneel on the grass in front of me. As the black open-top car comes forward, I sight carefully through the lens. I'm calm. Clear. I don't shake. I don't waver. Through the scope I see the black car turn the corner. I raise the gun, looking for the target. Not a person, but a body part. A throat, just a throat. That's the thought that runs through my mind as I focus in. There's nothing in that scope except the throat. My mind is clear. I'm completely focused. I pull the trigger.

ENDNOTES: Sorry, no endnotes this month. No room. Email subscribers to this column will receive a few not printed here. (MykelB@ix.netcom.com to subscribe. Or via my website at: *www.freeyellow.com/members2/seidboard/index.html.*

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS

with arwen curry

Dear punk-rock readers,

I've anticipated some questions that you may have about our recent decision to end *MRR*'s seventeen year-old history as a "print magazine," and about the advent of *MRR.com*. In this column, I'll attempt to answer these questions, and hopefully address your innermost concerns.

Whose idea was this, anyway?

Well, now that's a funny story. One day, Sean and I were laughing over a particularly clever Dilbert joke he'd picked up on one of our favorite websites (www.water coolers, cubicles & other corporate funnies://html.com. Check it out, it's a riot.) We were getting along so well, I figured it was time to bring up a very controversial topic that had been on my mind.

"Sean, I was thinking. *MRR,* like a lot of magazines in its genre, is getting lost in the dying print milieu. I mean, newsprint is nice in a kind of "down-to-earth," folksy way, but I think it's about time we took some proactive steps ahead, into the new millennium." I held my breath, half-fearing some sort of Puritanical backlash. For a second, I thought Sean's widening eyes meant he was going to have some sort of emo-seizure.

But he was ecstatic, that's all. "I know exactly what you mean," he replied, nodding his head enthusiastically. "We should abandon print altogether, and go completely on-line."

I was so excited. My dream was finally coming true. Finally, I found a truly forward-looking individual like Sean, who would help in the goal—carry *MAXIMUMROCKNROLL* into the computer age. Finally, we could flourish unhindered by distribution, print costs, and all the other tedious hassles of producing a magazine on paper. Finally, we could sleep easy at night, knowing we wouldn't wake up, sheets smeared with runny black ink from our fingers.

How did you get this idea past the Board of Directors?

Before I answer this question, I'd like to dispel some nasty misconceptions about our internal politics.

Recently, Sean and I have been accused of deriding the members of *MRR*'s notorious decision-making Board several times. Certain self-serving individuals even accused us of muttering unfriendly things about the Board. This is totally unfounded. We may have muttered those things, yes, but we certainly weren't talking about the Board. "Obsolete" was a (ruthless, I admit) comment about the company car. "Badly preserved," to the best of my recollection, was also about the company car. And yes, the car is "stubborn," too, going into second gear. It is also "withered," "shriveled" "feeble-minded" and "difficult to get along with." I'd like to definitively state that, contrary to this outlandish finger-pointing, Sean and I have only the highest level of respect and admiration for *all* of *MRR*'s dedicated volunteers, however advanced in years or progressively-challenged.

What about Jacqueline?

Jacqueline feels that she will be unable to adapt to *MRR.com*. While we like her as a person, we unfortunately have been unable to convince her of the obvious benefits of abandoning newsprint. Jacqueline needs to learn a few things about working proactively, as a team, in our new cybernetic age. She persists in the backwards thinking that running MRR exclusively online is in some way "elitist."

Isn't running MRR exclusively on-line in some way elitist?

Some volunteers and readers fear that going on-line will establish us as an elitist institution, available only those with internet access. We obviously can't change anything about the way the world works, and feel very sad for the poor, unfortunate readers who will now be virtually closed off from punk rock. We hope that, much like the influx of high-income professionals into hitherto poor industrial areas will carry the economically-inferior masses onward to times of greater prosperity, our internet subscribers will effectively "boost" technologically malnourished punks everywhere. On the shoulders of the privileged and few, will ride the many. Or that's how we like to think about it.

Yeah, but isn't that elitist?

We intend to make some internal changes to better address this fear of "elitism." As a reminder to those who accuse us of hierarchical thinking, Sean and I will assume titles which stress the *absolute (separateness but) equality* of our jobs. In addition, we will take on second names, which will emphasize, in the spirit of diversity, our differences. So, under this new system, I will be known as "Also-high co-coordinatrix," or "She Who Harrasseth Postal Employees." Sean will be called "Also-high co-coordinator," or "Pants-in-the-Family."

There will be procedural changes in the infrastructure as well. For example, the Board of Directors will no longer meet with us *physically*. Rather, Sean and I will communicate with them through a series of internet links. *Punk Planet* readers, as well as at least fourteen known *MRR* readers, will recognize the term *nicknames* —these are the convenient handles we will use to establish contact. This will allow board members to pass down dictations to us with greater convenience. In the spirit of community participation, all of these Communications will be saved and posted biweekly on *MRR.com*.

What will these "Communications" look like, pray tell?

A typical Communication might go as follows:

to: Once & Future Bookkeeper (*M. Sprouse*)
from: Also-high co-co-ordinatrix
subject: aerobic sports

Dear Once & Future Bookkeeper,

Pants-in-the-Family and I have discussed the possibility of brisk morning runs to keep in shape. This seemed prudent, as we are now twitchy and sallow from sitting in front of these machines all day. Only one doubt troubled us, which I bring before you now... is jogging punk?

And the (punctual) response might proceed as follows:

Dear She Who Harrasseth Postal Employees,

God, how embarrassing. Don't talk to me about stuff like that.

As you can see, reading the *MRR* Communications will not only be fun and easy, it's really a breakthrough—now you can, at the touch of a mouse, keep up with all the fascinating details of high-level punk-rock moving and shaking. Which just goes to show you, the net doesn't separate us, it really brings us closer together.

Will there be any other, uh, changes?

In a word, yes, if we can possibly get away with it. We'd like to rise to the occasion of Absolute Freedom that the Web represents with clean underpants and a winning smile. (Please direct your responses to me at arwenc@mindspring.com.)

RALL DEAL

Once again a great institution is laid low by the crushing monolith of technology. What would the late Timothy Yohannan, no technophobe himself, say in response to the news that his beloved MRR had gone online, never to be see offline again? What indeed?

One thing that remains certain—in a world in which uncertainty itself is the only thing that actually remains certain—is that change is here to stay. And like change itself, MRR must change as well—and if that means that MRR is to exist only in the mysterious ether of cyberspace henceforth, is that really so wrong?

Well, yes. Yes, it most certainly is, definitely. It's wrong, wrong, wrong. Yes, you ask, but why is MRR.com wrong? I'll tell you why: Because it simply isn't right.

What about the kids who can't afford to buy computer networks and whole companies just to look at their beloved punk rock zine. What of the housewives—and there are many—who rely on MRR for unique recipes on days when the frozen food section at the local minimart has been depleted? They are fucked, thank you very much. For in the Brave New World of the Bill Gates autocracy, nothing matters other than convenience—to an insular bourgeois cyberelite who care not one whit about punk rock, or cheese steak, or anything else that makes America great.

So go ahead and "surf" the Web, and "hyperlink" over to my column, for which I am now receiving an unspecified sum to do online for the immense multinational conglomerate which now runs MRR Holdings, Ltd. (Hong Kong). Oh, sure, it won't be the same—no more flipping through antiquated "pages" while dropping a big log in the bowl, no more knowing snickers over the book reviews—but in a few years, who'll remember?

Not me, that's for sure. Because I'm an old coot, and my brain cells are oozing out my ears every night.

But probably not you either. Why? Because you'll move on—to Punk Planet, Punk Galaxy, and Punk Nebula. You'll start listening to techno "music," and think that it actually "matters." For you MRR will become just another website, like Yahoo and Salon, that you "visit" to pass the time at your dreadful day job. It won't be a religion anymore. It won't curl your toes, or peel your paint or make the grass grow.

It won't mean shit, and neither will I.

I hope you're happy, you sycophantic fools.

Love, Ted

THE SUSS

Vulture Rock has unleashed the MOLOKO MEN LP on you hapless skinheads! This fucker kicks ass! Every song on this LP boots you into next week! This new release from the Visalia, California skinhead crew smells like victory, and has a continuous thread of importance for working class people. Listen to "Lower Class", "Drunk and Poor", "Today's Corruption" and "Victim of the System" - this is music for people who live from paycheck to paycheck, waiting all week for Friday night to go out to drink and fight.

The MOLOKO MEN's opinion of the Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Department is quite evident in "L.V.M.P.D.". The politics of the MOLOKO MEN can be deciphered from the songs "Never Forget", "America", and "Fight, Kill, or Die". This material was recorded in Fresno, California during 1997. These skins not only write and play great songs, they attack the fucked up politicians and police departments that have always troubled punks and skins throughout this great land. A boot to the head is reserved for pretentious straightedge wankers and goth-vampire losers too.

Vulture Rock has rereleased two of the classic Vulture Hammers on compact disc. The always popular SUPER YOBS VOL. TWO is back with different packaging. This fucker has stood the test of time. Bands like L.R.F., BAD VULTURES, BLADE, TEMPLARS, SIDEBURNS, TOUGHSKINS, BOVVER WONDERLAND (with their amazing anthem "Super Yob"), 90 PROOF, THE CHOICE, BOOT PARTY, CRIKEY CREW, THE AUTHORITY and THE HAWKS all have good songs on this compilation.

The other Vulture Rock rerelease is the BOOT PARTY LP entitled "Bricks to Concrete", repackaged with new artwork. On the gritty street/oi release you get classic songs such as "The Suss". Fuck! This song is a skinhead call to arms! Refresh your beer soaked memory skinhead - listen to "Dead End Yob II" and the title track, "Bricks to Concrete". Flip this Vulture Rock #24 Hammer over and you get some good songs such as "Suburban Nightmare", "Facets of Freedom" and "Working Class Thug". This record was good in 1996 and it still kicks everloving butt! Check out the new artwork that John "Vulture" Reich has provided for you.

An important new full length LP is out now by New York's FIRST STRIKE. The album is called "In Veneration of Fallen Heroes". Two of the songs celebrate veteran's efforts and lament the treatment the vets get when they return home. In "Fought the Good Fight", FIRST STRIKE pays respect to the Vietnam Veterans who "shed blood protecting the American dream". In "Bandera", FIRST STRIKE sings: "Nazi philosophy or red slavery, both equaled death, so you fought to keep your nation free. Freedom from oppression, these are your goals. Death to tyrants both right and left, let all people know." FIRST STRIKE questions "Our Freedom" in their song by the same name: "Sent to war in a foreign land, useless to society, they put a gun in your hand. Sent to kill, not to care. Poor kills poor, who said life was fuckin' fair. You go to work to earn a wage, they suck life from you, you're gonna die at an early age. Don't get sick or miss a day, or you'll be gone, disposable, easily replaced. Where's the freedom in our freedom? Working man's death is his freedom."

This multi-racial skinhead band has a song that recommends beheading child-molesters, and a song criticizing rich suburban kids that come to the city for drugs, begging for change - the dirty squatters with wealthy fathers -. One of the best lyrics on the FIRST STRIKE record is in "Business As Usual". The song goes "You say you're surprised when you look at the news, about the abuse of power by the boys in blue...When the heat comes down your street, the poor and innocent are trampled under their feet. Don't be fooled , the truth they try to hide. The guns and the law are on their side. A look of hate deep inside their eyes. Racist thugs pure and simple, and that's no lie. Drugs, money, murder is what your tax money bought. In the ghetto their victims keep getting shot. It's the way it's been since way back when. Police brutality, my friend, it will never end."

FIRST STRIKE has strong views on the problems facing our society in the large cities of 1999, and they play their skinhead music with the same conviction. This is a powerful record both musically and lyrically- and it was put out by FIRST STRIKE independently. Support this band in their endeavors.

Blind Beggar Records has a fine new streetpunk item available for you. This rocking oi band from North York, (Toronto), Ontario, Canada is called RABBLEROUSERS and their EP is entitled "The Way The Street Ought To Sound". The songs start out ready to rock with the first cut "Boys in Blue" - "I hate the boys in blue, they've done nothing for me. Ask where they're going and you'll get kicked in the head." The second track celebrates a subject near and dear to all skinheads: "Blue Collar Bootboys". Turn this record over and the RABBLEROUSERS shout "North York Pride". This song does justice to the RABBLEROUSERS home turf. They also mention their favorite pub - the Black Sheep - North York's most authentic pub. The last cut finishes off with enthusiasm- "What Went Wrong" is another good oi/streetpunk tune to round out a perfect batch of four strong selections. There are first rate vocals, good guitar work, solid bass and drums and tight singalong choruses. This is a very good record!

The Fuckin' TROUBLE from Boston have a great CD available for you now on that well respected Streetpunk label GMM Records out of Atlanta , Georgia. This one is called "Nobody laughs anymore" and it contains fourteen excellent punk/Oi! songs including "Saturdays Kids", one of the strongest songs of 1998. Get this as soon as possible! You must also listen to the fine three-band split available this month with

Suburban Voice Zine. THE TROUBLE do a raging punk rock song called “Panic Fit”. Great! Also included on this split are FIT FOR ABUSE doing “Four More Years” and THE PINKERTON THUGS doing a CLASH cover for you.

The PAXTON BOYS come kicking and punching out of Plymouth, Massachusetts. These patriotic skins believe in defending democracy, crushing communism, and meting out severe capital punishment for terrorists, rapists and child molesters. The EP is entitled “Skinhead Rock n' Roll”. The music has a good oi/streetpunk beat with all the songs keeping up the initial momentum. This is another good release on the PunkCore label from Middle Island, N.Y..

The BELTONES are at it again! Bill McFadden and company have a fine TKO Records EP prepared for your punk rock listening pleasure. The new seven inch is entitled “Naming My Bullets”. The BELTONES start off rocking on the title cut and just keep coming at you right through all four songs. The music has a great STIFF LITTLE FINGERS feel to it. Mr. McFadden has a perfect voice for this type of material. Included in the well-honed EP is a lyric sheet that gives you the words to “Let The Bombs Fall”. This song contains some of the most gut-wrenching lyrics witnessed on a punk record in many years. Buy this record!

DEAD MAN'S CHOIR from Southern California have a rocking EP out right now. This little fucker is called ”What's Wrong With Me” and it damages some of the same nerve endings that THE STITCHES have been brutalizing for years. Jason Straughan is in charge of vocals and he does a splendid job. Tom Zear and Kevin Frances play good NEW YORK DOLLS/ DEAD BOYS infused guitar parts with Tony T-Love on bass and Long Gone Shawn on drums. A truly frenetic dose of rock and roll is administered here. Play the fucking record!

American Upstart Records presents SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH recorded live at Davey's Uptown Ramblers Club in Kansas City, Missouri on October 17. 1998. Besides rockin' originals like “Little Slut” and “Carnivore”, these ladies offer great covers of “Bullet” by the MISFITS and “Loud, Proud and Punk” by the BUSINESS. Favorable comparisons to that great female band MAN'S RUIN from Atlanta, Georgia could be entertained. This live recording indicates that Hannah, Alison, Liz and (drummer) Dave are a club act that would hold your attention. Perhaps we'll be lucky enough to get some studio recordings by SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH in the future.

The Sidekicks label from Sweden has a palatable new punk release for you. The band is called BOMBSHELL ROCKS and the CD is called “Street Art Gallery”. This is melodic streetpunk “lite” with songs such as “Joker in the Pack” reminding the listener of a softer version of NO ONE'S VICTIM. On the songs “Out of Order” and “Where We Gather” BOMBSHELL ROCKS could be compared to a more recent incarnation of the SWINGIN' UTTERS. The lyrics on “Where We Gather” are pretty damn good: “Strolling in the oldtown, I breath the air of a different time when the city heart still beat. Now we run on overtime. Someone stole the skyline. I got ripped off long ago. Someone stole the spirit now I'm in this sterile home.” Give a listen to BOMBSHELL ROCKS.

The God Damn STARVATIONS have an excellent country punk split record out with THROW RAG. THE STARVATIONS side “Bloodshot Eyes (Because Of You)” would make Buck Owens proud! Gabe gets that great Jeffrey Lee Pierce manic vocal sound. The dual guitars of Gabriel and Ryan really create a full sound. This is some of the better traditional American punk you are likely to hear this side of the Pecos River.

THROW RAG sings “She Devil Woman” and this shit is slow and menacing. The live recording reminds one of Tom Waits on a bad drunk with Dave Alvin. The crowd noise almost makes you believe that you are at the show.

Tom Deadbeat has an interesting compilation available for you punk rockers this month. The rock n' roll starts out with Italy's TEMPORAL SLUTS rocking out with “Overdose of Nothing”. Then you have a real treat! The fabulous STITCHES performing “I Just Wanna Fuck” an early and somewhat hard song to find on vinyl. This is a recently recorded version of this old STITCHES classic. Then the B-MOVIE RATS cover a ROLLING STONES song “Stray Cat Blues”. Some other good cuts on side one are “Rock n' Roll Hum” by the DIRTYS, “No Time” by those tough, tough hardcore veterans URBN DK from Kenosha, Wisconsin, and “You're A Sick Rat” by the SLOBS. Side two is not quite as consistent. The good rock n' roll cuts are SMOGTOWN with “Switchblade New Wave”, THE TV KILLERS with “I Hate Rock n' Roll”, Cleveland's HAUNTED HEAD with “180”, and those bad boys from Sonoma, California, THE BODIES playing the really rocking song “I Gotta Go”. All in all a decent compilation this time out for Deadbeat Records.

San Francisco and Sacramento had great music provided by TKO Records recently. THE TEMPLARS came out from New York, New York, the LOWER CLASS BRATS came from Austin, Texas, and what a rocking three nights of punk and oi it was!

The first night was in Sacramento, California with THE FORGOTTEN opening up the bill. The FORGOTTEN always provide top notch streetpunk entertainment and this night was no exception. Next on was the LOWER CLASS BRATS. This band kick's ass! Bones and the crew have a lot of stage presence with action galore! Be sure to purchase to the new LOWER CLASS BRATS CD “Rather Be Hated Than Ignored” on GMM Records - It's got all the Helen Of Oi! Hits and lots more! Up next was Sacramento's all time favorite oi/streetpunk band PRESSURE POINT. With an album of new material under their belts (soon to be released on GMM Records), PRESSURE POINT hit the ground running! Mike sang like a man on a mission with his inimitable vocals and his ferocious way of attacking each song. A great set!

Then finally the TEMPLARS made their first West Coast appearance, much to the delight of all the skinheads in attendance. It was great!

The next night in San Francisco brought out every skin and punk from 4 Bay area counties and 5 Western states! The BODIES, The WORKIN' STIFFS and The LOWER CLASS BRATS got the crowd worked up into a frenzy - then THE TEMPLARS dropped the oi bomb on the skins! The crowd behaved very well - a most successful TKO records production!

The third night of this debacle took place at the infamous Purple Onion- and the special treat for the lads was the S.F. debut of the New Improved RANDUMBS with Ian Randumb on lead vocals! This country boy can sure punk out! The way this man gyrates has to be seen to be believed! With every song Ian got more aggressive until his confidence became infectious- the crowd loved it! Go see the RANDUMBS at the first possible opportunity!

THE STITCHES , DEAD MAN'S CHOIR, THE UPSETS and THE RICHMOND SLUTS put on a rollicking pair of shows up this way- here's four bands that know how to drink and they sure do know how to rock! Watch for a reissue of some of the older STITCHES stuff on CD format. Hopefully the other three bands will have some new records ready for you in the not so distant future.

See ya round...
See ya in hell!

STRANGE DAZE

C-O-U-N-T-D-O-W-N TO THE MILLENNIUM

John J. Kohut

Herbert Council, 39, was convicted of drunken driving in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in January and ordered to pay a $513-fine. Council, who is blind, was driving the BMW convertible (with the top down) of his friend Jeffrey Hamilton. After the two men had been drinking they decided to go for a drive in the rain with Council behind the wheel and Hamilton helping with directions. Council drove the car into a tree, breaking his arm and Hamilton's leg.

The Tesco supermarket chain in England is considering introducing special shopping nights for naked customers. The store said that it was responding to requests from local nudists. If allowed, the special shopping nights would begin after the close of regular business hours and store windows would be covered.

Police in Nevada arrested a 20-year-old man from Minnesota who was suspected of being the sniper who shot at cars on Interstate 80 in January. According to police the man fired a rifle from a sniper's perch among some rocks overlooking a stretch of the highway. He injured several drivers and shot one in the chest, seriously injuring him. Police arrested the man days later and reported that his plan was to make the cars crash and then rob the victims. He reportedly "was frustrated because people would drive on a ways" after being shot at, said investigators.

Fearing that his wife had been having an affair through the Internet, a 53-year-old Indiana man killed her and their two children before committing suicide. Speaking to a 911 operator before killing himself, he said, "My boy's dead. My wife is dead. My daughter's dead. And now I'm going to be dead on account of this goddamned computer."

Last Meals

Convicted murderer John Glenn Moody, executed in Texas in January. Last Meal: two T-bone steaks, five tacos, salad, rolls, french fries, angle food cake, pint of white chocolate almond ice cream, six-pack of Pepsi.

In New York City in January 35-year-old Robert Jones answered a call on the cell phone he had just stolen and agreed to return it to its owner for $80. Police were waiting. In addition, the owner had successfully talked Jones down from his initial ransom demand of $200.

Diane H. Piper, a professor at Louisiana State University, filed a lawsuit charging that while she was speaking with the school's associate dean of communications about an opportunity for her to lecture for one year at Indiana University, the dean pulled her onto his lap and began to spank her while chanting "You're a bad girl!" According to Piper, another dean sat nearby watching and laughing.

During a Hindu holiday in January thousands of Indian pilgrims fought for space on top of a holy mountain, forcing a hill to collapse. In the ensuing stampede 51 people were killed and 100 injured. From their vantage point atop the hill the believers had hoped to view a celestial light reportedly visible in a deep forest which faces the hill.

A 34-year-old journalist for a Florida weekly newspaper was injured by a train in January while trying to flatten a quarter by placing it on a railroad track in front of an oncoming southbound train. The man apparently had ignored the northbound train which hit him, breaking his ribs, fracturing his skull, dislocating his shoulder and collapsing one lung.

Following the baptism of a baby in the Yaroslavl region of Russia in January, the Russian priest who had conducted the christening got drunk at a reception afterward and accidentally pulled the pin from a hand grenade. The explosion injured the priest and one other person at the celebration.

According to news reports out of Romania, thousands of people there so overate during the Christmas holidays that they jammed hospital emergency rooms with complaints that they had stuffed themselves with pork, pickled cabbage and prune alcohol. Just over several days beginning on Christmas Eve 3,500 people in Bucharest alone called ambulances to take them to the hospital. Outside of Bucharest several thousand other cases of ulcers and gastritis were reported.

A 36-year-old Florida man survived a head-on collision into a tree, got out of his car to warn other drivers away from downed wires, and was killed when another car hit the wires and caused a utility pole to come crashing down on him.

In Roanoke, Virginia, a 39-year-old man was ordered held in a psychiatric hospital after he reportedly smashed 34 windows in a service station in an attempt to exorcise evil spirits from the building. The man told the court that he had become convinced that skeletal spirits were inside Bennington's Chevron and that he could see them through the windows of the business. However, whenever he broke one window the spirit there simply moved to another window, forcing him to break all the windows. "I was acting on delusions and hallucinations," the man told a judge.

According to the Rev. Jerry Falwell, the Antichrist is most probably alive on Earth today and he is a male Jew. Falwell said that the second coming of Christ will probably happen in the next 10 years. Said Falwell, "And if in fact the Lord is coming soon, and he'll be an adult at the presentation of himself, he (the Antichrist) must be alive somewhere today."

The medical journal The Lancet reported the case of a man whose compulsion to steal cars was eliminated after surgery for a brain aneurysm. According to the case study, the man worked in an office above a car park and repeatedly drove cars home after work, assembling a collection of "borrowed" cars in his neighborhood. Over 17 years he spent about half the time in prison, convicted in numerous cases of car theft. In all he stole at least 100 vehicles. After years of therapy for his compulsion doctors found a lesion in his brain, operated, and ended his compulsion.

According to a report in the New York Daily News, several of the terrorists currently imprisoned for their participation in the plots to blow up the World Trade Center and the United Nations, are looking for love through personal ads placed on the Internet.

Alexandra Lubniewski, 17, of Madison, Wisconsin, earned a perfect 800 score on both the verbal and match portions of the SAT college entrance exam. She said that she did not buy a study guide for the SAT and did not study for the exam at all. The only difference in her routine was that she went to bed a bit earlier the night before the test.

In January New York City police arrested John Davilla, 24, of South Brooklyn, on suspicion of taking a rare thick-billed parrot (one of about only 300 in captivity) from the Central Park Zoo a month earlier. Davilla was described by police as an aspiring model who had worked in a pet shop, adding, "He likes birds. He's very familiar with birds." While being taken into the police department's Central Booking office, Davilla stuck his tongue out at television cameras and said, "I wanted to make stew out of that bird."

In January the Vatican issued a revised rite of exorcism, replacing the 1614 version of the rite with a slightly updated version and reaffirming the existence of the Devil in the world.

Ray Fernandez has filed a $1-million lawsuit against the Bronx Zoo charging that he suffers from mental anguish and a fear of wild animals stemming from a 1995 outing at the zoo with his family at which a gorilla hit his then 8-year-old son in the head with a rock. After a psychiatrist told Fernandez to return to the zoo with his son to dispel his fear of primates, the family returned only to be assaulted again by a rock-throwing gorilla. "He threw 12 rocks at me before I got out of there. My son was out of there after the first one," said Fernandez.

CORPORATE KNOW-WHO
Headline NEWS
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Ford
Mobil
GTE
CITICORP
UNITED TECHNOLOGIES
AT&T
Bell Atlantic

NATHAN BERG

MY, MY McDONALD'S.

Quick note: This month's column is a bit different than most (in format, not content. Don't worry, I still haven't learned how to write.). I felt the need to write about McDonald's but, in case you haven't noticed, bitching about everything that's wrong with McDonald's has become so commonplace among activists that the subject has gotten rather bland. Yet, it's still important so I tackled this column from a different angle. I wrote the following letter to McDonald's and sent it to their corporate office. I don't expect my letter to generate any big changes from the company or anything, but I figured *it was better than writing a long, boring column on the matter. (Yeah, a long, boring letter to avoid a long, boring column; that makes sense.) Anyhow, if they miraculously write back, I will be sure to print their response. Enjoy.*

Dear McDonald's,

I regret to inform you that your game is up. Despite all of your numerous and costly attempts to secure me as a repeat customer, you have failed miserably. In fact, the affect of your continued efforts has been quite the opposite of your intentions. The actions of your company have done nothing for me but simply showcase everything that I despise about modern society. Please allow me to explain.

As a child, I was a whole-hearted McDonald's fan. My parents had tried to get me to eat at other restaurants, but it was of no use. The other restaurants didn't have clowns or other mascots that I could associate with and they didn't have playgrounds that I could run around in. My parents also made home-cooked meals quite often and, though I never came to regret these family dinners, I always knew in the back of my mind that I would be much happier if I was at McDonald's. After all, mom and dad didn't serve their dinners with a small plastic toy. Putting this into terms that you can associate with, mom and dad were at a 'competitive disadvantage.' As I grew older, I came to appreciate McDonald's in an entirely different fashion. I was too old to order happy meals and too big to frolic in your playgrounds, but I had instead come to understand all of the other benefits that McDonald's had to offer. The food was cheap and quick, and I didn't have to do the dishes.

Around this same time, I became vaguely familiar with the McDonald's story. I've never directly read about it, I only heard bits and pieces that, when assembled, created one of the most remarkable success stories ever; a capitalistic fairy-tale if you will. A small burger joint expands to become a literal empire of restaurants, selling their products in every corner of the world. One can only be amazed by this undaunted growth. Amazed, that is, until you come to understand exactly HOW things came to be this way. When this happens, as it did in me, amazement quickly turns into disgust.

There have been countless facts, figures, and examples that have been used to help fathom exactly how big McDonald's really is. I've heard it said that McDonald's trains more employees per year than the U.S. Army. Its been said that McDonald's Golden Arches are more widely recognized than the Christian Cross and that 96% of American school children could identify your mascot, Ronald McDonald, with Santa Claus being the only fictional character that they could more easily identify. I've read that there's a new McDonald's opened somewhere on this planet every single day (which could possibly be a low estimate as I've seen other figures that claim you open 2,000 new restaurants each year; roughly 6 per day) and that there are currently over 23,000 in existence! Regardless of the particulars, it is readily accepted that McDonald's is HUGE, out-earning and out-spending entire countries. One would assume that McDonald's performs a noble and useful function in society for it to have taken on such a pivotal role. Sadly enough, you have not.

Instead, you are motivated by one thing and one thing only, the same "thing" that seems to motivate each and every multinational corporation on this planet: money. You don't market McDonald's to children because you care one way or another about their happiness and well being; you want their parents' money. You don't open new restaurants in every possible nook and cranny of the world because you take a high level of pride in the food that you serve (at least I hope not, because nutritionally speaking, the "food" that you serve amounts to nothing more than garbage), you do it because every restaurant will serve as a money-making beacon, so long as you keep up your aggressive advertising techniques.

And while I'm on the subject of advertising, let me remind you that you spend more money on advertising and marketing than any other franchise. And beyond all of the billboards, TV ads, radio spots, co-branding and cross-marketing ventures, and slogans, you also spend an endless amount of time, money and effort on other means to promote your company. While living in Colorado Springs, CO, I once read a full-page article in the local newspaper devoted to the fact that McDonald's was changing its long-lived slogan, "You deserve a break today," to "Have you had your break today?" In response, I could only think of one thing to say: "Gimmee a break!" Since when do you release these subtle changes to the press and, more importantly, when did they decide that this was suitable 'news?' Another aspect of your promotion that baffles me is your relentless pursuit of those who speak out against you. In the McLibel trial in England (the longest trial in that country's existence), you tried to legally debunk the claims of two Greenpeace activists who rightly called your company's practices into question. One of the highlights of the trial, for me at least, was when one of your company's executives tried to claim that Coca-Cola is nutritious because it contains water. Good point fella.

Another aspect of McDonald's that bothers me is its lack of variety. Not just the fact that every single McDonald's flaunts a nearly identical menu (and that all of your french fries are required to be .28 inches thick), but also that nearly every town in America, and soon every country, has one. What good is it for me to visit China when I'm going to see McDonald's and Wal-Marts there too (sometimes even under the same roof)? In my eyes, your company has become the poster child for all things stale and generic. I have come to use your name to highlight other aspects of our modern culture that completely lack any hint of character or integrity because of their undeterred fixation with efficiency and monetary gain. I now refer to USA Today as "McPaper," Columbia/HCA as "McHospital," 60 Minutes as "McNews," and Wal-Mart as "McStore." On a more dangerous note, I recently saw a quote from McDonald's founder, Ray Kroc, that said, "We cannot trust some people who are nonconformists. We will make conformists out of them in a hurry…The organization cannot trust the individual; the individual must trust the organization." Scary indeed.

Other crimes I associate with the McDonald's name are larger still. First, your unapologetic habit of hiring mostly teenagers and senior citizens and paying them a mere pittance of what it truly takes to make a living. I can be assured that the next time the question of raising the minimum wage (which has done nothing but drop in the last 30 years) comes before Congress, you will be there, fighting against it any in any possible manner that you can. Or maybe not, because if the current trend of replacing workers with high-tech machinery continues, you may have no use for humans at all; except as customers. However, you will always have a use for animals, which I'm sure your company refers to as "commodities." Many people have begun to understand the dire consequences of a meat-based diet. It has been found to be a major cause of numerous health problems, including heart disease. It has also been found as an amazingly inefficient means of food production for a world that has long ago passed its sustainable carrying capacity; robbing us not only of precious food but also water, of which it takes 100 gallons to produce a single pound of meat. All of that is not even to speak of the needless, senseless death of animals to serve our greedy habits, nor of the overwhelming pollution and deforestation that has come to be synonymous with their slaughterhouses. Despite all of this, McDonald's remains the nation's (possibly the world's) largest purchaser of beef and the second largest purchaser of poultry. I've heard that many animal activist groups have called for a boycott of McDonald's because of your lack of vegetarian menu choices. I always laugh when I hear this because it seems to me that they really don't see all of the things that are wrong with your company, they just want vegetarian fast food.

So, this is what you stand for: unhealthy food, low-wage employment, foolish squandering of land and other resources, needless death to god-knows-how-many creatures, excessive fattening of executive's pockets (at the expense of others), abuse of the judicial process, and advertising practices that are synonymous with propaganda. Congratulations McDonald's.....this is your life!!

In closing, let me just say this. I am no longer a McDonald's customer. In fact, to make up for all of the times that I blinded supported your company during the first 20 years of my life; I have become what you could refer to as an "anti-customer." I will spend the rest of my days on this planet trying to dissuade others from supporting you (and all companies like you). But instead of using of using happy, colorful commercials and child-brainwashing techniques, I will use a time-honored tactic that people can truly associate with ——— reason. You'll be surprised at how well it works. PR firms and ad agencies can manipulate reason (and I'm sure you'll utilize them as much as you have to) but it only works for so long. Sooner or later, the world will catch on to you. Like I said at the start of this letter, "your game is up."

Sincerely,
Nathan Berg

A FEW MORE THINGS.

1. If you do not currently engage in a meat-free diet, but are (even mildly) interested in doing so, please check out one of the following books: Diet For A Small Planet, by Frances Moore Lappe (my personal favorite); or Beyond Beef, by Jeremy Rifkin. There are (quite literally) thousands of other good books, articles, etc., on vegetarian/vegan diets, but these two are probably the most well known and both pack a damn solid argument.

2. U.S.V. (from La Crosse, WI) may very well be the coolest band in the world. They just released a brand new 7" on Havoc Records (Does that constitute talking about another columnist?) called "Escapist," and the little bugger rocks!! Not only that (yes, I realize that you have to do a little bit more than just release a 7" to be the coolest band in the world), but I just saw them this past Tuesday when they opened for VANILLA ICE!!! In case you hadn't heard, Ice is back with a brand new invention; a metally-rap thing. (If the first SOUNDGARDEN album got hit by a bus driven by M.C. HAMMER, it would sound something like this.) Terrible, terrible stuff. But anyway, U.S.V. jumped at the chance to play with them/him/whatever (There are eight guys in the band, yet their name is still VANILLA ICE?) like any intelligent punk band would. They seized the opportunity by A) rockin' the hell out, B) ripping on the local radio station that was sponsoring the show, and C) passing out a ton of "Boycott Nike" flyers (you can only imagine how much Nike garb you'd find at a VANILLA show). In between bands, I saw at least 7 different kids diligently reading the flyer! Three cheers to U.S.V.!!! I wish there were more bands like ya.

3. As usual, I request that you write to me. My address is P.O. Box 504, Chippewa Falls, WI, 54729. And remember; bottles of root beer are always welcome!

HELLO, MY NAME
IS SEAN.

The End Of An Era.

So you've bought the magazine, and by now you've seen the cover, so this is it. Maximum is getting ready for the new millennium by going to an electronic format with our next issue.

I'll try not to bore you, but I just thought you might like to know how we made this decision, and what you can expect from us in the future.

At my first meeting as a reviewer here a couple of years ago, I heard Tim say to Mark Hanford, our resident computer geek, that Maximum didn't need a web site and sure as hell wasn't going to get one. Fine I thought, if that's the way it is, then that's the way it is. Who am I to challenge the status quo, I was just a lowly zine reviewer, the bottom of the barrel in the maximum food chain.

But things changed, and when Arwen and I came aboard, I could no longer just blindly think that someone else was going to take care of the zine, it was up to us now and we were brimming over with ideas.

We had a few private meetings, away from the prying eyes of The Board of Directors, to plan the future of the magazine. Sure, we thought of adding a bar code, and sure we thought of going color; but when we actually sat down at the Mac, booted up the Acumen * program and started figuring out the most efficient way to maximize the capital returns of the magazine while diminishing and/or out sourcing any possible costs, one choice kept rearing its high tech head.

I don't want you to think that we were only thinking about the money. Oh no, its painfully obvious to all but the most die hard luddite** that a computer hard drive is gonna save plenty more trees than another print issue of MRR would. Not to mention the fact that with the high level of automation that we'll be able to to implement after we go to the web, the MRR shit worker will be able to lead a much more fulfilling life filled with punk rock shows and gallons of beer. Goodbye cut and paste, hello HTML.

I've got to say that I thought it would be harder to get our decision past The Board than it actually was. Yes, there was some back room deals that had to made (you'll see links to VacuumSF all over the fucking place for one) and sure, some of the old guard were a bit hesitant, but as long as they still get their free records and the proper amount of scene points , The Board were easily swayed to our new way of thinking. The fact that they can dictate their orders to us via teleconference now probably also helped sway them in our direction.

The columnist for the most part all loved the idea as well, since there's no reason to put space constraints on their columns in *maximumrocknroll.com,* their egos were overjoyed. The shit workers were also enthusiastic for obvious reasons. The crew of indispensable volunteers don't have to worry about their hands being covered in ink at the end of new issue day anymore, now their only worry is carpal tunnel syndrome.

Jacqueline was another story all together. Boy was she pissed. She tried her best to persuade The Board that we were selling out the scene and that working class kids all over the world were never gonna forgive us. I countered this with the 'ol "they got libraries in poor towns too" argument which the board bought hook, line and sinker in their Cognex*** induced stupor.

Jacqueline is quitting, and of course, we'll miss her. But it's ok, we're leaving Jax behind in the country bumpkin land where she belongs. Her Luddite politics aren't gonna get her anywhere in the new Millennium. Arwen and I were thinking of hiring a publicist anyway, and this just gives us an excuse.

So enjoy. This is the last time you'll be getting ink on you hands while reading MRR, and this is the last month you'll have to wait in line at your local record shop to get a copy. From now on you can just boot up the old computer and type in *www.maximumrocknroll.com* and the wide world of punk will be at your finger tips. Can't afford a computer? Go to the library ya dead beat.

Stuff You Should Pay Attention to:

1. If you're gonna be in the Bay Area on the weekend of March 27th, I expect to see your ass at the Bay Area Anarchist Bookfair. Its in Golden Gate park and promises to be an event you don't want to miss. No, Jello Biafra isn't speaking, but tons of other people are. See you there.

2.Still looking for any info you loyal readers may have on early (77-82) punk bands from Connecticut.

3.e-mail me at Seansul@mindspring.com

*An Accounting program that we've found to be very helpful in this time of growth at MRR.

**The Luddites were a group of rebels during the industrial revolution who destroyed machines they believed were putting them out of work. The name was reclaimed by a bunch of scaredy cats in the early nineties who were also worried about losing their jobs to the growing computer industry.

COLUMNS

***Brand name for a type of Alzheimers medicine we've been giving to the board of directors gratis for there years of service, I never thought the confusion inducing side effects would be so helpful.

POP SICKO!
Ray Lujan

OK, not much to talk about outside of tunes. It was a bit slow on the vinyl front over the holidays or so. Therefore I have lotsa CD's this time round with just a dash of vinyl. Keep those pop releases comin' in too.

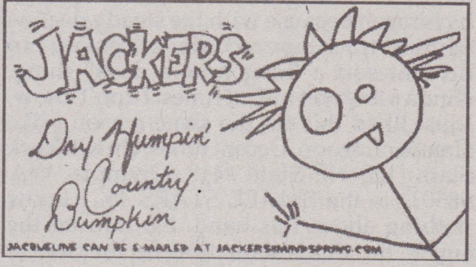
First up is the BEN GRIM "Muk" CD EP on Lampin' Room (PO Box 467, Neenah, WI 54957). I've been into these guys split and first single so far and this is just as great. I put these guys in the Weston meets Blink meets Doughboys vein. Great hooky stuff with chops and tunes. A new band that will hopefully carry pop punk into the new millennium. Very strong stuff. Also heavy on the Doughboys is the POCKET CHANGE "Golden" CD on Hit Or Miss ($10 ppd, 2608 Q St. #4, Sacramento, CA 95816). A band that's been around Sacto a while, these guys do the pop punk with some Samiam in there too. Strong production and all the shit that makes a great pop punk release. A band new to the global scene well worth checking out. Since we are talkin' a bit of Doughboys. I heard they put out a CD after "Crush" (maybe in Canada only?) last year. If someone knows the scoop or even where I can get one let me know here at the mag cause that would be really bad ass. Not slowing down on the pop punk front, we have the ATARIS "Look Forward To Failure" CD EP on Fat Wreck Chords (address? - if you read this column and can't find Fat releases you are probably pretty stupid). These guys are kinda Lag Wagon with a few of those Jawbreaker type time changes. Much improved compared to their first LP so the band tells me. This sounds pretty fuckin' cool to me. I'm looking forward to their up coming full length. Friends of Armchair Martian too who came thru town recently and tore it up. Go check out Armchair if they come to your town. Totally great songwriter pop punk. Actually, the Ataris came thru too and were cool too. Speaking of LAG WAGON, the boys have a new CD/10" "Let's Talk About Feelings" on Fat Wreck Chords (see witty address comment in previous review). Ya ya ya so they ain't so generic punk anymore, these guys have some killer tunes these days. I wish All had tunes on this level these days. If you haven't grooved to the Wagon in the past give them another listen now. You may be surprised. The MANSFIELDS "Sappy Songs For Summer Nights" CD on Blast Off Records (PO Box 10464, Colorado Springs, CO 80932) is fun Ramones type stuff a la Queers and Nobodys. Nothing groundbreaking musically but if you dig this type o' punk, this holds up well in this popular genre with it's catchy tunes.

So you know how I dig the Discount (dammit where's that Billy Bragg cover EP! Grrrr!). Well CO-ED have a full-length in that vein "Sometimes Always Maybe Never" on Cool Guy Records (10140 Gard Ave, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670). Maybe a little Dodgeball too. Good gal vocals over quirky tight pop punk. I can't get enough good pop punk with gal vocals. The HOLIDAYS "Cruller" EP on Tin Star Records (160-0021, 2-3-23-1F, Kabuki-cho shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, Japan) is fun Fastbacks type stuff. OK, maybe I'm not the most well travelled person in the world but I don't get this address. Luckily, you can also contact at Hideo at PO Box 14177, Minneapolis, MN 55414. Now all the names are what seem to be of Asian descent but the picture of this all girl band looks very US or at least brit. In other words, these gals are whiter than the cast of fucking Laverne and Shirley. So, I can't figure out if I'm being fucked with by a fake photo or fake names. I just wanted to express my opinion here maybe further clarification is warranted from the band or at least some future releases. But if you like charming amateur-like Fastbacks stuff, this is a fun release you should check out. A couple releases on Lookout, the label we love to hate or is it hate to love, worth a mention here are The CRUMBS "Low And Behold" LP. Which has more of a Radio Birdman feel compared to their last LP. And the HI-FIVES "Get Down" LP which has a more energetic and live feel compared to their first two LP's. Amazing drummer too! Actually I kinda have to say that cause my friend Gary (aka the drummer) gets me in free to all their shows and hangs out with me when I pester him enough. Probably outta pity actually. Also, supposedly the only person I didn't know at those Social Unrest shows at the Mab back in the day. Hmmm. Two strong full-lengths from a couple more known bands by the way. Remember SEWER TROUT from the early Gilman scene? Lookout and Very Small and "Turn It Around"? Well they've put all their stuff on one wonderful and practical CD on Sactoe Punk Archive Records (1114 21st St. , Sacramento, CA 95814). From the days of Operation Ivy and Crimpshrine, classic under-produced stupid punk. A part of NorCal history whether you want to admit it or not. If you ever wondered what happened to the Lookout band Nuisance, the singer/guitar guy has a new band and CD CROPDUSTER "A Strange Sort of Prayer" out on Flying Harold Records (PO Box 750272, Petaluma, CA 94975). Definately not punk. More of a Wilco meets Paul Westerburg thing going on. A little too gritty to just be called country though.

Moving on, the YOUNG ADULTS CD on Precious Records (PO Box 4961, Albuquerque, NM 87196) is really cool pop with an early Who meets power pop feel. What a pleasant surprise! Really good pure pop that is getting harder and harder to find these days. The power pop release of the season. Another good pop release is the PSEUDONYM "Pig Tail World" CD Grasshopper Records (PO Box 782, Brookline, MA 02446). Sounds like the "guy who puts out a CD of songs he wrote and played all by himself because with the steady decline of multi-track tape recorder prices you can do that sort a thing now a days" thing. Kinda plush yet lo-fi at times. I don't know, I just liked this for the same reason I like Creeper Lagoon. Decent tunes. On Kill Rock Stars (120 NE State #418, Olympia, WA 98501) is the SMALL STARS 45. I know nothing about this band. No info on the single. But this is something for the twee at heart. Acoustic with cello (or is that violin?) and soft gal vocals. A great single in a vein that has slowed down of late. Softies? Carousel maybe? Fans of Stereolab and Young Marble Giants may want check out the NINETYNINE "767" CD on Endearing Records (PO Box 69009, Wnp. mb. R3P2G9, Canada). Good stuff with a few Kill Rock Stars type tunes tossed in too. The PETTY CRIME "Forfeit Intent" EP on Slampt (PO Box 54, Heaton, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE6 5YW, UK) is great primal post punk with gal vocals. Something that could have come out on Rough Trade back in 1980. Reminds me of the very early Slits. The BEANPOLE "In A Muddle" EP on Goodbye Virginia (8105 Hartford Ave. ,Silver Spring, MD 20910) is good Tiger Trap meets early Liz Phair stuff from Sacramento CA. Strong comparisons in my book. I've never heard this semi-local combo before,ex-Rocketship so I'm told, but I was pretty into this. I'd like to hear more from them.

From SoCal, the EL CENTRO "Alto!" CD on Finger Records (no address) is decent later Freeze and Social Distortion type retro punk. Although this is a little slick with a few Clash-like reggae tunes thrown in, there's some cool stuff on this if you see it around. The PLAIN "Behavior Issue" CD EP on Couch Corridor (PO Box 2281, Dearborn, MI 48123) is good spunky slick modern pop. I don't know. Goo Goo Dolls or a punk Better Than Ezra? Still this has some punch as well as on key vocals. As good as the stuff that actually sells. Not a weak tune on this and a hit or two as well. The LAST DAYS OF APRIL "Rainmaker" CD on Bad Taste Records (Stora Sodergatan 38, S-222 23 Lund, Sweden) is part of that "we used to be emo but now we are more pop" scene a la the great Jimmy Eat World and Promise Ring. This is pretty pop as far as that stuff goes. Some piano in here too. This is still a fine listen that really works. Very strong songs with cool arrangements. I bet this is on Swedish MTV with Millencolin and Refused. On the just plain emo punk front is the AT THE DRIVE IN "In Casino Out" CD on Fearless Records (13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminister, CA 92683. I had lost track of these guys but after seeing them recently these guys are one of the best bands out there. Powerful, emotional, energetic. A more in your face Hot Water Music. Don't miss these guys if they come to your town. An awesome live band with some good releases and a pretty strong one here. If you remember SEWER TROUT

That's all for this month. Later.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A lot of the pc kids have bad attitudes, but don't forget, it's not "cool" to be pc or an activist (according to my drunk punk pals, and don't pretend that you don't know what I'm talking about). If someone shows any tendency toward caring about anything, they are deemed uncool, unpunk and pc, because punk is all about being offensive at all costs, even if it is at the expense of folks who are already easy targets. Some of my friends like to claim that they don't like people "taking themselves too seriously", so they do and say offensive things to ruffle their feathers. A lot of time this is just an excuse to be inconsiderate and disrespectful, which, in my book, is just as lame as the pc'ers who take themselves too seriously and become militant about their beliefs. My friends that say fucked up shit to other people are never my self confident, head together sort of friends. More often than not, they are completely insecure and self-hating individuals that seem inclined to drag the rest of the world down to their wretched self loathing existence. All under the banner of making sure other people don't "take themselves too seriously".

I know that punks use offensive symbols to attract attention, I just question what they think they are accomplishing when they do that. Having had many run ins with Nazi skins, swastikas mean "people who want to kick my ass because I'm not one of them" to me. You can't just throw around symbols like the swastika in the punk scene. The scene is not the same as it was when the Sex Pistols were doing their thing. That was two decades ago. Now, besides their recollection of WWII Nazis, swastikas are a symbol of racist, asshole skin-heads who beat up folks they deem as faggots or niggers, just like the pink triangle, another WWII symbol with strong emotional connotations, is a symbol of being queer positive.

I think it's a great idea to make people THINK, and sometimes offending people makes them think. Intelligent people can employ this tactic when they use original, thoughtful wit. Any Insaints show is a great example. Marian fucked with peoples heads because she violated traditional ideas about women's femininity and decency. On the other hand, shallow insults don't make people think, they just make the person putting it out there look like an asshole. The name calling shit is played out. Racist and sexist jokes are played out. I grew up in a working poor family that is very racist and also sexist and make those sorts of jokes. When my punk friends make those jokes, it's supposed to be funny, because they know they are making dumb racist, sexist jokes. But, our scene isn't diverse, so who are we to make light of a situation that affects a lot of people? In other words, we think we're better than hicks who mean that stuff, yet most of us don't cop to our own hang-ups, and it's even less likely that we know more than a couple of people who are much different than ourselves. If you are one of the lucky few in this scene who has the same number of non-white friends and feminist friends and queer friends as you have white, straight, male friends, than you have more insight on this subject than I do. But, I'm not that lucky. I wouldn't be comfortable sporting a swastika around my friend Sarah, who is Jewish, or my friend Trina, who is African American, or my friend Mary, who is a lesbian. I'm sure that they would lose some respect for me, because I'm not showing them any respect by my disrespect for the meaning of that symbol. And, I have a less respect for punks who would wear a swastika "just to offend people". The people who would be the most offended are the people who had family killed in Nazi concentration camps in WWII.

The folks who can't be bothered to think before they speak all seem to have the same battle cry; "Lighten Up!" I don't care if you are a stupid fucking ignorant human being, but if you have no sense of history and don't give a shit, don't fucking condescend to me and tell me to lighten up. If I don't appreciate a rape joke, what does it matter to you? I doubt that Martin Luther King, Jr could appreciate "a good nigger joke." And he did a whole lot more for people than the assholes sittin' around wondering why everyone doesn't lighten up. Like I said, if you want to be disrespectful and ignorant, that's your business. If I want to think you are a dumb shit, that's my business. But if you can't figure out why I think you are a dumb shit, don't fucking ask me to spell it out for you. If you can't figure out why a holocaust joke would offend the Polish holocaust survivor that said, "I still walk around the house looking for a good hiding place", than that's your problem, asshole.

Anyway, the "lighten up" assholes have won one battle. This is the last print issue of Maximum, and therefore, the last month that I will be volunteering here. I voted against the whole idea, but I was outnumbered by the new people. So, Jen Angel, here I come. I'm not sticking around to watch the demise of MRR at the hands of corporate technology that is predominately available to upper and middle class jerks that can afford it. I'll miss this place, but I'm hoping to start my own zine "Shredding List". Look for it in October.

See ya on the flipside...

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

The entertainment industry has a remarkable ability to take anything unique, interesting or cool and commodify it. The distinctive and unusual elements of underground and fringe cultures (typically young and ethnic) are repeatedly absorbed into the mainstream. Profit oriented entertainment and fashion corporations repackage and process the next trend into a homogeneous middle of the road commodity. Some examples from recent history: Break dancing, that is breaking and popping were the product of bored kids in the black and Hispanic ghettos of New York City. Breaking was linked to the rise of what can only now be called "classic hip hop" a period that arguably culminated with Run DMC's first album. Through movies, fashion and the recording industry break dancing was commodified and spread across Middle America into the mainstream. The result, most Americans think Break dancing started with the movie Flashdance and break dancing contests were held at mid-western county fairs. In an earlier column in Heart Attack I discussed the commodification of the "psychedelic" rock movement of the 1960's and the rise of the corporate entertainment industry.

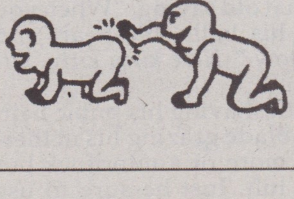
My dad, not one given to keen sociological observations, recently expressed to me great disgust at the commodification of the biker counter culture. My dad had a '51 Harley in the early 70's and rode a chopped, bored, highly custom '66 Triumph Bonneville for several years until it was impounded by the police. (My dad and his brother jumped the fence of the impound lot late at night and destroyed the bike with sledgehammers, if they couldn't ride that bike, no one could). The biker lifestyle recorded by Hunter S. Thompson in his Hell's Angels has passed on into myth. Instead the Hollywood rebel has replaced the real motorcycle mounted rebel. The same vehicles that once represented freedom and the open road had their following among a very die-hard working class subculture. The tradition of building a unique and custom bike out of junkyard basket cases was a testament to the skills of an enthusiast on a tight budget. Today of course the biker culture is relegated to marketing $20,000 bikes with romantic names like "rebel" and "outlaw." Redundancies like "Factory Custom" are spoken with a straight face. Bike rallies like Daytona Bike Week and Sturgis are transformed from wild hell bent parties to corporate family entertainment. Harley Davidson makes more money selling T-shirts and cigarette lighters than they do selling motorcycles. I recently saw an ad that read something like "You've got the bike, now get the look" selling of course Harley licensed boots, leathers, jeans, and sunglasses to the white collar schmuck who needs to appropriate working class style to feel cool. Capitalism wants you to buy "cool." They tell you that if you just purchase their products you will become thinner, better looking, hipper, and be a magnet to the opposite sex. Meanwhile, kids, on the streets, with little money and a lot of enthusiasm and energy create what is really cool. Such was the origin of Punk; Hip-Hop, Hot Rods and everything else cool in this world. But these fringe scenes are just the spawning grounds of the next big thing. Once their profitability is assured they become in my dads words "a sickening caricature of their former greatness."

Not all attempt to commodify youth culture or ethnic culture are successful, remember Malcolm McClaren's post Sex Pistols attempt to produce a fad out of square dancing. (see the Buffalo Girls 12" ep).

Another important source for trends and consumer fads is nostalgia. The popular culture continually attempts to "revive" dead fads to cash in on them again. This is very profitable since the products are all "test marketed" in the past so that only facsimiles need to be produced. 60's and 70's re-hash have been staple fare for several years and most unpredictably big band swing has made a comeback. The music business can really cash in on marketing nostalgia since Jimi Hendrix and Benny Goodman aren't around to negotiate a better cut from their sales or demand tour support. Punk rock has of course been subjected to major commodification at several points in its history. Of course the so-called first wave of 1976 resulted in several bands being picked up by major labels. There was definitely an attempt to package early punk as the "new Rolling Stones" a return of rebelliousness to rock. The next step was of course the New Wave. The floodgates opened by the early punk bands provided an in for next big thing. New Romantic and Gothic continued the trend. Hardcore was born, as a reaction by the kids against the sell out New Wave bands but in just a few short years became the subject of commodification again. Metal bands such as Metallica ripped off the speed and aggression of punk and created "speed metal" or "thrash metal." Soon numerous punk bands were experimenting with dangerous mixtures of punk and metal that resulted in the Crossover period. This was the last major feeding frenzy of major labels in the punk scene until the grunge era. Ironically the "low point" of punk between the heyday of hardcore and the current resurgence may in retrospect have been much more important than we once thought. I think hardcore reached its lowest ebb from 1986 to the early 90's. I remember times in the early 90's where I honestly thought that punk was going to die out. That we were the last of the mohicans, what Hell Spawn called the "dying breed." Boy was I wrong because punk made a big comeback just a few minutes later. However, the dark ages of the late 80's and early 90's produced some important results. Due to a lack of commercial interest in punk the DIY movement grew and expanded. Record production, distribution and touring were highly democratized and made very accessible. In fact I would argue today a little too accessible given the volume of shitty bands on tour and poorly executed records in the discount bin. The success of so-called "pop punk" and "grunge" led to a new wave of commodification. I often look at slick books and rock critic type publications that describe the historic development of punk as a seamless progression from the Sex Pistols to Nirvana and Green Day! As if punk rock had ceased to exist in the interim it did not cease to exist, merely dropped off the radar as a commercially viable force. As one who kept the flame burning in the late 80's and early 90's I was more than a little disgusted by the sudden "back from the grave" burst of re-union tours and albums by washed up punk bands.

Today I feel punk faces an onslaught of commercialism from several areas. The so-called pop punk which has always been more pop than punk is now an entrenched part of the mainstream. If I ran MRR I wouldn't review most of this stuff no matter how DIY its origins. (Just because its DIY doesn't mean it's PUNK) Clearly "emo" if it was ever part of punk has become "indie rock" a highly commercial trend for young student types. What is usually called Straight Edge hardcore has also become so extensively commercialized and metal influenced I hesitate to honor the music with the titles of SE or Hardcore since it sounds to me like stoner metal. There is little difference these days between the mall rock of Korn and Pantera and the average Victory records metal core. Still none of this directly affects my friends and me because we all listen to that wonderful hardcore thrash music which by its extreme nature is immune from commodification. Right? Well perhaps not. Could not Power Violence be the next Crossover? Could major labels start dangling money in front of thrash bands like they did in the Crossover period. I've seen a lot of hardcore on CD with barcodes and such, pointing to a desire to mass market music to the mainstream. As hardcore music loses its political and rebellious focus it becomes more buyable and more marketable, then is its "just another kind of music." Another raw material for the trend makers to package and sell to wannabe rebels in a suburban Middle American mall. Which brings me to this. MRR's distributor Mordam got established during the heyday of hardcore largely by distributing the releases of the Dead Kennedys who were top sellers in those days. When the hardcore movement started to wane so did Mordam's interest in hardcore. Mordam focused instead on Garage and Surf rock, Pop and artsy crap. Now due to the hard work and dedication of thousands true hardcore punk has made a comeback and is as strong as ever. The progress made in booking and distribution allowed this to happen without the backing of clubs, big labels, big distributors or big anything. Plain and simple Hardcore Rules! It is not for everyone but its true adherents are zealous fanatics and its energy is infectious. It was only a matter of time before hardcore punk broke back to the surface. Now it is once again a product worth a gamble. Note that Mordam previously noted only for distributing garage rock, pop and the DK's back catalog is now exclusive with Prank, Sound Pollution and Six Weeks? All top notch hardcore thrash labels. Where was Mordam when hardcore was not so big? Distributing crap like Lookout and Alice Donut! As one who kept the spirit alive I resent the attempts to jump on our bandwagon and cash in. Those of us who worked hard to keep the scene alive when nobody cared have done little more than provide the life support system for the next trend. I sometimes look forward to another decline in the popularity of punk so that the posers and profiteers will clear out and leave our sacred art form to the real enthusiasts here out of passion rather than profits. By the time this is printed I'll be on tour with Code 13 in Europe and Israel. Havoc records mail order will be taken care of by Tanner while I'm on the road.

Count Your Lashes Out Loud



Queenie

Dear Ms. Queenie, the results of your last Dysplasia Clinic visit are as follows:

1) Pap Smear- Normal
2) Biopsy- Benign (normal)
It is recommended that you return in 4 months for your follow up visit...

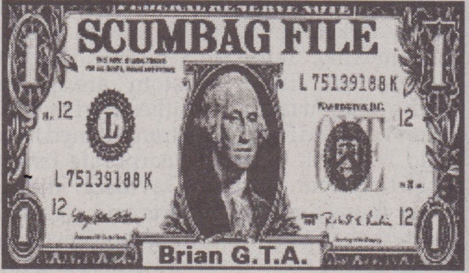
Thought I share a personal letter with y'all. After two years of fighting cervical cancer, my latest biopsy came back benign! Two years since I was first told dysplasia or severe abnormality of the entire thickness of cells in the squamo-columnar junction, had progressed to carcinoma in situ, causing my cervix to bear a strong resemblance to Gorbechev's forehead. Two years, four gynecologists, two cancer specialists, 10 Paps, five biopsies, four colposcopies with Endocervical Currettes, one Cryosurgery, 16 sets of stirrups and 2 revisions of my last will and testament later, my cervix is and I quote my gyno, *"small, soft and very pink"*. And normal! Funny thing is that my doctors can't quite figure it out. They even had me scheduled for yet another invasive surgical procedure, since all earlier advanced Western medical treatments failed. *Fuck that!* So, about nine months ago I decided to take matters into my own hands, well so to speak, and tried every alternative therapy I could find: liver cleansings, vitamins (heavy on the folic acid), minerals, countless herbs, aromatherapy, castor oil packs, sitz baths, standz baths, massage, acupuncture, guided meditation, yoga, visualization and rituals involving live chickens... And lo and behold, my tests came back normal. Yeah, yeah, I know I can't prove that parsley tea, pau d'arco, and singing to my cervix during the full moon got rid of the dysplasia but no one, not even my oncologist, can prove otherwise.

Which brings us nicely to this months topic: cock and ball torture. The possibilities here are endless, but in order to keep within the given column length infrastructure, I'll narrow my focus to castration. Castration, removal of the testicles and emasculation, removal of both penis and scrotum are THE ultimate punishments, but for most, fall way beyond the bounds of safe, sane, consensual sm. *Oh well.* We'll have to make due with threats of castration and/or the illusion of possible permanent penile damage through the use of genital bondage. Naked male genitals all loosey-goosey, look disheveled and disoriented, hanging obscenely out of control, practically beg for bondage. Plus, there's that old saying, "When you have him by his balls, his heart and mind will follow." *Here kitty kitty, kitty...*

Begin with shaving his pubic hair. A sharp razor blade grazing his netherboys is really more of a mindfuck but play it to the hilt. Just be sure to use plenty of warm water, shaving cream and always, shave with the grain. Razor burn doesn't instill the fondest of memories... Standard clothesline rope, stockings or saran wrap are great for winding between the cock and balls. Not too tight, just enough to isolate and lightly squeeze his testicles, but still allowing erection and ejaculation. If he's hesitant about shaving his balls, bring out the duct tape for wrapping his cock. The mere thought of tearing duct tape off hairy balls will make an Epilady out of any boy. If you want to restrict or delay ejaculation, use a cock ring or cock strap to constrict the flow of blood from the penis. Cock rings are readily available in most sex shops and come in a wide array of styles and sizes. Beginners should stay away from the metal rings and stick with leather or latex cock straps that have snap or velcro closures for easy removal. In addition, whenever engaging in bondage play, keep a pair of paramedic scissors nearby in case of emergencies. As with all aspects of sm, genital bondage can be extremely dangerous, so please, take all the necessary precautions and play safe.

On a final note, Bill Brent and co. recently released the "all new" fifth edition of **The Black Book**, considered by those in the know as THE definitive guide to the sexual underground. If you missed editions one through four, I highly recommend taking a peek through this latest edition's descriptive listings of over 700 sex-positive organizations and businesses throughout the US and Canada that deal in anything and everything imaginable relating to sensual pleasure. Groups and gatherings, merchandise, professional services, publishers, Web sites. If you're not supposed to know about it... it's included. **The Black Book**, along with **Black Sheets**, my favorite sex zine, is available directly from the publisher (*Black Books PO Box 31155, SF, Ca 94131-0155; tel: 415-431-0171; fax: 415-431-0172; www.blackbooks.com; $20 ppd*) and as with all sexually oriented publications, you must include a signed statement that you're at least 21 years old.

So remember, when at all possible, don't neglect your genitals. Especially when torture is concerned. One man's torture is another man's. As for the womenfolk, get regular annuals or buy a speculum and squat over a mirror to examine your own cervix. Observe how your cervix changes in response to hormones in your menstrual cycle in order to determine what is usual and "normal" for you. Then just watch for anything that's out of the ordinary. And see a gynecologist if you're truly concerned. If necessary, make sure to research all possible alternatives for any prescribed medical treatment. Their "surefire" treatments are not always in your body's best interest. Trust yourself and your body's capacity to heal, naturally and holistically. And always remember the words of an unquestionably brilliant woman I overheard at my gym, *"Just cuz he's a doctor, doesn't mean he went to medical school..."* Uh yeah, what she said. Til then, play hard...



Howdy, and welcome, as always, to my column mainly focusing on doing it yourself with less mess and stress. Unfortunately, due to my own workload and not giving myself any vacation leave, along with some other outside crap has convinced me that I should grant myself a little "stress leave" (probably won't happen) before I end up on the roof with a sniper rifle (might happen). What this means is that this episode of The Scumbag File will probably be shorter in length, with several short, random topics not discussed too in depth. And away we go...

Your Soul on the Dotted Line -

When it comes to contracts, never sign to anything that you don't fully understand both the present and future repercussions of no matter how desperate you are to be on such 'n' such cool label. Will you ever get your recordings back someday? Do they also now own your songs? Are you signed not only as a band but also as an individual artist? Can they sell off all of these rights without consulting you first? You might be excited to have a record out now, but you probably will be kicking yourself in the following years to come if you sign a lousy contract. In a future column, I will be arming you with the nuts and bolts (and tricks) of a contract that every sleeze bag knows.

A Block of Time Saves Nine -

Did you know that many studios give discounts if you prepay for studio time in blocks as opposed to one hour at a time? This one time wad of cash can sometimes be used by the owner to buy or pay off a new piece of equipment they could have otherwise not afforded; take care of the month's rent on the property; pay some overdue alimony; or who knows? (Just make sure it isn't going to buy a ton of drugs!) You are also going to want to be sure that this is the place you definitely want to use before committing to a person and/or studio that sucks. Be doubly sure that the studio is going to be there tomorrow and not fly south with your loot. You can purchase blocks of time on an hourly rate or by the day, keeping in mind that if the engineer comes with the studio, you had better ask him/her how long they are willing to work in one day. It can't hurt to ask about purchasing in blocks and you might end up saving a bunch of money.

Analog Slaves with Weak Masters -

A band from Florida wrote to me asking for tips on how to make a vinyl record that sounds good while not going broke. While a good recording, proper mastering/acetate cutting and plating, and quality chemical balanced oil rich vinyl is very important, the right bit of digital EQing/pre-mastering can sometimes go a long way. Digi Design makes one hell of a kick ass program called Pro Tools, that in the right, qualified hands can do some amazing stuff. I know that some of you have heard a lot of crap about digital being "un-natural" and all; well let me tell you something the majority of these digital naysayers know about jack shit when it comes to sound and could probably be fooled into believing that the digitally touched up analog recording is more analog than the straight analog recording because it sounds more "powerful" and "thick." The fact of the matter is that anything not found lying around as is in nature is "un-natural." This includes distortion petals, magnetic tape, non-animal skin drumheads, and so on. Natural is banging two broken tree limbs together and grunting. But please tell me that I'm wrong (and while you're at it, explain to me how a flintlock and covered wagon are much better for doing drive bys than an uzi and a camaro).

What the Hell We Supposed to do with This Crap!? -

A brand spankin' new label putting out its first release wrote to me the other day wanting to know what they should do about handling band royalties. Assuming that the band has paid for most, if not all, of the recording out of their own pockets, the most simple and easy way is to give the band a percentage of the pressing. On average, 10 to 20 percent is the norm, which comes out to 100 to 200 free copies given to the band per 1,000 pressed (though in most cases I would suggest giving them more than 10%). Doing royalties this way is beneficial on many levels. First off, let's say that in most cases the band and label are not particularly well known, therefore selling large amounts thru distributors and stores in order to raise cash royalties is highly unlikely. By giving the band a hunk of the pressing you no longer have to worry about payment so any of the money you bring in is yours to keep, plus you've just gotten rid of X amount more records. The band also benefits by having records to sell at their gigs and can start earning back their recording costs immediately instead of waiting for the distributors to pay their label so they can get paid. A rather large majority of labels you read about in MRR use this "payment in product" method and it's quite a fair method indeed.

Fuck Oprah's Book of the Month Club

I've been catching up on some reading lately via the Loompanics catalog and let me tell you that you won't find choice shit like this in your local library. First up is author Victor Santoro with two fine Reader's Digest (yeah right) entries, "The Rip-Off Book" and the knee slappin' "Techniques of Revenge" (eer ah for "entertainment purposes only"). "The Rip-Off Book" is a beginner's guide to the world of con jobs and con men, and is an extremely helpful guide to spotting and avoiding both of the above mentioned nasties. Santoro takes you from understanding what a con job is and how it happens, all the way through various types of cons, and finally to having some fun at the con artist's expense. Do you hate your shithead boss, backstabbing co-worker, neighborhood ratfink, etc? Of course you don't (ack)! Once again, Santoro proves that he is no easy target for undue abuse with his wildly entertaining "Techniques of Revenge," chock full of devilish shenanigans. Onto author Harold S. Long who shows us "How to Collect Illegal Debts," a book about sweezing the dough from a non-payer who owes. Harold's psychological profiles of various deadbeats and applied techniques for dealing with each one are right on the money. (As always, it's "entertainment!") How do I know he knows his shit? Think that you're too bad ass for prison? Think again. "You Are Going to Prison" by Jim Hogshire explores the fun to be had at America's penal playpens. No bunk mattress is left unturned as everything from getting busted to getting juiced is covered, and make this mandatory reading for everyone, even if you've never committed a crime and don't plan to. Finally, "Be Your Own Dick," by John Q. Newman, is highly tedious and boring (like most detective work), though highly applicable. Mostly based around researching public and private records, this is excellent resource reading for checking out a potential business partner, your sister's "something's not quite right" future husband, or maybe just a deadbeat on the lamb from you. Many more well written books where these came from: Loompanics Unlimited, PO Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368or E-Mail: Loompanx@olympus.net

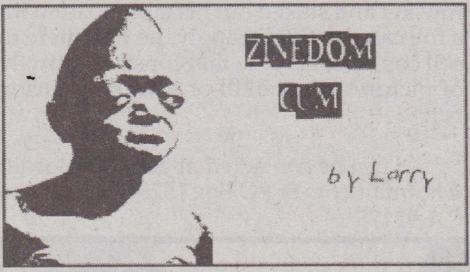
Cute Band Alert! -

I recently witnessed the debut gig by the X-Directors which features Blaze (ex-TVTV$ frontman) and Mark Lee (ex-Humpers guitar whiz and currently in The Crowd). Soundwise it was '79-'81 so-Cal beach punk ala No Crisis, Screwz, Chiefs and, of course, The Crowd. Quite good for a first show and definitely wouldn't have sounded out of place at the long gone Coo Coo's Nest.

Me, me, me! -

I'm looking for old punk/hc/post punk radio shows on cassette with English speaking DJ's 1980-83 (mainly '81/'82) that played loads of smaller underground stuff and not just the biggies like TSOL, DK, Exploited, Pistols, Souixie, Fall, Joy Division, etc.

I guess that wasn't too small a column. Until next time, later. Brian c/o GTA, 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd. Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202 USA.



How to Organize a Successful Zine Conference

If given the choice to mingle in a room full of zine publishers or hang out at a Greyhound station, I'd choose the bus station. There tend to be fewer loonies hanging out in downtown bus stations. Okay, I'm exaggerating a bit, but keep in mind that we are talking about zine people. They are a rare breed, but no two are alike. They all tend to be somewhat reclusive by nature, but zine people have to be if they want to actually publish zines.

After attending over 30 zine conferences over the past three years, I realized that organizers only need two things to make the event a success. The first is alcohol. I've attended both dry and drunken zine events, and the drunken ones are always better. And, no, it's not because I'm a drunk. It's because a few beers or a couple of drinks tends to loosen people up. Even though you might be comfortable expressing your deepest secrets in print, simple conversations at zine events tend to revolve around the ins-and-outs of publishing. Kinda like parents who barely know each other and when they get together, the only thing they can comfortably discuss with each other is their kids.

At the non-alcohol events, people get really uptight and self-righteous. Kinda the same way punk rock is.

The second item needed to make the conference a success is require every participating zine to bring a list of all the distributors they've ever used, including contact names, address and comments, both good and bad. If everyone traded this information, the smaller, newer or lesser known zines would benefit from having a lot of the information it took another publisher years to acquire. The larger zines might be able to increase circulation, or learn which problem distributors to avoid. Be sure to bring enough copies for everyone.

I attended a recent zine conference in

Berkeley at Cody's Books. Tom from Big Top Distribution organized the event and invited several local publishers to participate. After arriving 15 minutes late, I surveyed the room and saw the panelists answering questions and looking bored. I left after 45 seconds. It's too bad because I missed it when a guy arrived looking like he had just finished a stint hunting and trapping in the Louisiana Territory. He was dressed in animal skins, carrying a musket and staked out his table space with a fox carcass. Surprisingly, he was there to sell copies of his zine that consisted strictly of pictures of roadkill or women wearing fur.

***

I can be contacted at geneticdisorder@hotmail.com or PO Box 15237, San Diego, CA 92175

TALK TALK with Anne R. Key

Well everyone now knows that Gilman St. closed by the health department and the building was condemned due to traces of Legionnaires Disease. All the gossip this month is pretty sad and it's really hard to make jokes about these things, but heck, lets try.

Hugh from the Queers passed away from brain tumors, Phil from DIGGER (is that a punk band?) died from a drug overdose, and someone in DILLENGER ESCAPE PLAN was paralyzed in a car wreck. What a bummer.

Ok mostly stuff from Boston today, which is weird since nothing exciting ever happens in Boston. The guy from MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES dropped out of Brown to pursue his musical career. Well that's what the press release says. He actually got kicked out of Duvry Business College for only being able to type 3 words a minute.

On an even sadder note, Pete from GLOBAL THREAT dropped out of Emerson Community College to go on tour. Then while drunk driving around Texas they crash their van into a taxicab. When they started hearing police sirens everyone fled the scene leaving Mark from UNSEEN to deal with the bigwidebrimmedhatwearin deputy. Lucky he let him go with only a $400 summons (well it turns out they owe thousands to the guy in the taxi). The next day they were junking the van and realized someone was missing. It turns out, their pal Bret passed out in someone's backyard and was taken in for Drunk and Disorderly. So they had to bail him out, rent a van and drive straight back to Boston. I think you guys should just go back to school.

On the saddest note, the now gay-hairdresserworkingonnewburyst Choke is putting SLAPSHOT back together and re-releasing the STARS AND STRIPES LP. I think he's a bit late as the OI revival thing is dying out thank heavens and most of the straightedge kids didn't like SLAPSHOT in the first place. The trick is that Chokes gonna give all the kids a perm and a blow so they all look good while they're singing along.

US BOMBS has replaced Chuck Briggs with YOUTH BRIGADE GUITARIST Johnny 2bags. Oh boy can't wait to be bored to death by that.

Since Gilman and Blacklist and all these other projects that squeeze MRR for money every year are no more, MRR has decided to expand its resources into bookmaking and numbers rackets for some much needed cash. Hey, since everyone is reading Hit List the sales have been hurtin. So far, Lance Hahn's arms were broken for not paying up on losing ponies and Lefty Hooligan has hit Market Streets parking meters with a pipecutter to keep the presses rolling for this April issue. Yeah very short this month but I had to make room so you can believe everything Mykel writes and read about George Tabb's mutt.Hugs n kisses Anne. Annerkey@msn.com

GUEST OPINION:

Fuck The Gilman Like, Now! I got an email today about how the city of Berkeley is maybe going to try to shut down Gilman. This because local merchants think that all the graffiti and litter in the neighborhood comes from folks who go to shows at the Gilman. The email encouraged me to pass it on in support of the piss stained ashtray located at 924. What? Help the fucking Gilman? Me? Nope. Gilman is just the sort of place where a guy like Jello Biafra gets his leg busted then made to look like a bad guy when he wants his medical bills paid. The nerve of him. What the hell did he ever do besides make one and a half really good records? Tell me that. Gilman's the type of place that shuts down bands like the Lil Bunnies. Gilman is the ultimate cool club. Gilman's the type of place that would book Green Day and Samiam and OPIV time after time until they decided to play for the punk rock "big leagues." Yeah yeah, they're sellouts on big labels with touring vans that probably don't breakdown every thousand miles, so I guess the best thing for all concerned is that we talk shit about them and spit on them and do our best to destroy them. Right? I mean isn't the best way to bring yourself up the art of tearing someone else down? So, Gilman wouldn't book Greenday ever again. Rightly so. All Green day did was pack the fucking place each and every time they played. Fuck Gilman. Fuck the damn homeless-for-the-weekend spare changing little brats who, by the way are part of the problem, graffiti the neighborhood and puke up perfectly good malt liquor. Fuck the folks who smash bottles. Fuck Gilman's clique and their kingshit We Are The Scene rulemaking anti-American, pro-censorship soap-dodging bunch of assholes. The day I give any assistance at all to that sewer is the day I give Andrea Dworking a mustache ride. I can see the letters from the sobsisters coming in now. "Don't say that about Gilman." "My band had a great time there." Yeah? Just because it happened to you don't make it interesting, ya kilt wearing, dirty backpack-having chuckleheads. If anyone reading this thinks that when (Oh please God, let it be soon.) the abovementioned shithole gets shut down but good, it'll be the end of rock n roll in the bay, I'd like to take you for all you're worth, for you would be a punkass, pablum-sucking fool and so must be whipped. Don't even bother filling the damn letters section with ill-worded "rebuttals" to this column. Why not? It's just my fucking opinion, and if you read this, it'll at least be a sign that MR&R ain't afraid to print something other than the East Bay Punkrock Party Line. And remember, in the words of one Lil Bunny, "If you don't like (this) then you're racist, sexist and homophobic," shortly before some gutless castrati fuck pulled the plug on them. Send your hate mail to: Reverend Ed, Box 304 Sacramento, CA 95812

GUEST OPINION: RHINESTONE-T

It's a town of tourists. A town where one could see many-a-cadillacs flaunting baseball caps of favorite teams in the rear windows, and not even think twice. And if one doesn't wear a helmet on a bike, it could be a statement of a deathwish.

I ride to work weekly and have visions of Deathrace 2000, amazing conversations with myself, and much anger at the immense amount of traffic. I feel lonely as the only biker I usually see. People at work comment on how happy I look on my bike as they pass me on my bike each morning.

I am not exaggerating for the sake of creative writing to get the immense-amount-of traffic thing across. It is truly frightening. But I am told it is tourist season and it will pass.

With all of this, one can imagine my delight when I heard of a Critical Mass gathering/ celebration. This is a way to get some visibility for bikers in this community and also a way to feel empowered on a bike. I was late, but a friend waited around and we caught up to the group. We headed out over a drawbridge that led to a really wealthy tourist area with overpriced shops, expensive sidewalk-seating restaurants and an "impressive" circle park.

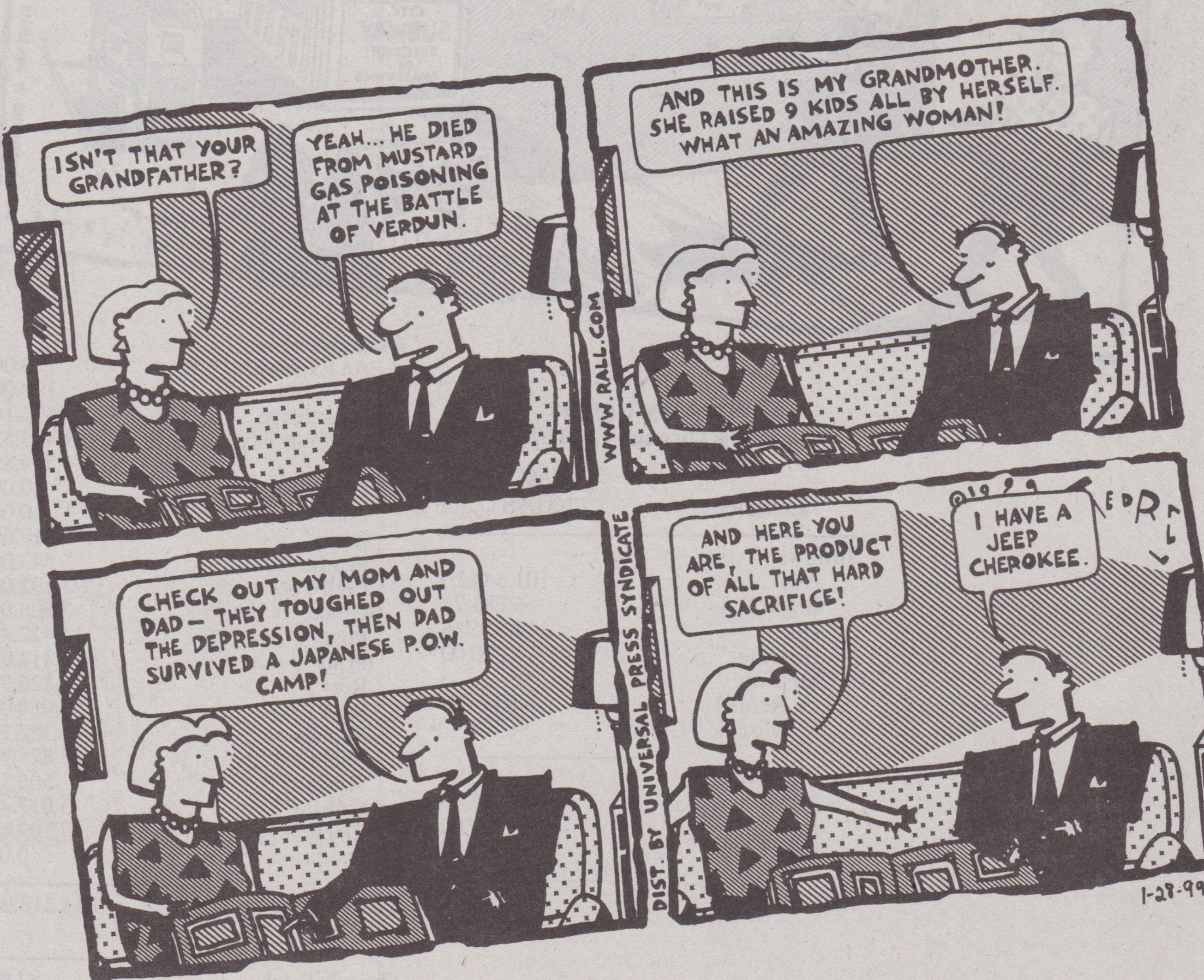
The bridge was up as we approached. We took up a lane of traffic and giggled in glee at each other. The sun was setting in front of our eyes over the water and it seemed large and distorted. We road on and chanted 'bikes not cars' and such. It was an enormous release for me.

We approached the circle as this asshole cop cut us off and blocked traffic to put his car in the middle of the street. He got out and told us we were blocking traffic. He went on to try to silence us and scare us. We reminded him of our first amendment rights. He told us we needed to have a permit to be with more than one person. We pointed out the groups of tourists across the street. He asked for the name of the oldest person there. We told him that was discrimination. He threatened us by telling us that if we didn't pipe down he'd call a paddy wagon and have us all hauled away and arrested.

He told us to leave in small groups and on the sidewalk. We reminded him that it is illegal to ride a bike on the sidewalk. He told us to do it anyway, so we did. Me and three other womyn took to the other die of the street (where the tourists were) and road our bikes between their fancy dinner tables, around them on park benches, and by their shops chanting, 'bikes not cops'. It was hilarious. As we neared the bridge on the way back downtown, we came upon on accident scene. No flashing lights, just a very angry bicycle rider. There were two bikers and two cars. The bikers weren't with our group. They were just a couple of riders out for a stroll, and an older couple had hit one of the men. His rear tire was mangled and his arm was bloody. As we approached in small groups, it became apparent that the couple was outnumbered. Now there was a lot of hoopla and surreal weirdness, but the whole thing was so serendipitous.

The question however lies in this one statement; Where the hell was the cop?

*Rhinestone T
rhinestone_t@hotmail.com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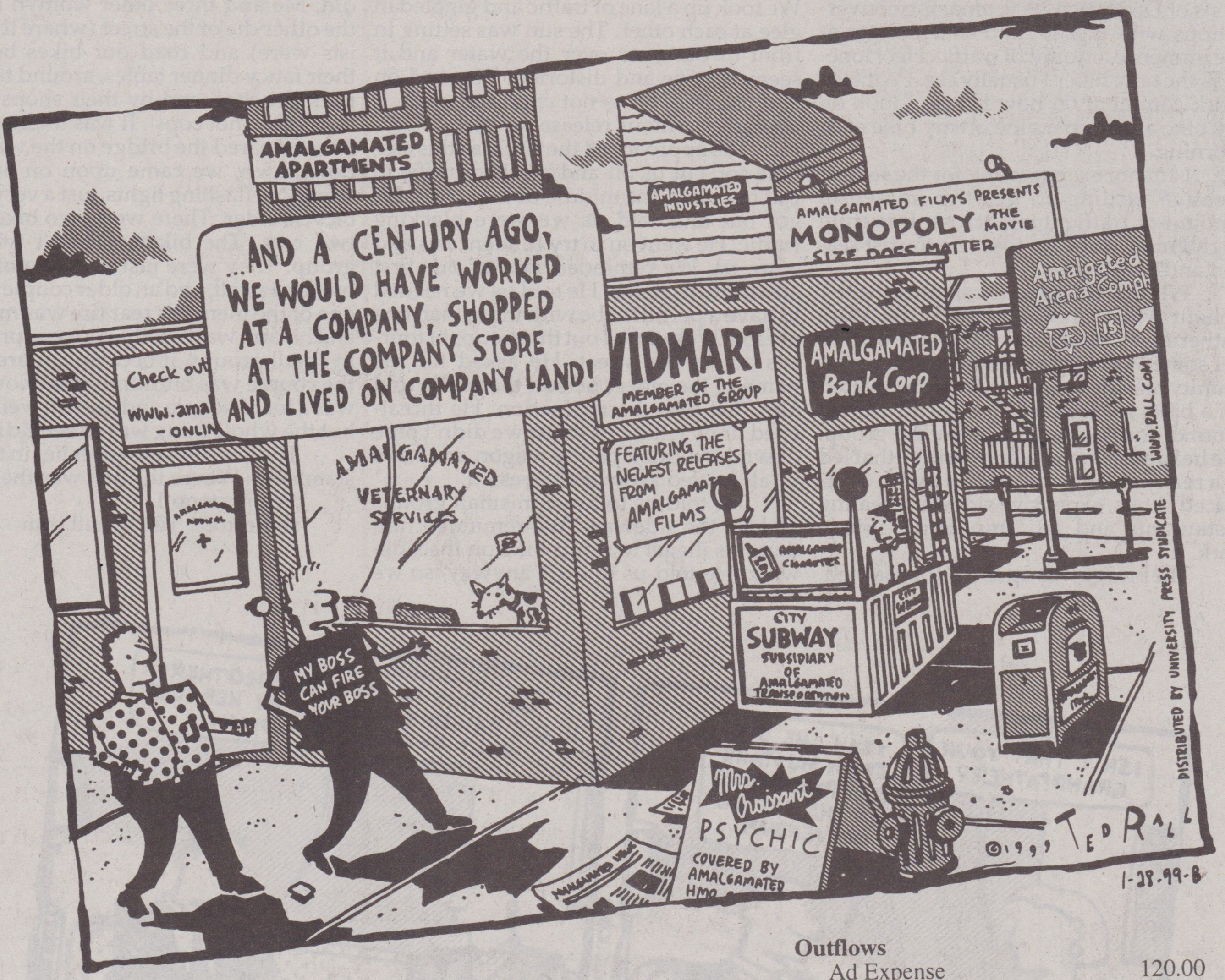
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Category	1/1/98-12/31/98
Inflows	
Ads	101,544.20
Begin Bal	6,683.71
Dist	114,336.36
Housing	1,200.00
Miscinc:	
Refund	40.00
Miscinc - Other	96.89
Total Miscinc	136.89
Phone Personal	49.49
Radinc	0.00
Subs	10,181.77
Total Inflows	**234,132.42**
Outflows	
Ad Expense	120.00
Bad Debt	198.00
Bankcharge	372.14
Cal Fran Tax	1,405.52
Car	4,794.85
Dues&pubs	30.00
Enter	0.00
Equip	419.60
Fed Inc Tax	543.00
L&P Fees	1,192.00
Office	7,608.04
Post	11,422.48
Print	79,817.98
Rec	18,826.97
Rent	50,050.00
Repairs	352.13
Supplies	3,828.97
Travel	506.78
Utilities	5,017.40
Zineprod	47,709.18
Outflows - Other	0.00
Total Outflows	**234,215.04**
Overall Total	**-82.62**

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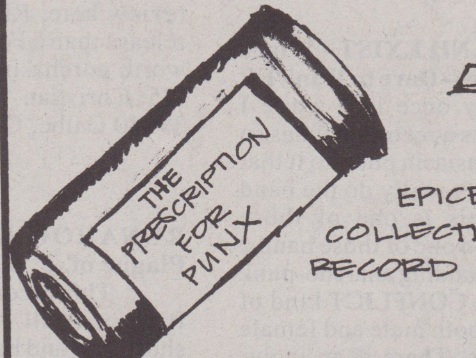

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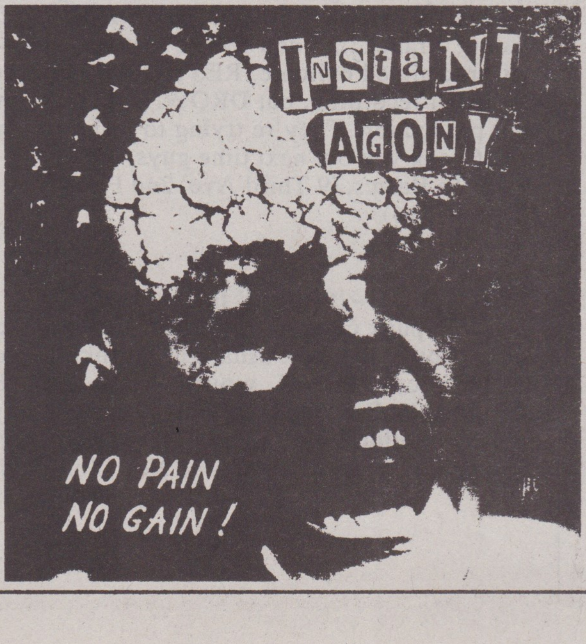

MUSIC REVIEWS

RESIN SCRAPER - "Ridin' on the Small Bus" LP

If I hear one more person say something about the small bus, I'm gonna..... Does everyone get together and decide what the cool key words for the year are? Why wasn't I invited to that meeting? I know I used to like RESIN SCRAPPER. I have a 7" that I think is great. This LP, however, just isn't doing it for me. It's like a watered-down version of later NEW BOMB TURKS. Even their cover of my favorite RADIO BIRDMAN song, "What Gives", falls flat and that song's got a great riff. I guess the whole thing just needs a little kick in the pants. (CK)

(Birdman Sound, 593-B Bank Street, Ottawa, ONT K1S 3T4, CANADA)

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We won't struggle for you – But we will struggle with you!
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RESIST AND EXIST - "Dare to Struggle—Dare to Win" EP

Every once in a while I come across a record that has so much enthusiasm put into it that one EP can't really do the band justice. This is one of those records, and one of those bands. Melodic sounding anarcho-punk music, in a CONFLICT kind of way, with both male and female lead vocals. There is an inclusion of an article that appeared in Profane Existence called "Abolish the White Punk!", which is so simplistic and reactionary that I wonder why a band capable of communicating much more themselves would include such a piece. The record however is strongly recommended. (JV)

(Spiral, 1916 Pike Place #12, Seattle WA 98101)

RESTRAIN/DROWNING - split EP

RESTRAIN hail from Queens. They definitely play NYHC style with plenty of dance floor breakdowns. BTB label is all about D.I.Y. and the record here is definitely low-fi, but it works. I give it a 5 out of 10. A good card to play in hopes of more to come. DROWNING hail from, check this out, France..... I don't write that very often. They play self proclaimed evilcore. RESTRAIN might do well with the low-fi recording, but DROWNING really need a more hi-fi production. They're trying to be heavy and it sounds thin. Check you out next time guys. (TG)

(Back Ta Basics,79 Third Ave. 2nd Floor, Patterson, New Jersey 07514)

ROAD RAGE - "Nothin' to Declare" CD

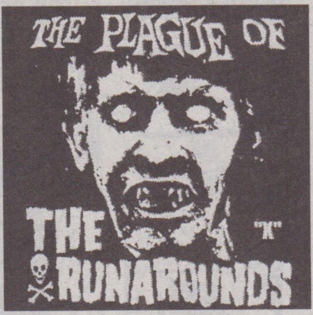
'77 punk complete with sing-along anthem cockney vocals. Songs about the usual stuff; drinking, drugs and sex-no politics here. I would book this band with ONE MAN ARMY and RANCID and stand way in back so my beer wouldn't get spilled in the melee. (DP)

(Radical, 77 Bleeker St #C2-21 New York, NY 10012)

RPG7 - "Macht" EP

The lyrics and additional printed information contained within the record sleeve are in German, but the images are political, though it's not entirely clear what position or ideology is being communicated. I'll assume that since they use words and terms like D.I.Y., community and no borders, that they are in the anarcho punk tradition which is also reflected in their style of music. Dissimilar to most of the German stuff I have been given to review here, RPG7 are more likely to pop up on a Skuld release than a Fat Wreck one. A decent hardcore record and worth purchasing if you can afford it. (JV)

($5: Christian "Willi" Gödschel, Kleine Fischerei 11, D-39240 Calbe, GERMANY)



RUNAROUNDS - "The Plague of... " EP

This record is awesome. It's got it all. The songs are short, fast and have good guitar solos that ain't noodly. The male and female vocalists kinda remind me of BLATZ, but musically they're more like a little faster CANDY SNATCHERS. Ahh, just go buy the damn thing. And hurry; there's only 500. (DP)

(No Budget, 105 Idol Drive, High Point, NC 27262)

SCARIES - "Over You" CD

A very strong power pop/pop punk full length a la the FIENDZ and early PARASITES. Lotta love tunes done right on this baby. Throw in a little ALL too, I suppose. Very catchy all the way through, this should be a hit with the pop folk. (RL)

(Fab Del Ray, PO Box 1174, Huntington, WV 25714)

78 RPM'S - "New World Chivalry" CD

(I'm getting in touch with my Mexican roots this month) ¡Yo soy boquiabierto! Maybe in my old age I've softened up a bit because this wasn't half as bad as I thought it was going to be, which surprised me. For those of you out there who aren't familiar with this band, it's comprised of ex-members of the dreadfully awful ska band SKANKIN' PICKLE. This is a lot more punk and a lot less obnoxious than PICKLE was. Not bad. (BM)

(Dill, PO Box 347388, San Francisco, CA 94134-7388)

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Bladder Bladder Bladder 7"

Some people think these guys are trying to be British, trying?? Those must be some damn good actors then!! This is the real deal, they just happen to live in the USA. Very authentic 77 UK Punk, similar to Clash, Cock Sparrer, Chelsea etc.

The DIMESTORE HALOES 7"

Boston's best kept secret or most hated band?? Some people don't get, oh well!! For those of you who do you'll enjoy this great 7" that is a nice mix of The Saints, Generation X & early Social D.!!!!

The BEE'S/PRIMITIVE ROLLERS 7"

Two L.A bands doing a nice blend of Thunders, NY Dolls, Stooges, Stones & all around good TRASHY Punk Rock n Roll!!!!

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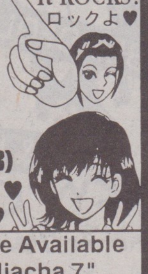
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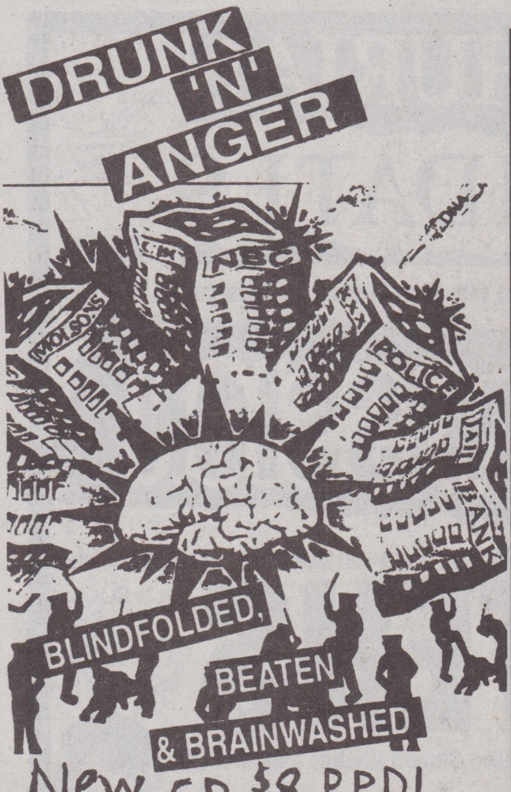

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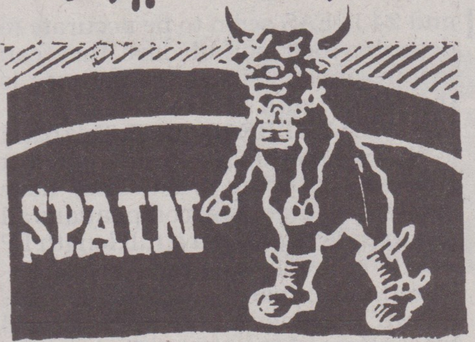


Hi everyone. My name is Uge. I'm running a record label/distro, a zine and putting up tours and gigs. I used to play in several bands. I felt the need to give some exposure to the Spanish hardcore/punk/DIY movement in MRR, since there's a lack of information about this country's scene around the world. In fact the real idea and motivation were all the letters and e-mails we receive from other countries asking about the Spanish scene. I thought releasing a report in this zine could supply these people, and at the same time this could give some credit to many people listed here. I'm talking about bands, labels, and zines. I'm forgetting some, sure, but I tried to focus on the people I think are representative of all the "sub-worlds" inside the scene. It's not only about my musical taste, I tried to be as complete as I can. I've not listed addresses so as to not take up too much space, but you can get any address via me, I'll reply to you for sure, or even re-send your letters/emails to these people. I've listed my personal activities at the end of the report which is enough for the ego trip ok? Hahaha. Thanx to the people releasing and reading this.

BANDS: ALL ILL: I've heard they're gonna split up. Hailing from Barcelona and singing in English, they started after the 24 IDEAS split up, and are heavily influenced by them. Later on they discovered power violence and got into it. SPAZZ, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, CROSSED OUT and INFEST could be heard coming from their homes everyday. They have a full length CD on B-Core. I've heard they want to release a 7" with SOUND POLLUTION before calling a day.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW: This is a new band from Madrid with excellent musicianship and a DIY attitude. They started playing in SxE bands, and are now opting for a less raging sound. They play emocore in English with heavy jazz influences. Recordwise it's boring, livewise I was told they fucking rip though. Seems to be a very solid band. A split CD is out.

BAD TASTE: Hailing from the Mallorcan islands (the fucking German colony in Spain) this band is very immersed in the squatting and political activism movement. They play raging old school punk as it used to be in '84 with CRUCIFIX or FINAL CONFLICT, sung in Spanish. They've got a full length LP recorded but unreleased as of yet.

DENAK: are a legend of Spanish grindcore. They've put out several records, tapes and compilations. Political lyrics and attitude are their style. They have just released a split 7" with another band from Madrid: HAEMORRHAGE. DENAK have their own label called **Upground**.

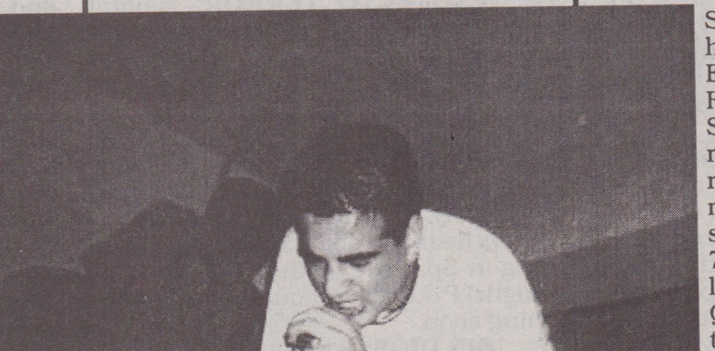
E-150: They're getting well known around. Pure hardcore energy from Barcelona, fresh and fast. Mix the late SEEIN RED with LOS CRUDOS, and add their own personality. They have two singers who sing in Spanish. They've got several records out: "La Rabia Justifica Los Medios" 7" (DIY Product), split 7" w/ IVICH (Stonehenge), split 7" w/ UNABOMBER (DIY Product + Don't Belong), tracks in different compilations/labels (Stonehenge, Heart In Hand, etc...), and more stuff to come. Their records are gonna be pressed in the USA through Lengua Armada.

EL CORAZON DEL SAPO: Attitude and lyrics-wise they resemble SIN DIOS, but the music performed by LOS SAPOS is much more melodic, but not losing any trace of power. They've got two LP's, a 7" and their last CD includes both LP's. They are very popular in the Spanish scene.

ESCUELA DE ODIO: Strong political hardcore heavily influenced by INTOLERANCE and AGNOSTIC FRONT. Their lyrics are in Spanish. They opted for a rawer sound on their new release, as their 7"s had too much metal in it. They've got several pro-copied tapes, two 7"s on Fragment and a full length CD "El Sueño de Los Que No Duermen" released this summer.

FREAKSHOW: It's a pity none of their records capture the intensity of their live performances. Recording-wise they sound pretty old school (MINOR THREAT is a good comparison), but live they remind quite a lot of ICONOCLAST or MEREL. Lately they have added much more intensity and speed to their songs. Several 7"s and split 7"s, several pro-copied tapes, and several compilations (both tape and record) are out, and I am waiting for their new release which is already around the corner.

HHH: They seem to be dead and gone quite some time ago, but the reality is that their records keep on being repressed. The last thing to come out is their side of the split LP w/ VITU'S DANCE remolded into a CD released by Rumble Records. I was told by their drummer they were putting out another LP on a French label, but it seems a year has passed now since that. It's the same with their first 7", which is taking ages to be finally repressed. HHH were one of the first Spanish hardcore bands, very resembling to LARM. Guess they need no introduction to most people reading this.



Scene reports

HOPEFUL: A New School hardcore band from Catalonia with English lyrics. They have a very powerful and technical sound, with a straight edge influence. A split CD is out.

I.A.F.: This is a band from Barcelona which had members who later on ended up in E-150, UNABOMBER, VIOLENT HEADACHE, and other Barcelonian bands. They play crust core with dual vocals in Spanish. They’ve got a split 7” w/ UNDERTHREAT from Brazil out on Crust Records and also a pro-copied tape. They should release some new stuff soon.

IDEM: 88 NYHC style seems to be quite popular in Spain when it comes to new bands. I haven’t been a follower of that since many years ago, but I have to admit there are really good bands in that vein. One of them could be IDEM, which have a full length CD out, including a JUDGE cover. They sing in English.

MANIFESTO: This band appears and disappears every now and then. You never know if they have split up or not. With great reviews around, it’s rumoured Ebullition wanted to release something from them. They play strong hardcore metal, faster on their later releases. You can tell they are very influenced by MANLIFTINGBANNER (mostly lyricswise, singing in Spanish). Some members of E-150 used to be/are in MANIFESTO. They’ve got a cassette, a 7” and two CD’s.

MG15: I guess this is the oldest Spanish band around. They started in the mid 80’s heavily influenced by DISCHARGE (I think their “Derecho a la Vida” EP is one of the best records in the history of HC punk, and in fact it is gonna be repressed by my label). They released some tapes and 7”s and became more metal influenced before they split up. Later on they returned with a new sound (not too much to do with punk anymore) but the same sort of political lyrics as before. They released a full length CD called “Clonycore” which compiled their new songs and the old goodies. Now they have returned to the old 80’s style and seem to be rocking again!!!

MILKHOUSE: This is a new band from Murcia. They’ve started not so long ago and they have just a cassette out, but I wanted to include them here since I was positively surprised with the first listening I gave to them. Their sound is fast ‘88 hardcore with strong female vocals, in English and Spanish- a band to watch out for!

OUTCRY: This is one of my fave Spanish bands, it’s a plus they are from my region. Nice people, excellent music and strong attitude. They have recorded music for a full length LP/CD (their first release after four years together) which is gonna be released by my label. Even though I consider them to have a strong personality when it comes to playing, some URANUS and MEREL references are unavoidable. I play the master tape everyday!!!

OWNFIGHT: INTEGRITY seems to heavily influence them, along with some NYHC licks now and then. They come from Valencia and have put out a full length CD.

PRAP’S: Bear a strong resemblance to ESCUELA DE ODIO, and on the same label. Their sound is ‘88 NYHC in the political vein. They’ve got a 7”, a 12” and a full length CD named “Utopia”.

PROYECTO TERROR: Hailing from Zaragoza and with a strong political speech, they play grinding crust with dual vocals in Spanish. They’ve got two split 7”s (with DENAK and VIOLENT HEADACHE). Guess they should release some more stuff soon.

PUAGH!!: Very much resembling SIN DIOS, in attitude, lyrics and music with strong political activity. They sing in Spanish. With a 7” and a full length LP out, they should record something soon.

SIN DIOS: For me SIN DIOS can be considered the best Spanish band nowadays (without discrediting all the others!!!). They have had almost ten years in the spotlight. SIN DIOS has a strong political message very influenced by the Spanish Civil War in the 30’s. They describe themselves as anarchist hardcore. Probably one of the few Spanish hardcore punk bands touring Europe and America (they’re touring Europe at the moment of writing this -September- and were proposed to do gigs in Mexico later on). They’ve got two LP’s (which later on were repressed into one CD) and their last release “Guerra a la Guerra” which is only available on CD and cassette. Fast music, strong vocals and with a wide space for variety. Their stronger songs can bring RIPCORD to mind. Nice people, nice attitude and nice music, can anyone ask for more?

SOWPLOT: Featuring some ex-24 IDEAS members, this band plays strong and powerful ‘88 hardcore. Their bass player is running a recording studio, where most of the hardcore bands are recording now, with excellent quality. They mix both English and Spanish and have a full length CD out.

UNABOMBER: Coming from Barcelona, UNABOMBER features ex- 24 IDEAS’ singer who sings in English. Evil music for evil creatures with a strong sense of humour and critical lyrics. ASSUCK, ACME, RORSCHACH and 24 IDEAS seem to be accurate to describe their sound. Live they can inspire anyone. Their only release is the split 7” with E-150.

VIOLENT HEADACHE: This band is the Spanish living legend when it comes to grinding crust. They have several 7”s, tapes and compilations all around the world and a full length LP which remains recorded and unreleased since many years ago for unknown reasons. Guess they should have released it sooner. Their members are immersed in hundreds (almost literally!) of band projects, too many to mention. They seem to be music-aholics.

VOICE OF HATE: Several years and this band has had not too much luck when it comes to releases, just some tapes. They were promised several 7”s but they haven’t arrived yet. One of them is gonna be out (supposedly) with the Japanese label DIY Records. They play crustcore in the vein of late DOOM (metallish guitars). Their political lyrics are sung both in English and Spanish. Their next release is gonna be a split 7” with the legendary MG15, which should be released by my label.

XMILK: Don’t know why this is the most expensive B-Core CD released lately. They play really technical and blistering 88 SxE hardcore. Some members are also in SHOREBREAK. They sing in English. Music for the new generations of Hardcore kids!

LABELS: AHC: They started some years ago with a small mail order distro. Now this couple from Zaragoza have become one of the most productive labels around. They have focused mainly on CD’s but released some pro-copied cassettes and the MANIFESTO 7”. They are mainly into straight edge HC and New School. Releases range from MANLIFTINGBANNER/BURN 51 split CD to the MANIFESTO’s discography CD. Their last release is a three way split CD featuring two new Spanish bands (HOPEFUL and A ROOM WITH A VIEW) and the omnipresent MANIFESTO.

Backside: It started not so long ago, new blood!!! Iván has released two CD’s in a very short period of time, it seems things are going OK for this label! They are releasing only CD’s from new Spanish bands focused in New School, HC, metal, and NYHC. IDEM and OWNFIGHT CD’s are getting great reviews around. They have a regular mail order list.

B-Core: is one of the oldest labels. It’s based in Barcelona, run by Jordi who used to play bass for the largely defunct 24 IDEAS. Very varied when it comes to sounds. It has produced some of the poppiest and some of the noisiest records in the Spanish scene. Some people think it's just a matter of money (producing records of the late fashion's subgenre), some others think it is all about Jordi's own very different likes. Dunno. True is that some of their records are really good, musicwise and artwork wise (Jordi is a graphic designer). Some of their last goodies are: ALL ILL CD, X-MILK's last CD, SOWPLOT CD, etc. A mail order list comes out regularly.

DIY Product: This is the label run by the E-150 people, mainly focused on their band's records, but lately they're gonna start releasing other bands. The E-150 + DARK SIDE OF THE SOUL split 7" and the EL VIDAL SONIDO CD are in the works. You can only expect good things from these mad folks!!!

xEnvyx: is a straight edge label devoted to releasing hardcore bands. For the moment they have just two demos out (of the now defunct band GROWING UP, where xCarlosx sang), but some CD's with VICTIMS OF SOCIETY, PN, REDEFINE, FATAL JUSTICE, EXASPERATE, LOVESTRESS, INDECISION are going to follow. This is based in my town and sometimes we put up gigs together and so on. A regular mail order list is put out.

Fragment: Based in Burgos, Juanji is running (not ruining) it. He used to sing for ALARMA SOCIAL, a now defunct band which left a full length 7", a split 7" with FREAKSHOW and a 12". He's releasing mainly pro-copied cassettes and some CD's, but not too much vinyl, mainly focused on old school NY hardcore. He also releases a mail order list several times a year. Some of the last releases he's put out: ESCUELA DE ODIO CD and 7", MILKHOUSE CD, FRAGMENT X CD, etc.

Heart In Hand: Based in Madrid, the people from A ROOM WITH A VIEW are responsible for this label that was just started. Their second release came out recently, a solid one. It's the REFRAINING (RIP) CD. A label pretty immersed in New School, Old School SxE and emocore. A Spanish hardcore compilation CD should be out when this report gets released. Watch out for it!

Idiotización Colectiva: This couple from Sevilla are releasing vinyl after a period of some pro-copied tapes. Their last stuff is the coproduction of the new PEACE OF MIND LP and the split 7" ALCATRAZ + EVERSOR. They are growing and growing wit a mail order list every now and then.

La Vida Es Un Mus: It started as a distro. Then this lovely couple from Granada went to the UK (where they're currently living, working and studying there). They have become my copartners there, and we're releasing some stuff together. For the moment they have quite a lot of copies of the LOS CRUDOS LP I have released.

Mala Raza: They're an anarchopunk label from Zaragoza, pretty active in the political side of punk. Focused mainly on local bands, they give space to different hardcore punk subgenres such as melodic, grind, crusty, etc. Some of their last records include: EL CORAZON DEL SAPO's last LP/CD, PROYECTO TERROR and VIOLENT HEADACHE split 7", PARASITOS new LP/CD, etc. Their artwork is excellent most of the time, cyberpunx unite and fight!!! Their mail order list comes out about twice a year.

Potencial HC: A well established label from Madrid. Even though they have released almost anything (including some real heavy metal bands and ska/oi! stuff) they're releasing good stuff lately, SIN DIOS above all. They've got a record/comix shop. The label is mainly focused on Spanish language bands, mostly into old school punk and hardcore. Their releases are mostly pro-copied cassettes and CD's. Some of their last releases include: SIN DIOS (both CD's), KAUSA DE ALARMA CD, etc.

Pozoin Banaketak: It's a Basquian label releasing mainly Basquian bands. They have a quite varied scope when it comes to musical style. I guess the common nexus of the bands they release is not the music but the attitude. Giving priority to pro-copied cassettes. Bands they have released lately include: BLINDED (thrash), TIERRA DE NADIE (in the vein of JINGO DE LUNCH), MUNSTERLAND (7" and LP out, HUSKER DU style). They release every now and then a thick mail order list, with some "not-so-alternative" stuff on it. Not bad prices though!

Tralla: is an old label based in Barcelona. They run a shop. They started a long time ago releasing Spanish street-rock and punk rock bands. Now they have added new people and are releasing more HC oriented stuff. Their last release is a compilation CD named "Under Your Influence" which features the most relevant bands from all the American labels they're distributing (Vermiform, Dr. Strange, Alternative Tentacles, Allied, Lookout and Jade Tree). Not my cup of tea (except for Vermiform) but I guess it will get many new people started on the "real" scene.

Sour Grapes: It's a label from Málaga, with the FREAKSHOW people behind that. Most of their band's records have came out thru this label. They're preparing new stuff now. A mail order list is issued regularly.

Victimas Del Progreso / Fobia: They're two different labels which used to be the same some years ago. Now they work separately but under the same warehouse/shop in Madrid. Even though I know absolutely nothing of the releases from them for quite some time I wanted them to be here since they have done quite a lot for the Spanish DIY anarcho-punk movement. They released the first 7"s of some bands I played with (INTOLERANCE and STRANGIS GUAJES) and organized some of the first Spanish tours for foreign bands such as ACTIVE MINDS, OI POLLOI and many others. They focus mainly on releasing vinyl and giving a lot of encouragement to new Spanish bands by releasing their first records. They also run an Animal Liberation collective. I guess they haven't released any new records lately, mainly repressing their old stuff, which includes really important Spanish bands such as: RUIDO DE RABIA, SIN DIOS, TARZAN, HHH, PRAP'S, etc.

the dents
EXIT

ZINES: There are plenty of zines around Spain, and they are all written in Spanish. So I thought about reviewing only the ones you can read in English since they should be the most appealing to you non-Spanish speakers.

Heartcore: It has 5 issues out, but it's not too regular when it comes out (the last issue took up to two years). Heavily emotional and personal, but it is always a good read. The last issue comes with an interview from Jose Palafox, Take Back The Night collective and many more. I guess $1 plus postage should be ok.

Antipoder and ***Love & Flowers***: I've been doing *Antipoder* zine since '93 (9 issues out) and Fidel has been running *L&F* since '94 (4 issues out). As we both live in the same town and felt the necessity to spread our thoughts outside our Spanish scene we decided to split the zines together and write it 50% English/Spanish. The first tandem issue was released in December '97. Now the next issue is gonna be released before the end of '98. It will come along with a 7" of the bands interviewed, and maybe we'll print 2000 copies instead of 1000.

Don't Belong. Now comes my part. Don't Belong is a label devoted simply to releasing bands I like, I don't mind what sub-genre they're in, just if I like their music, attitude and lyrics and know them. I'm also releasing local bands, which I think is the essence of the DIY attitude. My releases are: Vol. 01- ZERO POSITIVES "Last Contribution" 7" (sold out), Vol. 02- ACTIVE MINDS "I'm not a Tourist" 7" (repressed), Vol. 03- ACTIVE MINDS + PETROGRAD split LP, Vol. 04- BAD TASTE debut LP (not out yet), Vol. 05- E-150 + UNABOMBER (second pressing out now), Vol. 06- LOS CRUDOS "1991-1995 Los Primeros Gritos" LP (out now), and Vol. 07- OUTCRY debut LP/CD (nearly finished). Next releases include: HELL IS NEAR a tribute to HIATUS LP (in the works), RUIDO DE RABIA + ULTIMO GOBIERNO split LP repress, MG-15 "Derecho a la Vida" 7" repress, E-150 + DARK SIDE OF SOUL split 7", and INTOLERANCE discography CD + Book.

If anyone is interested in trading or getting copies of the stuff, just contact me. I'm releasing a bimonthly mail order list which is sent for free to anyone interested. Feel free to ask, I guess I am the best resource to get up-to-date info on the Spanish scene. I also organize gigs and whole Spanish tours for foreign bands. Part of the international European DIY conspiracy I'd say!!! Contact me for anything related to our scene, I'll glad to get back to you. Uge: Don't Belong, PO Box 8035, 33200 Xixón, Spain. Belong@netcom.es.

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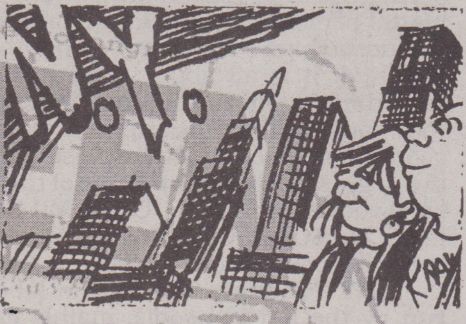


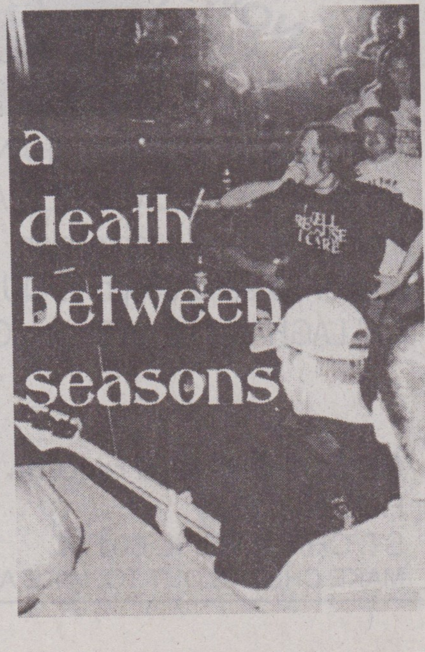
Report from "So Fuckin' Wh@t?" in Rochester, NY.... This is just a small report on what's been happening in our area in the past couple of months since we've been here, basically just to let other punks/anarchists know that we are here and we want some contact from other people who are also active or whatnot...

The biggest thing to happen lately is that some friends and fellow anarchists have formed a **Food Not Bombs** here. They've just served their first couple of meals and are hoping to keep it alive throughout the winter months, which are pretty brutal most of the time. They've only got maybe seven or eight people and transportation has been a problem, but for the most part things have been successful, people have been talking about it a lot, and we hope many more join in the work they are doing. Another big thing is the (hopeful) forming of an **A.P.F.** contact here. We are a group of active anarchists within the punk/HC scene, and we recently did a successful McDonald protest and are planning other protests/demos in the coming months. There's also the **Anarchist Action Rochester** (AAR) group which is a support group for the Zapatistas in Chiapas among other things such as trying to start **Radio Free Rochester** (RFR). There's also a new **ARA** here, and hopefully that will do fairly better than its predecessor which failed pretty miserably. They've done a few benefit shows and even though they only raised about $50 they are still hoping for the best. Over in our neighboring city, Buffalo, Sean Lambert is hoping to form a prisoner support group like the ABCF

or Raze the Walls, but with his own ideas mixed in as well.

Bandwise things have been a little down lately with **THE END** and **THE DENTS** both taking breaks for a while, but here's some info on them plus some other noteworthy groups. THE END play a style sort of crusty with some pogo punk mixed in. They've been compared to FILTH, DISCHARGE and the like. They are planning to put out a 7" before they all die. **THE DENTS** are another mainstay with musical styling that brings to mind 80's SoCal meets DCHC with NYC pogo added to that. They believe in following no one but themselves and hope to play near you soon. **THE VIOLENT BASTARDS** are the youngest punk band here with the average age being 16 or so. They like stuff like SUBHUMANS, VARUKERS, CONFLICT, CASUALTIES and the like and are still in school. (except Paddy). **A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS** are a hardcore band that mix various styles that include crust, grind, metal, crunch and pretty much anything else except ska. Add to that the three singers and poetic lyrics and you have one hell of a band. **J DOG** is a one man noise project that is just noise and screaming over top of it. If you like listening to ANAL CUNT, but without the music, you'd like this I'd say.

There are a few notable zines here as well. ***So Fuckin' What?*** is an anarchist zine put out by me $pindle and Emily my womyn, and the focus is on punk politics and anarchism as well as band interviews of different types of bands, ranging from locals bands that are doing good things to out-of-town bands like STRATFORD MERCENARIES etc, etc. They also hope to start doing protests here so send any info on how to do it and get away with it you may have (thanks). ***What The Fuck?*** is written by Rev.SIN from THE END and is basically a forum for his ranting and drawings as well as lots of other tidbits tossed in too. ***The Right Path*** is a hardcore fanzine that has articles on various stuff going on here, bands, graffiti and rap reviews, a very weird mix, and not to be missed either. The editor is working on doing a protest at McDonalds this October along with members of FNB, AAR, and SFW? ***Your Not Normal*** is a Buffalo political/ anarchist zine very much like SFW? and has lots of stuff on anarchism, politics, squatting and noise and punk bands as well. I'm going to be interviewed for #8 it looks like so check that out. ***Conspiracy Theory*** is a funny punk HC/veggie zine with the emphasis on the funny.



Sean Lambert also does a very huge tape distro, **YNN Tapes,** of mostly noise and HC/punk tapes so if you're into self-produced mayhem you should check that out. **Blaterskyte Noise** is a HC tape label run by Josh of the *Right Path* zine. SFW? is also working on a couple of tapes right now, but nothing is definite as of yet.

Among other things we hope to start having communication with the scene outside of our immediate area. If you are interested in any of these things above feel free to write to them for more info. Communicate!! GET ACTIVE!

FNB's: (716) 271-8864/ 72 Edmonds St., Roch, NY 14607.

SO FUCKIN' WHAT?

ANARCHO-PUNK ISNT DEAD

Anarchist Action: P.O. Box 39618 Roch, NY 14604.
ARA Rochester: P.O. Box 588 Webster, NY 14580.
So Fuckin' What? (local contact for APF): 253 Alexander St. Apt# 322, Roch, NY 14607.
YNN Zine and Tapes: c/o Sean Lambert 2835 Delaware Ave. Apt. #1 Kenmore, NY 14217.
THE END: c/o So Fuckin What?
THE DENTS: 1130 Woodbrige Ln. Webster, NY 14580.
VIOLENT BASTARDS: 74 E. Main St. Webster, NY 14580.
A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS: c/o Paul 1750 Empire Blvd. Webster, NY 14580. What the Fuck? c/o So Fuckin' What?
Conspiracy Theory: 1490 Highland Ave. Roch, NY 14618-1141.
The Right Path/ Blaterskyte Noise: 49 Wilcox St. Roch, NY 14607.

You can also check out the Rochester punk web page at http://www.geocities.com/sunsetstrip/venue/8754/index.html.

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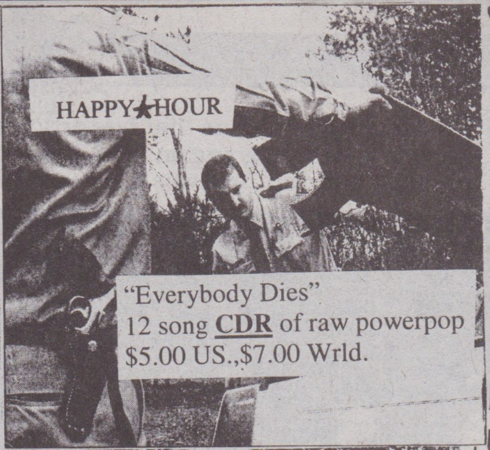

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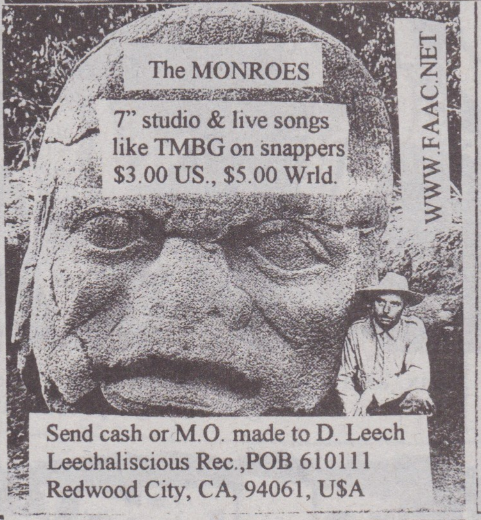

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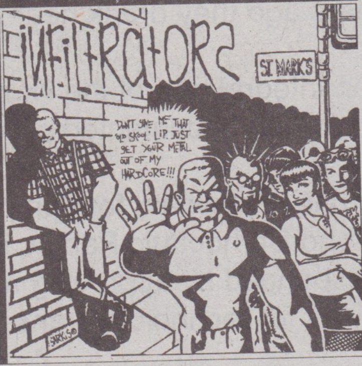
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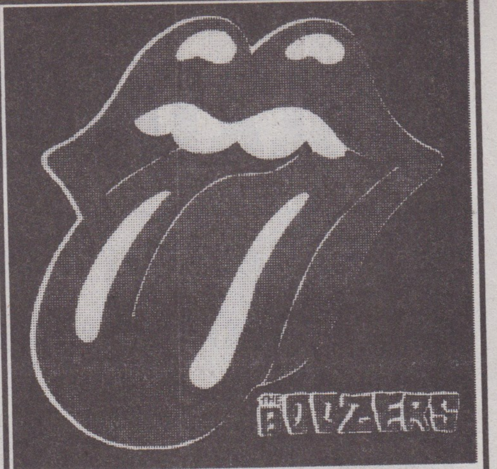

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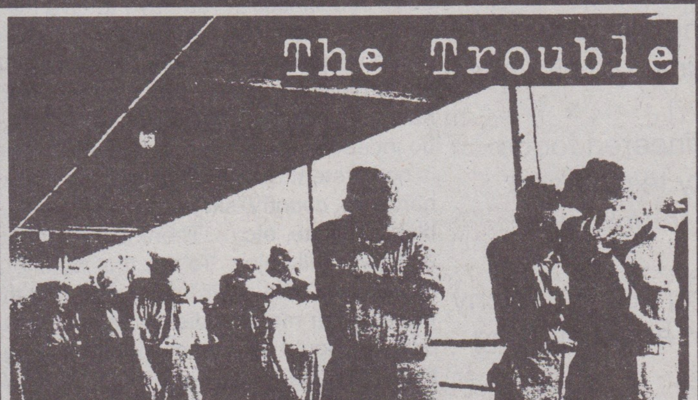

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL NEWS

MULTINATIONAL MONITOR'S TEN WORST CORPORATIONS OF 1998 ARE:

* Chevron, for continuing to do business with a brutal dictatorship in Nigeria and for alleged complicity in the killing of civilian protesters.

* Coca-Cola, for hooking America's kids on sugar and soda water. Today, teenage boys and girls drink twice as much soda pop as milk, whereas 20 years ago they drank nearly twice as much milk as soda.

* General Motors, for becoming an integral part of the Nazi war machine, and then years later, when documented proof emerges, denying it.

* Loral and its chief executive Bernard Schwartz, for dumping $2.2 million into Clinton/Gore and Democratic Party coffers. The Clinton administration responded by approving a human rights waiver to clear the way for technology transfers to China.

* Mobil, for supporting the Indonesian military in crushing an indigenous uprising in Aceh Province and allegedly allowing the military to use company machinery to dig mass graves.

* Monsanto, for introducing genetically engineered foods into the foodstream without adequate safety testing and without labeling, thus exposing consumers to unknown risks.

* Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines, for pleading guilty to felony crimes for dumping oil in the Atlantic Ocean and then lying to the Coast Guard about it.

* Unocal, for engaging in numerous acts of pollution and law violations, to such a degree that citizens in California petitioned the state's attorney general to revoke the company's charter.

* Wal-Mart, for crushing small town America, for paying low, low wages (a huge percentage of Wal-Mart workers are eligible for food stamps), for using Asian child labor and for homogenizing the population; and last, but not least,

* Warner-Lambert, for marketing a hazardous diabetes drug, Rezulin, which has been linked to at least 33 deaths due to liver injuries.

WHITE POWER MUSIC AND GOOD CAPITALISTS

Note: This is part of a contribution sent to us, via email, here at MRR. I think that the intention of the sender was to cause in us a knee-jerk reaction of sorts, which might of led to a war of words between ourselves and Record Breakers. Instead, we have chosen to print the contribution and let you determine it's fate.

Record Breakers, a record/cd store in Hoffman Estates, IL, has a rather large section of white power music. More importantly, however, they are selling new cds, not used, and hard-to-find vinyl. In other words, they are buying directly from nazi labels; they are financing organized racism.
CALL AND ASK THEM TO REMOVE THE STOCK. Their phone number is 847-359-7544. For more info call the N.A.R.A. hotline! 312-661-9069.

RESPONSE FROM RECORD BREAKERS:

One question: Do you know what it takes to keep a store in business? You have to give the customer what the customer wants, be it something you agree with or not. Record Breakers tries it's hardest to have an eclectic selection of music, discriminating against no ones tastes. So the fact that we do indeed stock white power music and magazines is no different than the fact that we stock rap, punk, hardcore, country, ska, emo, rock, metal, funk, jazz, blues, reggae, etc. . . There is no one music that everyone will enjoy. To say that we should be boycotted and "shut down" due to the fact that we sell white power merchandise is as ludicrous as saying that we should be shut down for carrying any artist that sings against any one thing. Now, don't get me wrong. . . I am in no way saying that Record Breakers condones white power merchandise, I am merely stating that Record Breakers tries its best to stock everything there is a demand for. Record Breakers has been open for 10 years and running now. I highly doubt that some kid hiding behind his computer and false identities on the phone is going to do much damage to the amount of customers who support the store. Over the ten years in business the owners have established many close bonds with all of the distributors. I don't think those bonds will be easily broken by a small group of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

APRIL 1999

BEYOND AND BACK

NOAM CHOMSKY: THE HYPOCRISY OF IT ALL

By Noam Chomsky

Bill Clinton's claim that "Human rights" has become "the soul of our foreign policy" is a transparent fraud, obviously designed to restore discipline and obedience after the Vietnam war, and accepted as legitimate, indeed holy, by virtually the entire Western intellectual class. The generally accepted human rights standard is the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (UD), considered 'customary international law' in US Courts. But contrary to much rhetoric, the US takes a highly relativist stand concerning the UD: even formally, it upholds only 'certain rights' of those enumerated.

The US has rejected the UN Declaration on the Right to Development, which upholds "the right of individuals, groups, and peoples to participate in, contribute to, and enjoy continuous economic, social, cultural and political development, in which all human rights and fundamental freedoms can be fully realized." These are not rights, Washington's ambassador informed the UN Commission on Human Rights: the proposals "seem preposterous" and even "a dangerous incitement." The US alone vetoed the Declaration, thus effectively rescinding Article 25 of the UD, which spells out these rights. And indeed, US practices are sharply inconsistent with the social economic provisions of the UD.

In fact, the US officially exempts itself from all provisions of the UD by refusing to sign the enabling conventions designed to implement these provisions. The Convention on the Rights of the Child, for example, has been ratified by all countries apart from the US and Somalia. What is more, the few conventions that have been ratified are deemed inapplicable in the US. That is no small matter: Human Rights organizations have repeatedly pointed out that US criminal justice and penal practices are in violation of international conventions, as are many of its labor practices.

The US also rejects Article 14 of the UD, which declares that "Everyone has the right to seek and to enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution." Again the rationale of the US stance is easy to see. To mention only one case, for 20 years the US has virtually blockaded Haiti, forcing fleeing refugees back to the hands of brutal torturers and murderers, who were generally backed, openly or tacitly, by Washington.

According to Lars Schoultz, the leading academic specialist on the US and human rights in Latin America, US aid "has tended to flow disproportionately to Latin American governments which torture their citizens, [...] to the hemisphere's relatively egregious violators of fundamental human rights." The same pattern continues under Clinton: the leading recipient of US military aid and training is Colombia, where the military and its paramilitary associates are compiling a shocking human rights record, the worst in the hemisphere.

Further afield, the US (along with the UK and others) supported Saddam Hussein with enthusiasm throughout his worst atrocities, only turning against him when he disobeyed orders -- and then supporting him again as he slaughtered rebelling Shi'ites immediately after the Gulf War. In Indonesia, Suharto came to power in 1965 with the massacre of hundreds of thousands of people, mostly landless peasants, a "staggering mass slaughter" in the words of the New York Times, which went on to praise the "moderates" who had brought about this "gleam of light in Asia", thus joining in the applause that resounded across the political spectrum for the worst massacre since the Holocaust.

This is only the tip of the iceberg. It makes good sense for people to demand and struggle for the rights that are officially proclaimed, and typically used by the powerful as a weapon against others. They should do so, however, without illusions about power systems and those who serve them.

STATEMENT BY LEONARD PELTIER

FOR FEBRUARY, 1999

GREETINGS FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS,

On this day my spirit continues to remain hopeful and my heart strong knowing that we are right in our struggle for my freedom and the liberation of my people. I want to thank you for your work and for the sacrifices you have made on my behalf. Twenty-three years is a very long time and I sometimes grow tired and frustrated but it is thanks to you that I do not give up. I know that in unity and in solidarity we will be successful and that one day we will work side by side in the struggle for liberation and justice for all First Nations Peoples-for all oppressed peoples.

It is among yourselves and within your communities that you have real power. You have the power to talk to one another and break down the isolation created by the dominant culture that fears you realizing your potential to stand together in unity. Despite the suffering I feel and the torturous years of imprisonment that I have endured, deep down I have no regrets in fighting for my people-in fighting for what is right. It is out of urgent necessity and with strong conviction that we must speak out and organize against forces that want to enslave us, rob us of our humanity and separate us from each other and from the Earth.

I am told that the pressure being put on the Canadian Minister of Justice, Anne Mc Clellan to release the report on my extradition is having an affect. This is just another example of how in unity, we can be successful. But, we must continue our work and we must continue this work in unity and with respect and tolerance of one another.

I hope that many of you will be able to attend the conference this June and that meanwhile you will continue your activities. The recently gained freedom of Wolverine, Geronimo Ji Jaga Pratt, and the Irish Nationalist H-Block 3 prisoners is proof that we too can and will prevail. Again, I thank you for your work and I am moved by the intensity of activity on my behalf on this day.

IN THE SPIRIT OF CRAZY HORSE,

LEONARD PELTIER

MAXIMUMRHR@MINDSPRING.COM

ATTENTION: JAY UNIDOS

MAXIMUMFUCKIN'ROCKNROLL NEWS

CANUCK PIGS!

Note: This story is a contribution which is something we rely on here at MRR News, so get off your lonesome ass and join us!

In the summer of 1998 there was an anti-APEC protest in Vancouver BC. The protest and protesters were in a very small area and conducting a very controlled demonstration when police used pepper spray to end things. They were ordered to do so by the Primeminister of Canada.

In November of 98 protesters were outside of a hotel where the Primeminister was giving a speech to an audience of people who had paid in the neighborhood of $500 for the opportunity to be there. All hell broke loose, and the cops who should have been able to control the protesters without using force decided instead to use their night sticks.

Since the new year, police and the justice system have been fighting crime by striping supposed drug dealers of belongings and banishing them from the city. On January 4, 1999 in Abbotsford, cops once again went out of control at a party thrown by local youths. The cops opened fire, killing one of the youth's dog while some 13 kids watched in horror. Four people were arrested for throwing the party, though only one actually lived in at the house where it took place.

The pigs in BC are very violent and abide by their own set of fascist rules. Cops are like this in many places, and something must be done now!

PETER KOPP J

REACT AND HELP TO PRESERVE OUR COMMUNITY

YOU MIGHT OF NOTICED THAT IN THE LAST ISSUE OF MRR THERE WERE SEVERAL COLUMNS THAT MENTIONED THE GILMAN STREET PROJECT, AND THE LATEST ATTEMPTS TO CLOSE IT DOWN. THE INSTIGATORS OF THIS ACTION WERE A NEIGHBORING HI-TECH FIRM CALLED DICON FIBEROPTICS, AND THE BERKELEY CITY COUNCIL (WENDY COSIN) WHO CONTINUE TO THIS DAY TO INSIST ON UNREALISTIC AND IGNORANT COMPROMISES ON THE PART OF THE CLUB. DO YOURSELF AND EVERYONE A FAVOR BY CHECKING OUT THE GILMAN STREET WEBSITE AT **WWW.GILMAN.ORG** FOR THE LATEST UPDATES, AND WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP!

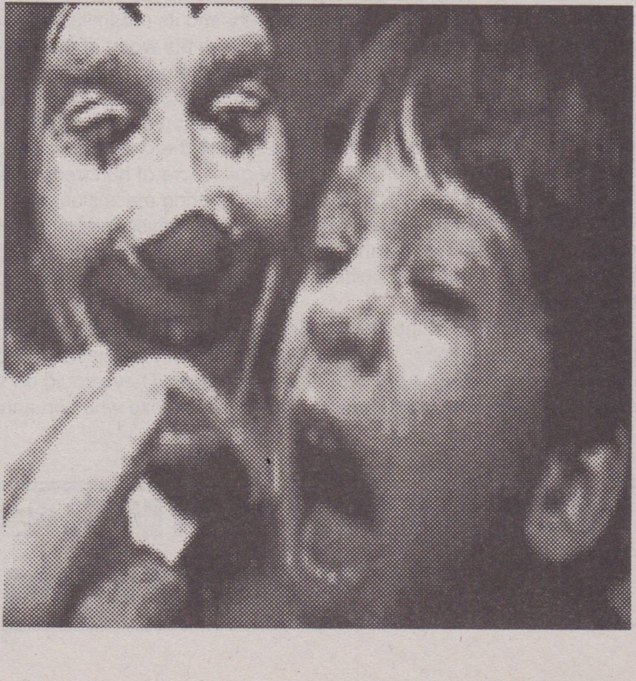
I RECENTLY RECEIVED A LETTER FROM A VOLUNTEER AT ABC NO RIO THAT EXPLAINED THAT ONLY $44,000 OF THE $180,00 NEEDED TO SAVE THE ALLEGES CLUB/ART SPACE/ZINE LIBRARY/ETC. HAS BEEN RAISED. WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT PUNK ROCKERS?!? HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN MENTIONED IN THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE AND OTHERS? IF EVERYONE OF YOU HAD BEEN SENDING THE EQUIVALENT OF WHAT YOU SPEND ON ZINES AND RECORDS FOR ONE MONTH, THEN THIS ISSUE MIGHT BE RESOLVED BY NOW. STOP BEING A BUNCH OF FUCKING POSEURS AND SEND (OR RAISE) SOME CASH TO :

ABC NO RIO, 156 RIVINGTON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10002.

RECORD BREAKERS, CONT'D FROM PAGE 1

people hoping to boycott. If you strongly disagree with what we sell, don't come to the store. That's fine. There are many other stores around that you can buy your cds and merchandise from. The thing is though, when people go shopping for themselves, they look for what they want to buy. They don't look for what they don't want. So the fact that we stock white power music should have no effect on customers buying their music. The white power people come in and buy their magazines and cds, they're paying for what they want. Just as other customers come in and pay for what they want. Why waste your time and energy searching for something that might upset you? It's not like there is a display set up or a section for white power music. It's in stock, as any other cd is. I can assure all of you that no one on the staff at Record Breakers is in any way racist or white power affiliated. In fact, I made it a point to put an ARA sticker right next to the cash register. So I really appreciate the fact that I support your organization, yet you try and shut my work place down. If you are really serious about this and feel the need to confront us, do it in a way that we will be able to justify ourselves and explain the situation. Anyone with any questions, feel free to call. Again, the number is (847) 359-7544. Thank you for your time.

Katy Pishko
Record Breakers



NOTORIOUS
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FRI

LONDON 121 ANARCHIST CENTRE UNDER IMMINENT THREAT OF EVICTION

Dear Friends,

The 121 anarchist Centre, located in Brixton, London, UK is under direct and immediate threat of eviction! Squatted for 18 years the centre has asserted a radical presence in London providing services to the community and serving literally 1000s of people in its time. Groups who have been housed or resourced by the centre at different points have included Bad Attitude Feminist Magazine, anti-Poll Tax groups, Crowbar magazine, Earth First!, Black Flag, Brixton Squatters Aid, Brixton Against the JSA Group, Dead by Dawn, Direct Action Movement, Miners Support Groups, Anti Criminal Justice Bill Group, Brixton Hunt Saboteurs, Contraflow, Anarchist Black Cross, Fare Dodgers Alliance, Anarquist Queer Group and many others. Hundreds of meetings, concerts, benefits and cafe nights have been held on the premises. Currently the centre houses a resource space, meeting space, radical bookshop, library, cafe and printing facilities, all of which are used by local and London based squatter, feminist, autonomist, socialist, queer and animal rights groups.

Local and international support was instrumental in preventing the Centre's eviction during the 1980s. At this time the Lambeth Council was threatened with boycotts and direct action and actions were held internationally at embassies and British businesses. If you have ever visited or been a user of the centre or merely support its aim of providing a grass roots, radical alternative for people in London then now is the time to act. We need to bombard Brixton Councillors and the Brixton Challenge (local gentrification bureaucrats) with e-mails and faxes stating that we oppose the eviction and that we support the centre. We also need you to spread this information. Other forms of action are of course also welcome. To send direct support to the center write to: 121 c/o 121 Railton Rd, Brixton, SE24. Phone 0171-274-6655 Fax 0171-326-0353 Email- carolyn121@hotmail.com

Thank you, The International Friends of 121
Email- friendsof121@hotmail.com

CALENDAR

THE LEONARD PELTIER ORGANIZING CONFERENCE

Sponsored by the Leonard Peltier Defense Committee
June 25, 26, and 27, 1999
Lawrence, Kansas

WHY AN ORGANIZING CONFERENCE?

Leonard Peltier has been in prison for 23 years. Over the years amazing accomplishments have been made which have helped to educate many about his case, expose his innocence, build support, and to most importantly, keep him alive. But, astonishingly, we have not yet gained his freedom. Twenty-three years is a long time and over the years activity around his case has fallen and risen. The government has shown us that they in no way intend to simply do the right thing and let Leonard out. It is obvious that at this point we need to be better organized and dedicated to his freedom (which stands for our own freedom) which can only be obtained by a massive collective effort of the people. Now is a time for unity. Over the years people have had many ideas and strategies on how Leonard's freedom could be obtained. Often times conflicts arise as to what kind of activity is appropriate. All strategies that we plan must be known and okayed by Leonard and we must all work on the same page. We feel that we must encourage everyone to do what they do best and we must work on every possible level simultaneously--from grass roots to lobbying to legal strategies. We want everyone who attends this conference to go home better prepared to organize with a feeling of renewed dedication and unity.

For a Registration
Form Send a S.A.S.E. to:
LEONARD PELTIER DEFENSE COMMITTEE
PO Box 583 • Lawrence, KS 66044 • 785-842-5774 < lpdc@idir.net >
http://members.xoom.com/freepeltier/index.html

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OLD BARN PUNK FEST 1999
In Jim Falls, WI, August 6, 7, & 8!! Contact: Mandy c/o PO BOX 8722,
Minneapolis, MN 55408. (612)824-3344)

COW BONE GRINDS COURTESY OF KODAK

The stench of death rises from 16-foot-high piles of cow bones chopped up into popcorn-size nuggets. Frank T. Angelakis, perched on a catwalk, grabs a fistful, rubs the pieces between his fingers and grimaces.

"Not the best stuff," Mr. Angelakis says. "It's hard enough. Not porous. But feels greasy."

This place of decay is actually part of Eastman Kodak Co., which quietly turns the stuff of marrow into memories. Here, Mr. Angelakis is known as the Bone Man. Or Bonehead. His real title is bone-quality coordinator, and he is in charge of making sure everything is rock solid with the 80 million pounds of bovine skeleton that Kodak buys annually from slaughterhouses. The company turns the bones into gelatin used to manufacture film.

Who knew that bones were used in film? "I hadn't a clue," says Paula Lerner, a professional photographer in Boston.

It's unusual that such a plant could continue to exist at Kodak which, like many firms, has learned to contract out functions that aren't a picture-perfect fit. Already, Kodak has farmed out its cafeteria and plant-security operations, and

S.O.S.
SAVE OUR SCENE

KODAK CUTS DOWN COW CORPSES - CONT'D FROM PAGE 4

may do the same with its painting and sheet-metal divisions. The company has also seriously considered selling the bone works, known as Eastman Gelatine Corp. To survive, the ivy-covered plant is learning to cut costs as close to the bone as possible.

"This is probably the biggest leadership challenge I've had," says Eastman Gelatine's general manager, Wayne C. Jones. "We've scratched and clawed for pennies." Kodak is requiring plant management to find double-digit cost savings annually, which it did-barely-with a 10% cut last year. About 20% of its work force, or 50 people, have been laid off. Overall, Kodak has eliminated more than 10,000 employees and slashed about $730 million in costs to be more competitive and improve the bottom line. But pressure is on to slay more. Last week, the company's stock slid when it's fourth-quarter earnings fell short of expectations.

When the slaughterhouse deliveries arrive by rail in Peabody, the bone chips click along a conveyor belt to bubbling vats of hydrochloric acid. There, the bone percolates for a week to remove calcium and phosphate minerals, which are solid as feed and fertilizer. It is then soaked in a murky lime solution for about eight weeks, where it liquifies and is pumped through a series of water tanks and filters, transforming into a syrupy state before it is cooled, like Jell-O in the refrigerator. Then it is dried, ground into a powder and trucked to Kodak headquarters, where it is mixed with other chemicals to create a photosensitive emulsion on strips of film.

Reprinted from an article that originally appeared in the ~~Wall Street Journal~~ Ball Sweat Urinal. Edited for space. Contributed by the MRR Scene Coordinator, thanks Jenn!

SAN FRANCISCO FOOD NOT BOMBS IS IN NEED OF HELP!

We serve 9 meals a week - two lunches on Mondays at 16th & Mission and at Haight & Stanyan and dinner every night at United Nations Plaza around 6:30pm. We have recently lost most of our volunteer cookhouses (4 of um) - where we cook and prepare our meals in people's homes. We lost one cookhouse recently due to an owner move-in eviction. We are also in great need of more people to help with transporting, cooking and serving food - as well as people interested in wheat-pasting flyers, leafletting, going to protests and serving free food, doing artwork for literature, and helping make radical social change.

Food Not Bombs is dedicated to social change through non-violent direct action and community activism. We use consensus decision making and strive to confront inequality and abusive power and work to build community and greater cooperation through radical politics. We serve vegetarian food (our soup is always vegan) at our regular community meals as well as at rallies, protests, activist conferences (like Critical Resistance) and other community events. We need your help:

* We need people to drive or bicycle food donations to FNB cookhouses and down to the servings.
* We need COOKHOUSES - essentially a cookhouse requires at least one person from the house taking a good amount of responsibility for cooking and getting the meal together (there are good people to go through the process with you and hopefully help out). We need people who want to do a cookhouse for Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays - it could be every week or every other week.
* We need help serving the food at our community meals.
* We need people to help cook!!!

Our meetings are every Thursday Night at the Epicenter Zone 475 Valencia St @16th at 8pm - our voicemail # is 415.292.3235.

It would truly help, especially as the city of SF continues to use police sweeps against people who are homeless and more and more people are being evicted from higher and higher rents while the wage of most jobs gets increasingly smaller. Thanks for your time and good luck.

compost capitalism, chris crass
an organizer with Food Not Bombs
email crass@sfsu.edu

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL NEWS

THIRSTY EAR TO RELEASE MUSIC BY VIVALDI PERFORMED BY EX-SLAYER DRUMMER DAVE LOMBARDO AND RENOWNED CLASSICAL MUSICIANS

Vivaldi: The Meeting by Lorenzo Arruga, Dave Lombardo, and Friends, is a special recording that challenges existing notions of musical boundaries.

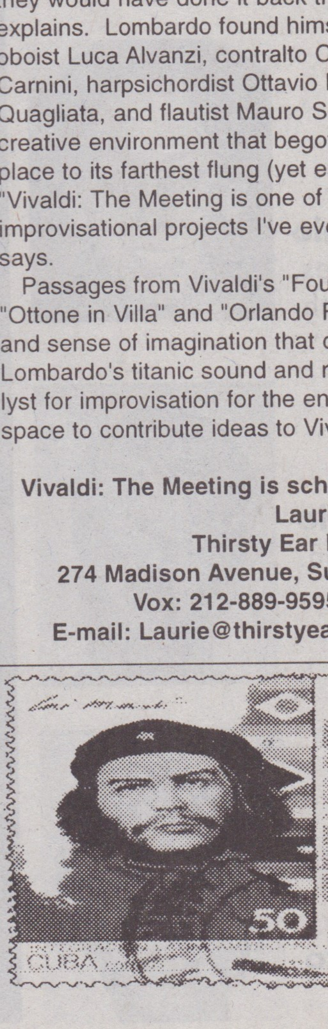
Dave Lombardo, presently drumming with Grip Inc. (and formerly Slayer), accepted an invitation in August 1998 to team up with noted writer and conductor Lorenzo Arruga to examine a seven-song suite by the great classical composer Antonio Vivaldi. With a loving respect for the original pieces while improvising in the baroque spirit of Vivaldi's time, these musicians have come up with what may ultimately be the beginnings of a new form.

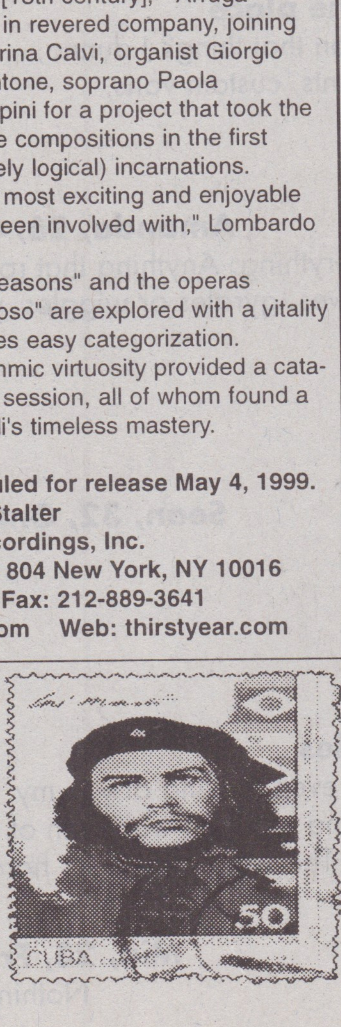
This album is the brainchild of Arruga, who was determined to bring Alejo Carpentier's Concierto Barroco (the story of a Cuban percussionist's musical meeting with Vivaldi) to life. It was Alberto Contini (classical music impresario and long-time metal fan) who sought out Cuban-born Lombardo and brought him into the fold. Lombardo had no prior experience working with classical music scores.

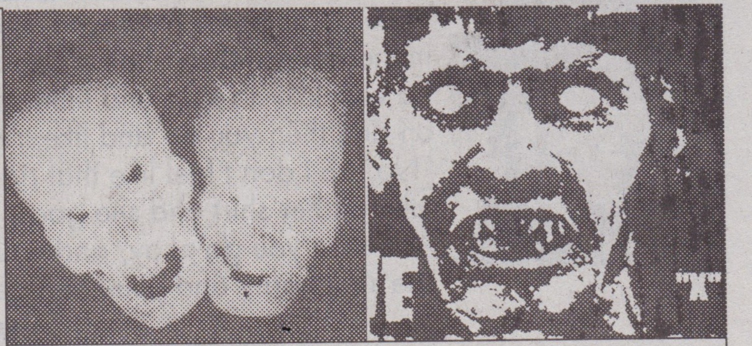
"We decided the best way to welcome Dave was to have him play Vivaldi our way ... like friends at home, similar to the way they would have done it back then [18th century]," Arruga explains. Lombardo found himself in revered company, joining oboist Luca Alvanzi, contralto Caterina Calvi, organist Giorgio Carnini, harpsichordist Ottavio Dantone, soprano Paola Quagliata, and flautist Mauro Scappini for a project that took the creative environment that begot the compositions in the first place to its farthest flung (yet entirely logical) incarnations. "Vivaldi: The Meeting is one of the most exciting and enjoyable improvisational projects I've ever been involved with," Lombardo says.

Passages from Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" and the operas "Ottone in Villa" and "Orlando Furioso" are explored with a vitality and sense of imagination that defies easy categorization. Lombardo's titanic sound and rhythmic virtuosity provided a catalyst for improvisation for the entire session, all of whom found a space to contribute ideas to Vivaldi's timeless mastery.

Vivaldi: The Meeting is scheduled for release May 4, 1999.
Laurie Stalter
Thirsty Ear Recordings, Inc.
274 Madison Avenue, Suite 804 New York, NY 10016
Vox: 212-889-9595 Fax: 212-889-3641
E-mail: Laurie@thirstyear.com Web: thirstyear.com







NATIONAL SECURITY DECISION DIRECTIVE

This National Security Decision Directive, signed by President George Bush on October 2, 1989, states that "normal relations between the United States and Iraq would serve our long-term interests" and mandates a series of moves to strengthen economic and military ties. The year after ordering these attempts to improve relations with Saddam Hussein's government, Bush was preparing for war against "the butcher of Baghdad."

October 2, 1989, U.S. Policy Toward the Persian Gulf: Access to Persian Gulf oil and the security of key friendly states in the area are vital to U.S. national security. The United States remains committed to defend its vital interests in the region, if necessary and appropriate through the use of U.S. military force, against the Soviet Union or any other regional power with interests inimical to our own. The United States also remains committed to support the individual and collective self-defense of friendly countries in the area to enable them to play a more active role in their own defense and thereby reduce the necessity for unilateral U.S. military-intervention. The United States also will encourage the effective support and participation of our western allies and Japan to promote our mutual interests in the Persian Gulf Region. [several paragraphs deleted]

IRAQ: Normal relations between the United States and Iraq would serve our long-term interests and promote stability in both the Gulf and the Middle East. The United States Government should propose economic and political incentives for Iraq to moderate its behavior and to increase our influence with Iraq. At the same time, the Iraqi leadership must understand that any illegal use of chemical and/or biological weapons will lead to economic and political sanctions, for which we would seek the broadest possible report from out allies and friends. Any breach by Iraq of IAEA safeguards in its nuclear program will result in a similar response. Human rights considerations should continue to be an important element in our policy toward Iraq. In addition, Iraq should be urged to cease its meddling in external affairs, such as in Lebanon, and be encouraged to play a constructive role in negotiating a settlement with Iran and cooperating in the Middle East peace process. We should pursue, and seek to facilitate, opportunities for U.S. firms to participate in the reconstruction of the Iraqi economy, particularly in the energy area, where they do not conflict with our non-proliferation and other significant objectives. Also, as a means of developing access to and influence with the Iraqi defense establishment, the United States should consider sales of non-lethal forms of military assistance, e.g., training courses and medical exchanges, on a case by case basis. [document ends]

The Iraqgate saga stretches across a decade. Among the dozens of shady foreign policy initiatives launched during Reagan's first term in office was a clandestine effort to reinforce Iraq, which had invaded its neighbor Iran in 1980 and was locked into a vicious and costly war. The Iran-Iraq conflict, the "First Gulf War," would consume a million lives before the cease-fire in 1988. On October 2, 1989, more than a year after the cease-fire, President Bush signed a secret authorization to extend an additional $1 billion in credits. Bush ordered the gift to Saddam in spite of late-1988 reports that the Iraqi military had gassed Kurdish villages. Baghdad's "butcher" was still Bush's beneficiary.

WHATS THE SCOOP ?

by D. Loudmouth & Rotten Ronnie

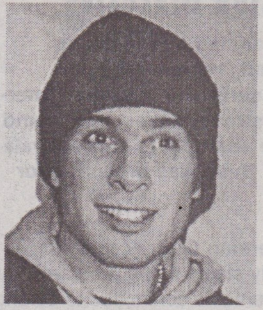
Today's question: "What Makes You Horny?"

Matt Idiot, 24, Fillmore

When I get home from work and my girlfriend…like I walk in the door and she has a little skirt on, and like she shows up with like no shirt and then she puts on a little tight shirt on and then you go and like try to grab her, and she goes, "No, no I don't feel like that right now." So you like you take off her shirt and she goes, "No, I don't feel like it." And then you go okay, and you get all relaxed, and then she's all horny and you can't get it up.

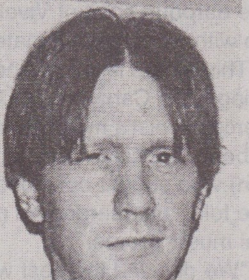
Margaret, 28, N. Carolina

Ice on my nipples.



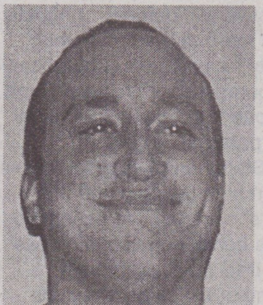
Pete "the Ox", 27, San Francisco

Oh! Lately it's been a couple of beers.



Pete Jay, 30, St. Petersberg, Florida

Lets's see. Uh girls licking pussy and my cock getting sucked for a very, very long time with ice cubes.

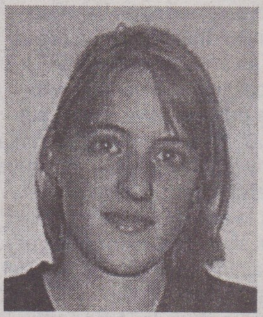


Matt Howe, 29, All over the place

God, do you got enough tape on that thing? I dunno, ah hot rocker chicks, leather pants, custom vans, cheap Pabst, and empty pools.

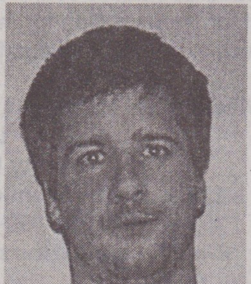
Amanda, 26, Ohio

Just about everything. Anything that rotates, moves, gyrates or wiggles, yeah.



Lisa, 26, San Francisco

Matt Howe.



Sean, 32, Ontario

Flan.

Jason White, 29, Los Angeles

Ah, just about anything darling, even looking at you my dear, and your boyfriend. I wanna get it on with both of'ya. I gotta hard-on right now, baby. The wind blows, it's hard ,

Mia, 23, Frisco

Nothing….

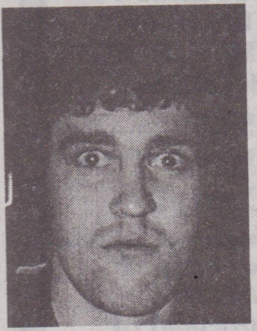
WHATS THE SCOOP?

by J. Floyd

Today's question: "What Makes You Horny?"

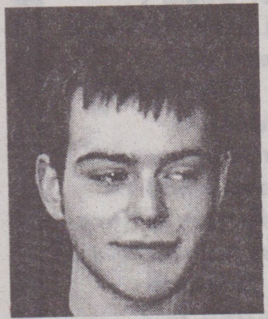
Chubby, 30, San Francisco
A full belly and a six pack of beer.

Michelle, 26, Adelaide, Australia
Paul Hogan aka Crocodile Dundee's NY street style and my boyfriends fine physique.



Marty, 25, Richmond, Va
ZZ Top and doughnuts (Bavarian Creme)

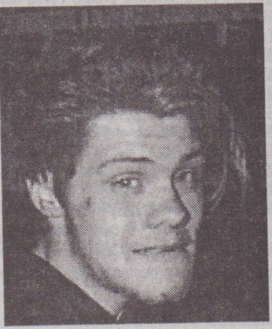
Mike, 25, Baltimore, Md
Cute emo boys and metal girls along with cheap wine.



Franceco, 19, Florida
No bras and armpit hair

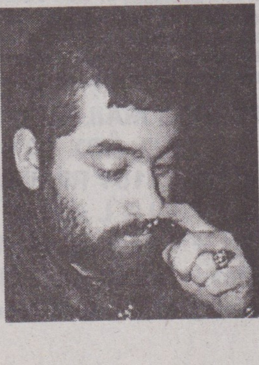
Mikki, 18, San Dimas
The worlds most elegant cigarettes- Black and Gold!

Sally, 26, Kelly, 27, Karoline, 29, Bay Area
Sally and Kelly- "Karoline's tits and ass"



Jason, 19, San Francisco
Wearing women's underwear.

Robert, 26, San Francisco
This.



Marcus, 69, Frisco Bay
Booty.

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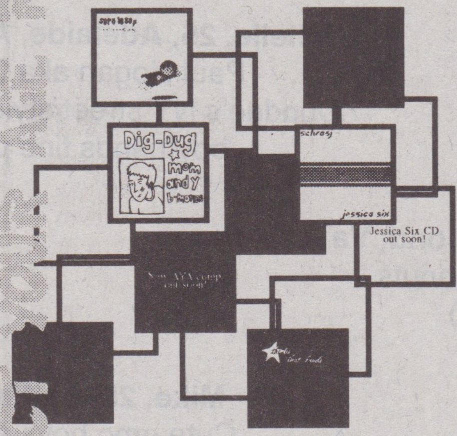
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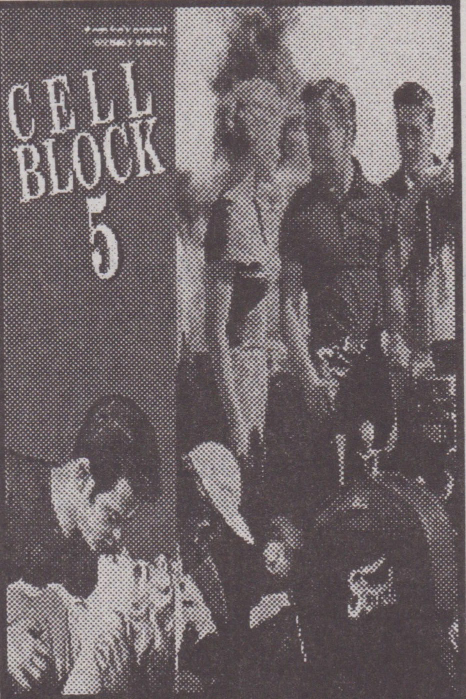
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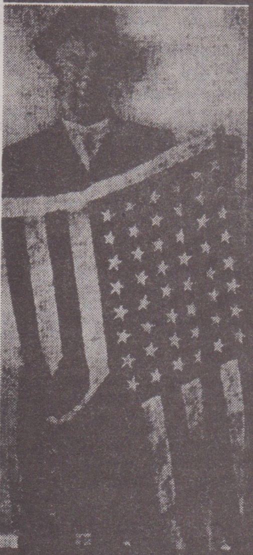

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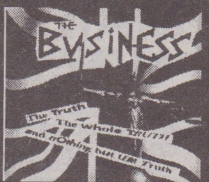

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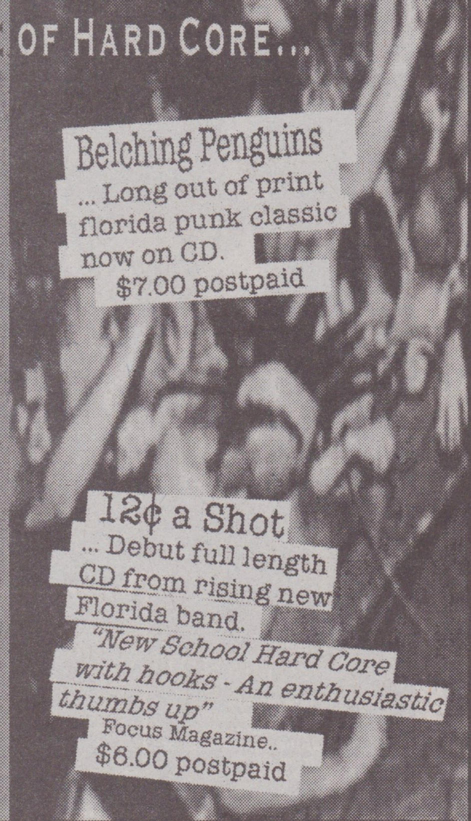

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murder-suicide pact
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murder-suicide pact

Yeah, I'll admit it, when I first put my ears to the Murder Suicide Pact record I was expecting Failure Face part 2, but instead what I heard was much different. Murder Suicide Pact are darker and nastier with a sick tension that's constant throughout the songs. Comparisons can be made to bands like Poison Idea and Black Flag, not so much stylistically, but in the approach to the music.

Apparentlly the album had already sold half of it's pressing before any reviews had come out, so that should say something to you.

Conducted over the phone on October 16, 1998 by Matt Average.

MRR : What does Murder Suicide Pact have to offer that no other band does?

Bob : Well, I think we're playing a style of music that hasn't been played very much in the past ten, twelve, fifteen years. Musically I think we're a throw back to '82, '83, '84. A lot of bands nowadays are playing grind, and thrash, and crust, and power violence, but nobody's playing music that sounds like Black Flag, and Fang, and Poison Idea - that's what we wanted to do, those were our influences. None of those bands had to resort to grinding and thrashing to attract audiences or attract attention, and that's what we'd like to do. We just like to call it hardcore.We like to write good songs, and not have to rely on gimmicks, like thrash, to win any fans.

MRR : Has it been successful you think?

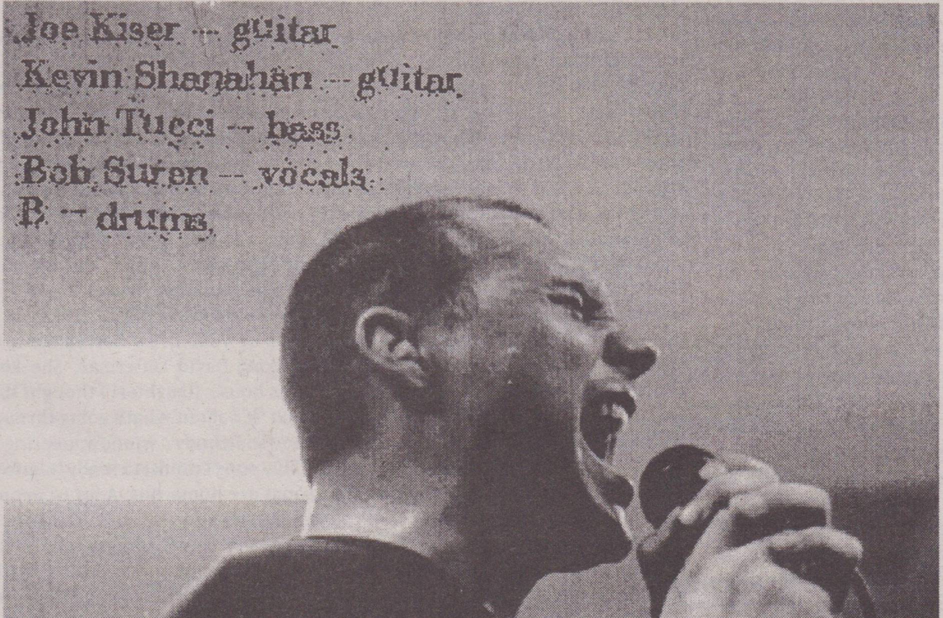
Bob : I think so. So far most of the response to the record, and most of the response to our live shows have been very positive. One or two of the reviews have said compared to Failure Face this is a little slow. We didn't start out to be a continuation of Failure Face, and we don't necessarily want to be compared to Failure Face. Kevin and I were in Failure Face, all the other people were not in Failure Face, and they were all in other bands and accomplished a lot. Joe was in Slap Of Reality, a band that toured the United States three or four times, and toured Europe, and put out several records. B. is in End Of The Century Party which has put out several records and toured the U.S. and Canada two or three times. John was in E.B.S.. E.B.S. has put out three records. I don't see any records saying this sounds like slower E.B.S. or a faster Slap Of Reality.. So far all the reviews said it sounds like Failure Face with longer songs. We want this band to be an entity on it's own, and not being constantly compared to a band that Kevin and I was in two or three years ago.

MRR : Do you think it may be because when people think of Murder Suicide Pact you're the first person that comes to mind?

Bob : Probably. The vocals are obviously one of the most prevalent instruments in any band. When you think of the Dead Kennedy's, you think of Jello Biafra, when you think of Black Flag you think of Rollins, or Dez Cadena, or Keith Morris, or Chavo, when you think of MDC you think of Dave Dictor. So, vocalists are always going to be closely connected to whatever they did before. Dave Dictor is now doing some band called The Submissives, that is, I think, really incredible, and they'll probably forever be compared to MDC just because that's what most people know Dave Dictor from. I think we're probably going to have to live that down too. Probably every review is going to say something about Failure Face - same vocals as Failure Face, or people from Failure Face, or slower than Failure Face, or whatever. (laughter) I would like to live that down. I'd like this band to be acknowledged for what it is on it's own.

MRR : How do you feel about being called a 'Florida super-group'?

Bob : 'Florida super-group'? That's okay. Like I said, everybody in the band was in bands that were really popular at one time or another. Slap Of Reality's glory days were probably in the late '80's, early 1990's. Probably a lot of people reading Maximum RocknRoll now don't even remember Slap Of Reality. It's kind of nice that people are calling us a 'Florida super-group', but like I said, I'd like this band to be acknowledged for the music that we're playing, and not where we came from. Unfortunately being a new band, and there are so many new bands coming out we are going to have to use the member thing as kind of a little hook to hook the people in. They're going to say, "Oh wow, there are guys in there from Failure Face, and End Of The Century Party. I should check that out." Then hopefully they'll like it for what it is and not because of what we did in the past.



Joe Kiser -- guitar
Kevin Shanahan -- guitar
John Tucci -- bass
Bob Suren -- vocals
B. -- drums.

MRR : How did you guys hook up with Mad Marc Rude for the cover art?

Bob : That's a funny story. We were practicing and we had all the songs ready for the album, and we were basically practicing the songs for the album in the order in which they appeared on the album. We were doing that for several weeks - playing them through and through, just like the album - playing them front to back. We would play the entire album two or three times at every practice just to get the feel of it and get really into it. Then we started talking about what would we want for the cover. We all agreed that we didn't just want to open up a Time-Life magazine and still a photograph or something like that. We thought it would be kind of cool to have a piece of original art for the cover, instead of just stealing a photograph from somewhere. So we started talking about what artists we liked, and we all said we like Pettibon. But we thought he would be impossible to track down. I, myself, have written Pettibon a number of times over the years just because I like his art and I wanted to buy some of it, and he never wrote me back. Plus with our band sounding a little bit like Black Flag we didn't want to get Pettibon art and have people say, "Boy, these guys really want to be Black Flag really fuckin' bad." So we figured we'd better get somebody else besides Pettibon. I have a Mad Marc Rude poster up where we practice, and Joe, our guitar player, said, "Well what about this guy? Who's the guy who did this?" I said, well that's Marc Rude. He did the cover for the first two Battalion Of Saints records, and he did

Misfits "Earth A.D." I said he's an awesome artist. It would be great to have him. Joe said let's try to find him. So the next day I called Pushead, and I said, "Pushead, would you know how to reach Mad Marc Rude?" He said, "As a matter of fact I'm in contact with a man who is compiling a book of early punk rock artwork - flyers and record covers. He tells me that he is in contact with Marc Rude. I will give you this person's fax number." I can't remember this guy's name for the life of me. Pus head gives me this man's fax number. I fax him a letter saying, "I'm looking for Mad Marc Rude. Can you help me?" An hour later my phone rings, and it's the guy, and he says, "Yeah I know Marc Rude. What do you want?" And I said we want him to do an album cover for us. He said, "Let me call him. He's kind of weird about people calling him, that he doesn't know. Let me call him, tell him what you want, if he's interested he'll call you back." Another hour passes, the phone rings, it's Marc Rude. We're talking - we're talking for quite a bit, we're shooting the sit, and he wants to know what kind of band we are, how long we've been around, what we plan to do. I end up talking to Marc Rude on the phone maybe four or five times before we agree that he's going to do the album cover. He wants to find out what we're all about. It's pretty cool that Marc Rude is still pretty punk in attitude. He's still D.I.Y.. I think he's a very cool guy. Finally he agreed to do the album. We agreed on the price, and we talked over the phone on some ideas we had. I said maybe you could do some rough sketches and fax them to me, and let me approve them. He said, "Well I don't usually do that. But I'll do it." As it turns out he never did. (laughter) He never did do the preliminary sketches. Just one day he calls me and says, "I'll be done with your artwork in about a week." I said okay. I had no idea what to expect. We kind of gave him this vague concept over the phone. We told him we just wanted a scene of total mayhem with a bunch of crazy stuff going on, and we just let his imagination go wild. One day this big poster board arrived in my mail box. The original piece that he did for the cover was 20 x 20. I'll tell you it was very impressive unwrapping it, and looking at it for the first time. It was a large piece of art with a lot of detail in it. You can imagine that album cover nearly twice as big as it appears on the LP. There's a lot of detail into it. Marc tells me he spent nearly a hundred hours on it. (laughter)

MRR : Going back to the art thing. When you said you could have original art or something taken out of a magazine, one thing I notice is that people don't create original artwork anymore. They just clip something out from another source. I was wondering, from your opinion, why is there less creative art in the punk scene as before?

Bob : I think it's indicative of what's going on in the whole punk scene in general. I see a whole lot of cookie cutter mass production record labels going on out there that are just churning out record after record. I get the impression that a lot of records are just being hastily thrown together. And that goes for the recording, that goes for the song writing, that goes for doing the layouts, and even choosing what goes on the cover. I see a lot of records come by my way that look like they were laid out in about half an hour, it looks like the songs were written in a month, sounds like the songs were recorded in three hours for a hundred bucks. I think people aren't practicing quality control. I don't think people are spending the time to develop the songs. And I don't think people are spending the time on packaging that they used to.

MRR : Do you think that will ever turn around?

Bob : I'm hoping it will. I'm hoping that there are going to be enough bands out there that are going to push the limit of the musical style with good song writing, and good recording, and good packaging, and I hope that's going to make the stuff that's crap really look like crap. And it's going to make people question whether or not they should put out a record. When you compare a really good band nowadays, like Capitalist Casualties to some totally mediocre band, it should make that totally mediocre band embarrassed. It should make them say, "Hey, maybe we shouldn't be recording right now. Maybe we're not ready to put out a record. Maybe we should wait another year." I think people should be self-governing themselves with quality control. There's a lot of records coming out right now, but a lot of them aren't worth listening to.

MRR : I have to agree with that.

Bob : I think people should take cues from the best bands of the genre. I think people should be looking to Capitalist Casualties, Damad, His Hero Is Gone, Spazz, Voorhees, and Drop Dead, and even some of the bands that aren't in that genre. Even some of the better punk bands or pop punk bands, they should look to them and use them as some kind of measuring stick. They should say, "Hey we should at least be approaching this if we're going to consider putting out a record."

> I wanted to do something that was kind of dark, kind of twisted, kind of disturbing, but also there's a little sick joke there if you pay close enough attention.

MRR : How much of your lyrical content is autobiographical?

Bob : All of it. (laughter)

MRR : I was wondering about the song, "Secret Admirer", about being crouched in the shrubs... (laughter)

Bob : Uh, that's true! (laughter) I used to have a crush on this girl that lived down the street from me. My girlfriend's sitting here listening to me do this interview, so she's probably uncomfortable. But she's already talked about the record. But there used to be this girl that lived down the street from me when I was in high school and I thought she was just the greatest. I used to sneak out of my house at night and go to her window and she'd go out with me, and we'd fool around or something. Then she just cut me off, but I couldn't accept that so I kept sneaking up and peering in her windows at night like a voyeur. But the song "Secret Admirer" is more about a stalking type situation, which I probably haven't really approached that. That's more like a celebrity stalker. The kind of person who would stalk your Sharon Stone's or your Drew Barrymore's, or remember when that crazy woman was stalking David Letterman. She kept showing up to his house and breaking into his house. (laughter) I thought that was hilarious. So that's what that song is about. It's about what's going through the mind of a person who is crouching outside somebody's window, peering in on their life, wanting to be part of their life. That song I think is a really hilarious song. I think all the Murder Suicide Pact songs are humorous. A lot of people don't get that from the lyrics. I think almost every Murder Suicide Pact song is funny, it has a punch line. The punch line of the song "Secret Admirer" is, "I loved you more than you will ever know, if we'd ever met I'd have told you so." So it's a guy who is infatuated with a person who he's never even met, so that's the punch line of that song. I think all the Murder Suicide Pact songs have a real dark sense of humor.

MRR : I have noticed there is a darkness to it, but is it depression?

Bob : They are all dark, but they all also have a darkly comedic edge to them. Like on Black Flag "My War", some of those songs are really intense and depressing, but some of them also have a real weird sense of humor to them. Like the song "I Love You". That's a fucking funny song if you listen to the lyrics. That's the kind

of thing I wanted to do. I wanted to do something that was kind of dark, kind of twisted, kind of disturbing, but also there's a little sick joke there if you pay close enough attention.

MRR : What kind of response did you guys get to songs like "Secret Admirer", "One Or Two" and "I'll Get You First"?

Bob : So far no response at all. I've seen four reviews for the record, and none of them have gone into much detail on the lyrical content. I don't know how many people are going to be keen enough to pick up the humor. I think a lot of people are going to think it's completely serious, they're not going to see the tongue in cheek, and they're just going to go, "Wow, these guys are pissed off an crazy", and they're not going to see the darkly comedic edge. (laughter)

MRR : I think irony is lost on a lot of people. You can write a song and people are like, "Oh my god, it's this way", when in actuality it's not. Then the band is in a world of shit trying to explain themselves out of it.

Bob : Listen to Black Flag. A lot of their songs are really funny. A lot of people think of Black Flag as being really depressing and a really serious band, but a lot of their songs have really funny lyrics. Like, "My life is a piece of shit that got caught in my shoe". That's from "Three Nights" I think. That's a fuckin' funny lyric. I think all the lyrics to "I Love You" are funny, and I think "Nervous Breakdown" is funny, I think "Beat My Head Against The Wall" is funny. (laughter) I think there is a lot of humor to those songs. It's a twisted sick dark sense of humor, and you probably got to be a sick twisted dark person to get the joke. I think it's going to go by a lot of well adjusted people who are going to pick up the record. (laughter)

MRR : I understand that Murder Suicide Pact has a great way of bridging the gap between band and audience. (laughter)

Bob : Well when we play, and we've only played four shows - our drummer, B. has gone off to college and we're in the process of replacing him. We're trying out a new drummer in about a week. We've only played four shows, and every time we ever played a show we like to "get physical", like Olivia Newton-John says. We like to get out and and we like to reach out and touch the audience, and we don't mind it if they touch us back. We don't mind grabbing somebody by the throat and shaking them to make a point, and we don't care if they do that to us. We'll spit on people, we don't care if they spit on us. We don't care if they throw shit at us, we'll throw shit back at them. It's fun, that's what punk rock is all about. It's like not having any border between the band and the audience. We don't like to play on a stage, we like to play on the floor, and we like to jump in people's faces and grab them. We're sick of seeing complacent boring people at hardcore shows. We like to get the band involved with the audience. We like the audience involved with the band. People in the audience are as much a part of the show as we are - that's how we feel.

MRR : Why not take the emo approach and just open the mic up so if anybody has anything to say they can just come up on stage? (laughter)

Bob : They can do that if they want. We wouldn't stop somebody from coming up to the stage and saying something into the microphone. But usually when we play people are too intimidated and they run to the back corners of the club. I can only go as far as the microphone chord stretches. Usually they get out of "striking reach". (laughter) But we would have no problem with somebody coming up and grabbing the microphone and saying, "You guys are a bunch of dicks" into the microphone if they wanted to do that. But so far nobody has done it. Usually when we play people look like they're fucking terrified. Which is really hilarious because we are an aggressive live band, but we're not that aggressive. Compared to G.G. Allin, compared to Poison Idea, compared to Gism, compared to S.O.B. we're little teddy bears. My friend John has a video of S.O.B. where the singer of S.O.B. is throwing cement blocks at the audience. That could fuckin' kill somebody. (laughter) And all these cruster punks love S.O.B. but if they go to our show and we jump out in the audience and I grab somebody by the shirt and yell in their face, all of a sudden they're like, "Whoa, those guys are outta control." They'll watch a video where the singer of S.O.B. throws cement blocks, but if they come to our show and get some of my spit on them they get upset.

MRR : That's because it's water.

Bob : Because it's real life and not on a TV screen.

MRR : What went down at the Prank fest in Georgia this past summer?

Bob : I don't want to say too much about that because Rob Coons already, pretty much, gave a pretty accurate description of what happened in Maximum Rocknroll. We played, and we were playing the way we always play and people there didn't get into it. People there wanted to be safe, they wanted to stand back with their hands on their hips and bob their head up and down, and they didn't want to have a band that could potentially knock into them, or knock into their little comfort zone. All I am saying is if you were at the Prank fest in Atlanta then it concerns you, and if you weren't at the Prank fest in Atlanta then it doesn't concern you. We've had a lot people talking about that. Just days after the show happened people were calling me and asking me about it. We had a show coming up in Miami a week after we played the Prank fest, the guy calls me up and says, "Hey, somebody who saw you guys play in Atlanta said that you are nuts or something." I told him what went down, and he said "Don't worry about it, it will go over cool in Miami", and it did.We played in Miami and we played in Miami ten times as aggressively as we did in Atlanta and the crowd loved it. The crowd was coming up to us after we played and asking if we had records for sale. I said the record will be out in two weeks, it was still at the pressing plant. People were taking money out of their pockets and saying, "Can we pay you now? You can send it to us when it's out." I said no, why don't you give me a call in two weeks when it's out. I don't want to take your money until I know it's here. But people were willing to prepay for our record when we played in Miami. When we played in Atlanta we were pariah. (laughter) If you were in Atlanta, you saw what happened, you can make up your own mind. As for myself, I wasn't even in the same room when the incident in question occurred. I was in another part of the club selling records. I didn't even see what happened. I got about ten different versions of the story from about ten different people. If you were there and you saw what happened then you already formed your own opinion.

We don't mind grabbing somebody by the throat and shaking them to make a point, and we don't care if they do that to us.

MRR : Going back to the song lyrics, the song "Down Time", I get the impression it's about being pent up with nothing to do.

Bob : Well after Failure Face broke up - Failure Face was a really great way for me to get out aggression, to express myself, and it was one of the most creative and rewarding projects I had ever been involved with. Failure Face broke up in August of 1996, and Murder Suicide Pact didn't start until October of '97. So for that time I had nothing to do. I was literally bouncing off the walls. I was watching all these great ideas I had for songs go up and evaporate into thin air. I would play my guitar and come up with a great riff, and go, “That was a great riff, I gotta use that sometime”, but I didn't have a band. I would scribble down lyrics on a piece of paper and say, “I'll get to sing that someday.” I just kept hoping it would happen, and then finally I was just like fuck, I gotta put together another band. I didn't know any drummers, that was the big problem. That was why after Failure Face broke up I didn't do a band for so long, I didn't know any drummers. Then I got John from EBS, who played bass on the Murder Suicide Pact album. I knew that John played drums a little bit. I said, “John, do you want to start a band”, and he said, “Yes. I'd love to start a band with you.” I said, “I know you're a bass player, but face it, we can find a million bass players, but I don't know any drummers.” I said, “Would you play drums?” And he said sure. So the original line up of Murder Suicide Pact had our bass player on drums, and our second guitar player on bass. Originally we were a four piece. When Murder Suicide Pact started out it was John playing drums and me playing guitar and not singing. It was just me playing a lot of guitar riffs and John playing drums. We worked out a few songs, and we called up our old friend Joe and we showed him what we had, and Joe improved upon the songs and wrote a bunch of new ones, and that's when I started singing. Then when the three of us got fairly competent, we called in Kevin to play bass. Then when Kevin played bass for a while, John realized he could be doing a better job on bass than Kevin. John is a phenomenal bass player. Kevin is an adequate bass player. John is like a professional bass player. John does almost nothing but play his bass all the time. He's been playing bass for ten years and he's great. Finally John was like, “Kevin I could be doing a lot more on the bass than you. I want to play bass.” Kevin said, “Okay, I'm cool with that. Who are we going to get to play drums?” At that time I thought of B. from End Of The Century Party, who were still around. I called up B. in the middle of a practice - we stopped practicing, I grabbed the phone and I called B., and I said, “B., we're in the middle of practice do you want to be our new drummer?” He said yes. So we made him a rough practice tape of all the songs we had to that point, which was twenty songs. We said listen to it and try to learn from the practice tape. B. showed up at the next practice and he had the first four songs down cold, and that's how we worked from there. Every practice B. would learn a couple of new songs, and after about a month B. had all the songs nailed and then we went into the studio. B. had joined the band a little more than a month before we went into the studio. So a little more before we went into the studio B. had learn all the songs on drums, Kevin had to relearn all the songs in guitar, and John had to learn all the songs on bass. It was like forming a new band a month before we went into the studio. We had played the songs a million times, but everybody was in different instruments. B. wasn't even in the band until about a month before we went into the studio. It was like forming a whole new band, and somehow it gelled.

murder
murder-suicide pact
suicide
murder

murder-suicide pact
Lobotomy Kit

MRR : How often were you guys practicing up to that point?

Bob : We were practicing between two and four nights a week, from two to three hours a practice. We would do heavy practices. When we would practice we would play every song two times, sometimes we would play every song three songs. Like I said, we have twenty songs. There are four songs that we recorded that are not on the album. We were going to make the album a twenty song album. Right before we went into the studio B. said, “I think twenty songs are going to be long for an album.” All of us looked at the list of what was to be the album - twenty songs. We took two songs off of what was going to be side one, and two songs off of what was going to be side two. We said, okay we're going to make it a sixteen song album, and we'll take these four songs and we'll record them, and we'll have a follow up seven inch. So that's what we're going to do. We have the four songs already recorded, that we recorded the same time as the album, and I'm going to put those out on a seven inch in about a month or two.

MRR : Going back to the subject of lyrics once again, earlier you said the stuff was autobiographical. Where did you get the inspiration for the song, “I'm Not Cleaning Up This Mess”?

Bob : Well, I guess that one's not really autobiographical because I've never found a suicide scene. I was laying in bed one night pondering what it must be like to find a person who has committed suicide, and this might sound a little self-centered, but I thought to myself, “Boy I'm glad I never found a person who committed suicide, because who in the fuck would want to clean that up?” (laughter) That's where I came up with “I'm Not Cleaning Up This Mess”, and I wrote that down. I said, “That's a great line. I have to use that for something.” I got out of bed in the middle of the night and wrote it down on a piece of paper, and went back to bed for a while, and I kept thinking about that, and then the rest of the song came to me while I was laying in bed. I got out of bed and wrote down the rest of the song in the middle of the night.

MRR : What, to you, makes for a good hardcore band?

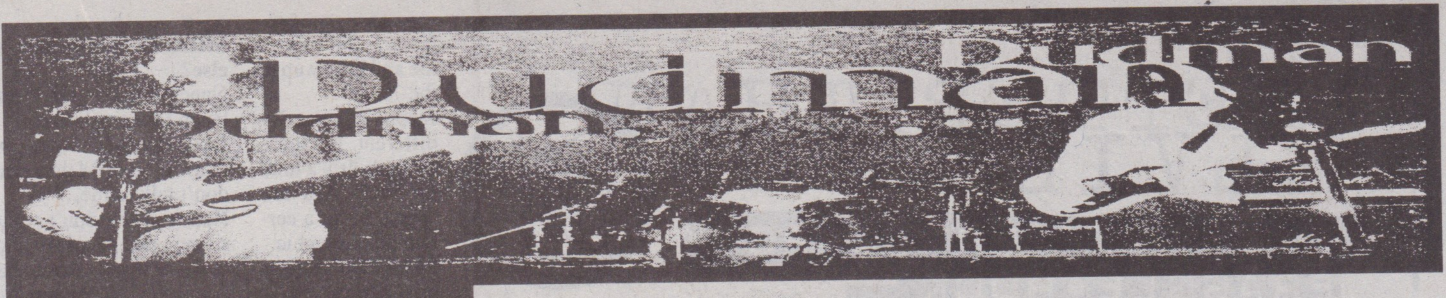
Bob : A good hardcore band? A lot of energy, you got to be into what you're playing, into what you're doing, good song writing. Anybody can play a million miles an hour. It's not that hard to play fast, but it is hard to write good interesting songs. It's hard to write a hook. It's hard to write a guitar riff that people are going to remember. I think Larm was a fantastic band, but how hard would it be to write thirty-five songs that sound like Larm. They're a great band but anybody can play a thousand miles an hour. What made Larm good is that they were doing that when nobody was doing that. Speed has been done to death. It's not that hard to play your drums as fast as possible, it's not that hard to grind on the E string. It is hard to come up with a guitar riff that somebody's going to remember. It is hard to write a complete album of songs that all sound different - songs that people are going to remember, songs that people are going to be singing to themselves. I like a band like Crippled Bastards. I like Crippled Bastards, I can put on that once in a while and just listen to them blast through fifteen second songs, thirty second songs, but you know what? I can't think of a single song title of any Crippled Bastards songs, and no Crippled Bastards songs stick in my mind. I can't sing any Crippled Bastards songs in my head when I'm driving my car. But you take a band like Poison Idea or Black Flag or Fang that can write a good song, and you'll be doing your daily job, or you'll be jogging or whatever and a fuckin' Black Flag guitar line or a Fang bass line will pop into your head and you'll remember it forever. I hadn't listened to Fang “Where The Wild Things Are” in probably ten years, and then the Fang reunion tour came along and I busted out the album and listened to it, and to my surprise I still remembered every word and every chord. (laughter) So that's what makes a good band - a band that can write a good song. Anybody can play fast, do something interesting.

MRR : That's interesting what you said about a band like Crippled Bastards. You can listen to the song, but you don't know the song title or the lyrics. You just know the sound. A friend and I were talking about this the other day. The majority of bands who have come out this decade, you may like the band, but the songs don't stick in your head, nor do the lyrics. I can't even tell you the name of the song titles to most of the bands I listen to anymore. It's really strange.

Bob : Even Spazz. I think Spazz are the best band around today doing that crazy blurry spastic noise sound, but I can think of maybe a couple of Spazz song titles because their funny song titles, but I don't remember what song it is. I could think of some of their songs titles like...(long pause) Oh shit, I can't even think of the song title! (laughter) I can think of some of the song titles because they're humorous but I can't put it with the song. (laughter) But I can remember every second of Black Flag's “Damaged”, and I can remember every second of 7 Seconds “The Crew”, and I can remember every second of Minor Threat's “Out Of Step” because those bands could write really good songs. All the songs sounded different. They didn't all sound like the same song being played over and over again.

(Ed. note-due to technical difficulties, the last bit of this interview was cute off. But fear not, you can write to them and ask 'em any burning questions you still have!)

Murder Suicide Pact: PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509



Dudman are high explosive three-piece hardcore unit based in Nakano, Tokyo. The band performs constantly throughout Tokyo and they are planning to tour in Japan. In addition, the band will release three split and two compilation EPs. The lineup is Shuugo: bass and vocals, Mokichi: guitar and vocals, and Mikuni: drums and vocals. Overall, Dudman is a pretty interesting / hot damn in Japan and are worth getting to know them. Questions by Yoshiyuki Takahashi from Denied A Custom.

MRR: I see, sirs. Let's get down to brass tacks. You guys have all been friends and acquaintances for a couple of years now. What was the catalyst for starting up "Dudman"?

Shuugo: Mikuni and I are close friends fifteen years ago. While we started the band, we played two-piece hardcore unit without guitar. I was always looking for the guitarist because both of us were not good enough to be the band. I heard that my acquaintance knew good guitarist whose name is Mokiehi. So, he joined us.

Mokichi: I was easily taken in.

Mikuni: It's funny.

Shuugo: Actually, Mokiehi is also an old friend fifteen years since we met. While I was in my early teens, I didn't dream of teaming up the band.

MRR: As a band, what does Dudman stand for?

Shuugo: I went through the dictionary and records inserts trying to find a name of the band. I happened to find good it, "Dudman." I named after " a blind shell man." I mean, it's too early to get excited by a few bands before we play at a show.

MRR: What are the Lyrics about?

Shuugo: Our Lyrics are like a diary, and those are rich in variety. For instance, social and much humor songs. I do not think that it is suitable for using the term " Political." Because I'm not a politician, and I can't agree with them. Are you a politician? If so, I'll permit to use this word.

MRR: I second the motion! I hate pedantic speakers. Who comes up with new material for songs? Do you search your topics?

Shuugo: I do it myself. On duty I enjoy browsing the headlines for news. The boss didn't catch my readings. Ha, Ha, Ha!!! As for composition, all of us have to do with them. We're equal.

MRR: What about Lyricists or musicians'? Are there any bands that influenced your take on the world?

Shuugo: I influenced by many bands without restriction, especially I do not restrict on hardcore. I love music.

Mokichi: So do I. I'm often intoxicated with Metal.

Mikuni: Such as power violence bands from California and lots of raging hardcore were a big influence on me.

MRR: You use variation of Japanese Samurai, Zatohichi, as your own demo's cover and so on. As I didn't find much Samurai in your lyrics and song titles I'm curious as to why you chose these photos?

Shuugo: I'm an obviously Zatohichi's fan. I'm collecting his photos and video tapes, and I don't miss seeing his movie. I guess the actor is great. On sleeve photo, I wanted to design in the style of Japanese fantastic. But I won't be particular about it.

Mikuni: I'm also looking, for photos on sleeve or flyer. The theme for them is eccentric and pleasant. An old professional wrestler, Hong, Kong action movies, SF movies and you name it, for example.

MRR: How big a part of your life is Dudman? If you weren't in Dudman what would you be doing with the extra time?

Shuugo: "Dudman" is a fairly big part of my life. It has to do with being,, friends. If I didn't play in "Dudman", I would just play in other bands.

Mikuni: I play the drums in the other band as well, called "PIGMEN." I might play in another bands as a help,

MRR: I hear that you're men of about thirty years old. May I ask of your age?

Shuugo: 31. Too young!

Mikuni: 32. I bought Sex Pistols records about that time of the age when I was young.

Mokichi: 35 not 66 yr-old. We all enjoy being young at heart.

MRR: If you ask me, your performances are high explosive. Do you feel too hard?

Shuugo: Yeah, it's too hard for me, but we don't blow up with a terrific yet. "A Blind Shell Man".

Mikuni: That surely is, but I wanna concentrate on our short songs. So, I try to play with a terrible sound.

Mokichi: My grip weakened when I started playing the guitar. I need the power!

MRR: What about your jobs? Do you all work? How do you feel about your job?

Shuugo: In Japan, we have to work in order to live and play "Dudman" for a long time, but I take it easy.

Mokichi: I wanna quit work 'cause it's worthless for me. Boredom!

Mikuni: I work as a construction labor, but the greatest fuckin' system lies in my place of work. I'm disgusted with the job. I'm exhausted both in mind and body. There is no help for it, if I have no money. The bands in which I play, are non-profit for that reason.

MRR: How many demos have you ever released? Are those still available?

Shuugo: We did the recording four times this year, so we put out four demos by ourself so far. Total 49 songs! I sent them to many labels because we'd like to release something. If you listened to split EP from MCR and you're interested in "Dudman", please let me know. We'd like to release a lot of records from labels. If some labels are interested in our unreleased songs, please let me know.

MRR: What's the future look like for you guys? Any plans? New records or shows?

Shuugo: Our split 7" w/ Comrades from Italy will be out from Denied A Custom. Rhetoric Records is also going to release split 7" w/ Cruel Face from Brazil. We're going to take part in a lot of compilations. We'll play shows constantly around Tokyo, and we'll be on tour in Japan. We'd also love to go and play in America.

Mikuni: We'll constantly do the recording three months pace per a year. If we keep this pace, we might be able to release our records from lots of labels. We wish we could do them. Also, We gonna be tour in America. Want attention !

Mokichi: The U.S. is one of countries where we aim. I know the U.S. is a huge country, but where should we go some places in America???

MRR: Anything else in closing?

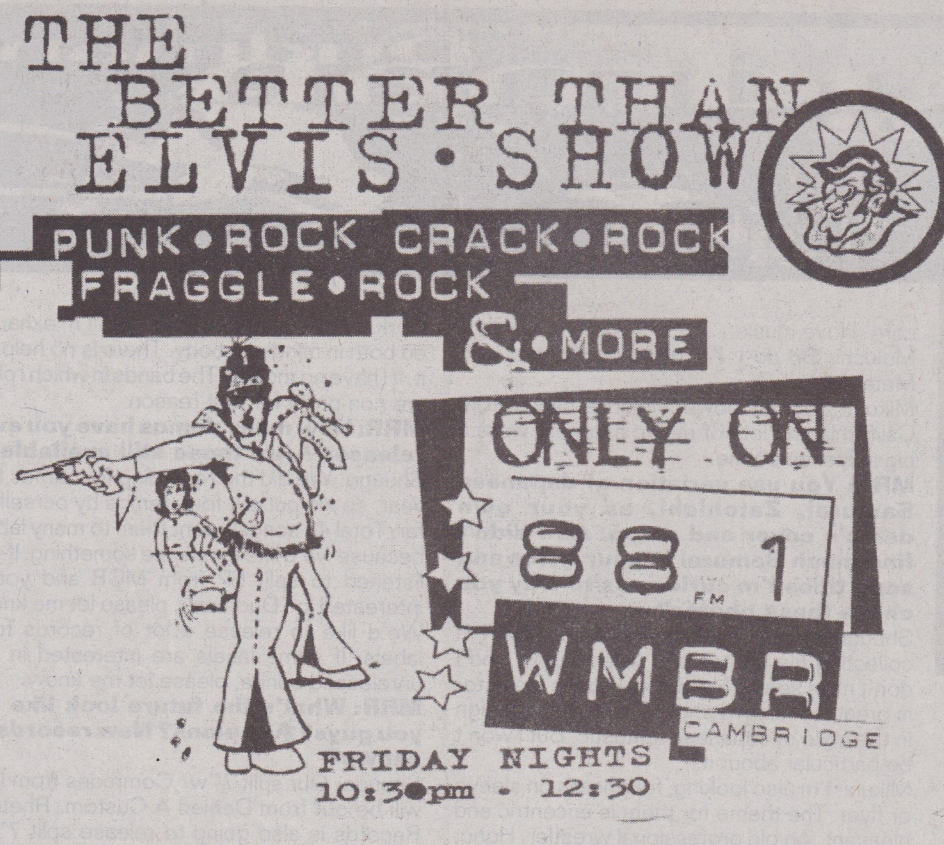
Shuugo: The main goal for us is to just stay together and keep on putting out our own records. I would say we're a real fast hardcore band in Japan.

Mikuni: I'm not younger than you, but we'll keep on playing until death, which is obvious. Also, buy the Hardcore records!

Mokichi: Thank you very much for talking to us today. There is something graceful, just Yoshi-. Sorry. I know you're an old boy too. You're smart-looking, and your way of thinking is amusing for us.

MRR: Don't mention it.

For more information about Dudman, write to c/o Shuugo Itoh, 203 Akatsuki Heights, 1-27-3 Yamato-CHO, Nakano-KU, Tokyo 165-0034, Japan



Punk Rock Radio waves pulsing through the air, landing on so many ears- captivating, titillating, antagonizing or repulsing those tuned in- what is more beautiful than that?

This interview is with two Punk DJs from WMBR, Cambridge. Every Saturday afternoon 4 to 6 Nancy pilots the two hour punk rollick, "the Clueless Clubhouse." A good dose of the punk for the Saturday afternoon hangover and to celebrate the weekend. Friday nights 10:30 to 12:30 Jason hosts "The Better Than Elvis Show." Elvis burns on the cross for all of us. Hear this show and be healed! They don't just play the same old tunes you've heard so many times before, but span the gamut from the Liars to the Diesel Queens to all the local punk to rare old stuff plus anything else they happen to dig up. And they're damn funny, and have more to say than the typical DJ babblese. Both shows are on their third year of spew, set to 88.1 FM, "the first station on your FM dial."

Curious? Read on. Plus you can write them c/o WMBR, 3 Ames Street, Cambridge, MA 02142.

P.S. This interview was edited for length. You can just imagine the rest… by Erika J.

MRR: Are there many restraints on what you can put on the air at WMBR?

Jason: I can do basically what I want. Yet I don't. I wouldn't necessarily say "cunt" on the air. Just because I don't feel like everyone bitching at me for saying it. But you can play whatever you want. And your show can be in as bad, in as questionable taste as you want. You've heard my show. You know exactly what I do. I don't necessarily come out and say nasty stuff or whatever, but my point is usually well delivered. If you're even the least bit creative you don't need to say "shit" "fuck" and whatever.

Nancy: You can get creative musically. You can pick a subject matter.

MRR: Compare that to the corporate radio station where you work.

Jason: It's not radio. It's nothing like that at all. You have a sheet, and you have to fucking play that song.

MRR: Luckily none of us listen to 70s generic stations.

Jason: Right, exactly.

Nancy: Not even me and I grew up in the 70s.

Jason: It's totally different. It's more of a job. It's a total product. You are appealing to a certain demographic.

MRR: Do you get any callers?

Trianer: I don't even answer the phone. You can't play requests on "real" radio either. Imagine that. Chances are you can't anyway, because most of the people who call up want something out of the format. Or an obscure song from one of the bands you can't play because the station doesn't have it. Because all the CDs are compilations of all the music.

MRR: Very scary. Back to WMBR, the band's audience is obviously right there in front of their faces when they are playing live, but when you are in the radio, the people listening..?

Jason: You can piss more people off and you don't have to deal with it.

Nancy: You can. You can piss people off.

Jason: Just don't answer the phone.

MRR: Do they just call you up and call you a cock sucker or what?

Jason: You get a lot of drunks and shit like that.

Nancy: Well, YOU get a lot of drunks.

Jason: For me yeah, because I'm on at night.

Nancy: I get a lot of weirdos because of the hour of the day I'm on. I get a lot of these PC people who tune in during Greg's show and they stay tuned in (sounding very annoyed) until my show.

MRR: What kind of stuff do you play that they bitch about?

Nancy: I play this band, the Dorrita Sisters. I played a song called, "Let's All Kill Michael Bolton" or something. It's just politically incorrect Rock n Roll.

Jason: And damn funny. When we played "Let's Get Tammy Wynette" when she died everyone got pissed off.

Nancy: Yeah!

MRR: Did people get pissed at the "Princess Die" set you played? (a few days after Diana died Jason played the Freeze song "Princess Die" throughout his show)

Jason: I didn't hear anything about that.

Nancy: People who listen to Jason's show kinda expect it. It's later in the night, Friday night, most of the PC crowd is at their wine and cheese fest.

Jason: Like when Michael Kennedy died, I played the "Dead Kennedys Special."

MRR: Yeah, Dead Kennedys songs all night.

Jason: Everyone got a kick out of that. It was fun.

MRR: Do you meet people who
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MRR: So you were in NYC durin
of the punk scene then?
Nancy: …I left New Jersey in '77
and I knew nothing about punk. Jus
And I was like that's hip, that's coo
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sitting around doing bong hits one n
Kids. I was just like, "Wow! Tho
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Then she put on the Ramones and
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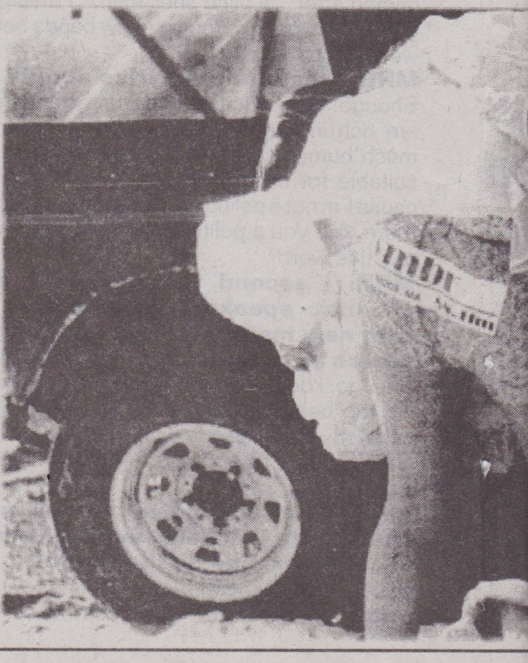
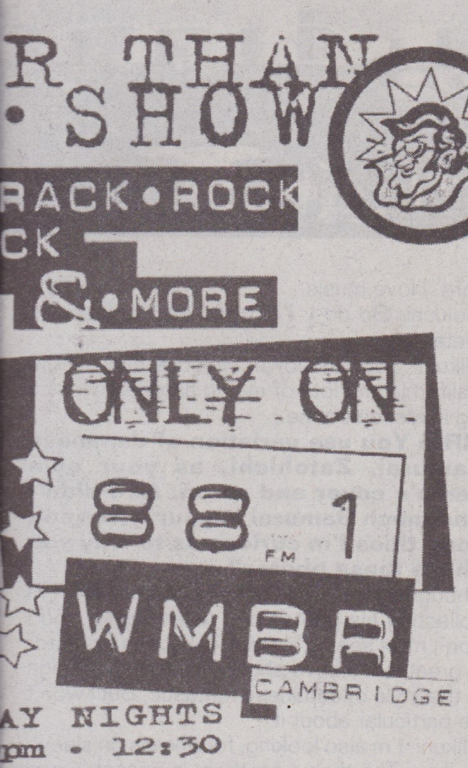
happen, and it's a learning experie
big learning experiences for me, w
said to me, "I want to play this ba
Kids."
MRR: So you've been hanging o
Nancy: Forever. (laughs)
MRR: Just sort of watching the B
and years. What do you think, a
What's the difference?
Nancy: You have to think about wh
thing about the original theory of p
lived thing. And it still is a short live
are trying to keep it alive were just
to keep it going. I think there is
Because more people I talk to are
that's coming out from the record
MRR: Jason, the tutu?
Jason: The tutu was brilliance that
Nancy: I appreciated it.
Jason: It started as a half-assed pub





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Jason: Everyone got a kick out of that. It was fun.

MRR: Do you meet people who expect you to be someone else?

Nancy: No. I mean a lot of the DJs don't like to meet people who listen to their shows…

Jason: They don't like meeting people in general! Gee, imagine that! (laughter) I don't care if you listen to my show or not, just don't talk to me.

Nancy: They don't want people to know who they are. I'm sorry, I like people to know who I am. I like people to come up to me and say, "Hey, that last show you did, it sucked." You know, for whatever reason. I like the criticism either way.

MRR: So you were in NYC during the 70's? Were you part of the punk scene then?

Nancy: …I left New Jersey in '77 and went up here to Boston and I knew nothing about punk. Just what I read in the papers. And I was like that's hip, that's cool, whatever. And I met this girl who lived in my dorm and she turned me onto punk. I'm sitting around doing bong hits one night, and she put on the Real Kids. I was just like, "Wow! Those are cool! Are those the Ramones?" "No, those are the Real Kids." "They're cool!" Then she put on the Ramones and I just kind of dug it. But it wasn't until a year later that I first saw the Ramones. I started going to Max's Kansas City, about '78, '79, saw Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers, saw all that stuff. I saw Sid before he died. I didn't see him perform, I just happened to see him on a street corner. It was like no big deal. It was just like somebody said, "Hey, there's Sid" kinda thing.

Growing up is growing up is growing up. And you have all these weird experiences and these unusual things that happen to you. So you do certain things and certain things happen, and it's a learning experience. And I think one of the big learning experiences for me, was when I met this girl who said to me, "I want to play this band. They're called the Real Kids."

MRR: So you've been hanging out at the Rat for forever.

Nancy: Forever. (laughs)

MRR: Just sort of watching the Boston scene go by for years and years. What do you think, are punks still just punks? What's the difference?

Nancy: You have to think about what punk is all about. And one thing about the original theory of punk was that it was a short lived thing. And it still is a short lived thing. And those of us who are trying to keep it alive were just hanging by our nails, trying to keep it going. I think there is going to be a resurgence. Because more people I talk to are getting fed up with the crap that's coming out from the record companies, the majors.

MRR: Jason, the tutu?

Jason: The tutu was brilliance that wasn't appreciated.

Nancy: I appreciated it.

Jason: It started as a half-assed publicity stunt during our fund raising week at WMBR. I thin
my show, then on New Year's I
Ave. bridge in a pink tutu.
MRR: It was like a tutu and
Jason: Yeah, blue fishnets, a tu
and a ski mask. At that point i
Nancy: And it was like 7 degr
Jason: Yeah, it was really cold
is 24 hours of the cheesiest mu
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get fucking loopy, really nutty
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MRR: Is it kind of rough be
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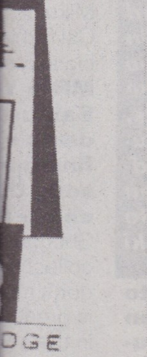

Nancy: Not even me and I grew up in the 70s.

Jason: It's totally different. It's more of a job. It's a total product. You are appealing to a certain demographic.

MRR: Do you get any callers?

Trianer: I don't even answer the phone. You can't play requests on "real" radio either. Imagine that. Chances are you can't anyway, because most of the people who call up want something out of the format. Or an obscure song from one of the bands you can't play because the station doesn't have it. Because all the CDs are compilations of all the music.

MRR: Very scary. Back to WMBR, the band's audi-
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MRR: Do you meet people who expect you to be someone else?

Nancy: No. I mean a lot of the DJs don't like to meet people who listen to their shows…

Jason: They don't like meeting people in general! Gee, imagine that! (laughter) I don't care if you listen to my show or not, just don't talk to me.

Nancy: They don't want people to know who they are. I'm sorry, I like people to know who I am. I like people to come up to me and say, "Hey, that last show you did, it sucked." You know, for whatever reason. I like the criticism either way.

MRR: So you were in NYC during the 70's? Were you part of the punk scene then?

Nancy: …I left New Jersey in '77 and went up here to Boston and I knew nothing about punk. Just what I read in the papers. And I was like that's hip, that's cool, whatever. And I met this girl who lived in my dorm and she turned me onto punk. I'm sitting around doing bong hits one night, and she put on the Real Kids. I was just like, "Wow! Those are cool! Are those the Ramones?" "No, those are the Real Kids." "They're cool!" Then she put on the Ramones and I just kind of dug it. But it wasn't until a year later that I first saw the Ramones. I started going to Max's Kansas City, about '78, '79, saw Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers, saw all that stuff. I saw Sid before he died. I didn't see him perform, I just happened to see him on a street corner. It was like no big deal. It was just like somebody said, "Hey, there's Sid" kinda thing.

Growing up is growing up is growing up. And you have all these weird experiences and these unusual things that happen to you. So you do certain things and certain things happen, and it's a learning experience. And I think one of the big learning experiences for me, was when I met this girl who said to me, "I want to play this band. They're called the Real Kids."

MRR: So you've been hanging out at the Rat for forever.

Nancy: Forever. (laughs)

MRR: Just sort of watching the Boston scene go by for years and years. What do you think, are punks still just punks? What's the difference?

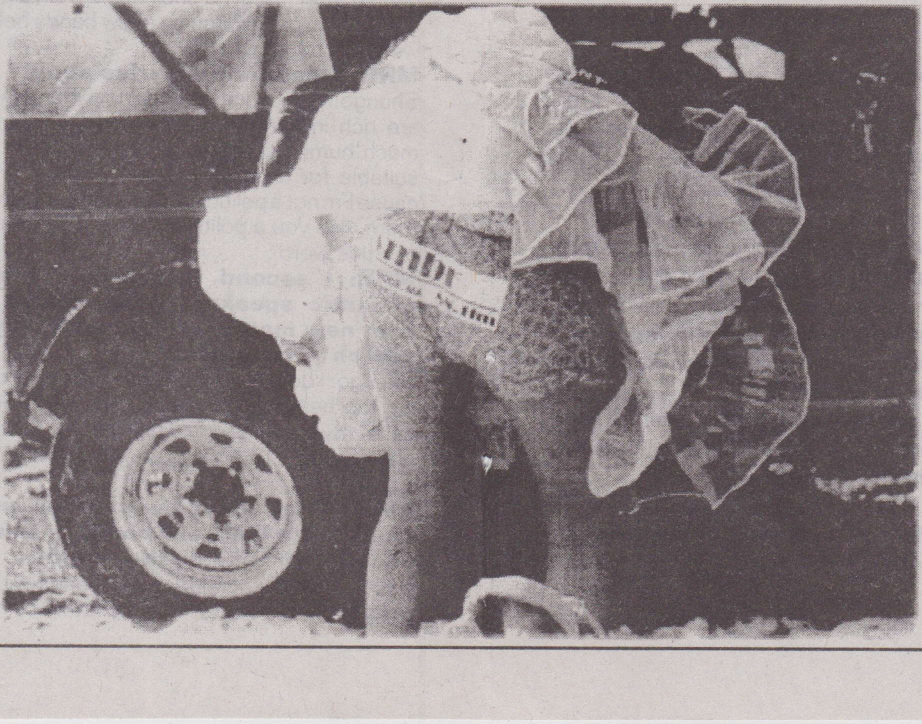
Nancy: You have to think about what punk is all about. And one thing about the original theory of punk was that it was a short lived thing. And it still is a short lived thing. And those of us who are trying to keep it alive were just hanging by our nails, trying to keep it going. I think there is going to be a resurgence. Because more people I talk to are getting fed up with the crap that's coming out from the record companies, the majors.

MRR: Jason, the tutu?

Jason: The tutu was brilliance that wasn't appreciated.

Nancy: I appreciated it.

Jason: It started as a half-assed publicity stunt during our fund raising week at WMBR. I think it was like if I got $400 during my show, then on New Year's Day I would run across the Mass. Ave. bridge in a pink tutu.



MRR: It was like a tutu and a ski mask.

Jason: Yeah, blue fishnets, a tutu, my combat boots and leather and a ski mask. At that point it was about 7 in the morning.

Nancy: And it was like 7 degrees.

Jason: Yeah, it was really cold. We did "Cheese Patrol" which is 24 hours of the cheesiest music we can come up with in all different categories. After awhile, the same people for 24 hours get fucking loopy, really nutty. As far as the tutu, I had already been up for about 26 hours at the time. There were all these old elderly couples up walking their dogs and stuff, and I'm running around in a tutu and a ski mask handing out bumper stickers. It was fun.

MRR: Is it kind of rough being a nonprofit radio station? During the fund raisers, I heard the DJs begging, "Send us money or we're going under."

Nancy: You have to understand that MIT only gives us the basics. They give us the space and the electricity. And that's about it. We have to come up with the rest to pay for things like records and the equipment and things like that.

Jason: The listeners take it seriously though as well. We bring in well over $40,000 a year- for a week of fundraising. People take the station very seriously. People who have been listening to us for like 20 years, listening to Late Riser's Club or whatever.

MRR: How do you find out about new bands?

Jason: I spend too much time at it. I go to a lot of shows. I don't really read very many punk rock magazines or fanzines or whatever.

Nancy: I have a little formula- if I like it I play it.

Jason: What I hear on the radio, like a lot of stuff on WMBR some people play I've never heard before. We get a lot of brand new stuff in all the time. We have decent distributors plugging records.

Nancy: What is good is that a lot of the local bands will send their stuff to us. I mean, they

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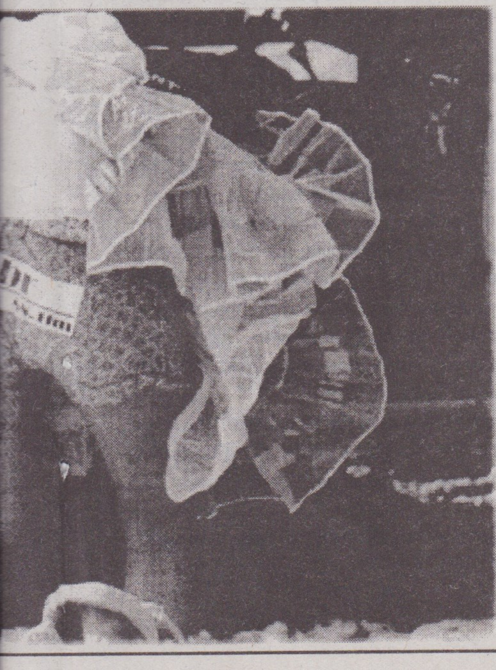

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Jason: What I hear on the radio, like a lot of stuff on WMBR some people play I've never heard before. We get a lot of brand new stuff in all the time. We have decent distributors plugging records.
Nancy: What is good is that a lot of the local bands will send their stuff to us. I mean, they want to be heard. So automatically they'll send their stuff to us. Like Showcase, August Spies, they'll send it in. I have a little formula. I try to play 45 songs in a show. I usually do 40. Joni's the one who does 45, but she doesn't talk as much as I do. Me I just ra ra ra about crap. And then I play all that lovely in between music you know, the organ favorites.
MRR: What's about radio that you like so much that you keep doing it?
Jason: Being on non-commercial radio, like college radio?
MRR: yeah.
Jason: I have total control over it. Especially WMBR. You can do whatever the hell you want.
Nancy: It's fun. It's a lot of fun, yeah.
Jason: And it's kind of freaky because it's such a strong station compared to other college radio stations. You can get it in New Hampshire. You can get it in Rhode Island. It's kind of creepy, you don't realize that many people can listen to you. You're telling jokes about your family and then when you see them they want to kick your ass.
Nancy: That's what is really funny. You can do these hooky shows that people look forward to like Christmas, or like me and two other girls at the station do a show called "Cheese Patrol" that they started. It just took off. And every year people look forward to these three girls and their friends coming on, playing the cheesiest songs. And that's what keeps me going.
MRR: Any other thoughts?
Nancy: You were talking about New York earlier. One of the nicest things, one of the best things I ever saw in New York was when I went to see Johnny Thunders and I paid $15..
Jason: To watch him vomit all over you.
Nancy: Basically, yeah. To watch him pass out and go "fuck you, you suck, I'm leaving" after one song. To me that's punk rock. Yeah, after you pay 15 bucks to some guy go, "Fuck you I don't want to listen to you any more." Thank you very much, I hope we pass the audition.

Jason's Top Ten

U.K. Subs- about 2/3 of everything they've done
The Freeze- Token Bones discography comp.
G.G. Allin- Freaks, Faggots, Drunks and Junkies
The Proletariat- Voodoo Economics and Other American Tragedies
Plasmatics- New Hope for the Wretched
Bloody Mess and the Skabs- Hungover and Stoned
Middle Class- A Blueprint for Joy
Diesel Queens- Hooked on Moronics
August Spies- August Spies 7"
Oxymoron- Fuck the Nineties, Here's Our Noise

Nancy's Top Ten Favorite Local Bands (Boston, MA)

Mung (R.I.P.)
Kermit's Finger
August Spies
Dogmatics
Razorwire
(get your fuckin' act together dudes!)
Dropkick Murphys
Showcase Showdown
Gang Green
Last Stand
Titanics

KIL KARE

Interview by Douggie Grime.
Layout by Verboslammed Publications.

Kil Kare is a three piece from Portland, Oregon. Members are Eric on guitar, Brian on upright bass and Aaron on drums.

MRR: Can you start off with a band history?

E: Brian and I were writing songs and just didn't have anyone to play drums. And Aaron and I had been staffing together at 223, the anarchist center and didn't even realize that we both played instruments. We talked about it one time when we staffed together and decided to get together. It pretty much took off after that.

MRR: So, why does the state of Ohio love you so much? When I travelled through there, people kept talking about what great people you are. They were talking about you as if you were one of their own, and I got the impression that you had gotten started there.

(Laughter)

B: Well, Eric and I were in different projects in Ohio. We're from Dayton, Ohio, grew up in Dayton. Eric was in a band that did quite a bit of touring in Ohio and around the Midwest and East Coast. And I was in a couple of different bands that didn't last very long but that did the same. So, when we went on tour, it was kind of like coming back to our home turf. It was kind of fun. We made it back. I guess maybe some people recognized us.

A: Who in Dayton?

MRR: *The Invisible Rays, Hans Schmegel and Greta Smack.*

E: They recognized us as *Kil Kare* or as the *Larry Brrds* or *Spitcurl* or what?

MRR: They remembered Brian and Eric. *Kil Kare*, I guess. When did the two of you move here to Portland?

E: Three years ago. We moved from different places. I was living in San Francisco for a while. Brian was living in Tucson, and we both liked the Northwest.

B: I had visited Portland and liked it a lot. And we moved around the same time, '96, I guess.

MRR: What about you, Aaron?

A: Yeah, I've had my eyeful of the country, but I've always lived here, had one foot here.

MRR: I think a lot of people from out of the area may think of bands like Poison Idea when they hear about Portland or the hardcore kids know bands like Detestation. What do you think is going on here in Portland now?

B: It's really hard to characterize the Portland sound now. If there is one.

E: A lot of people are doing a lot of different things. It seems like it's almost by neighborhoods sometimes. So many people are moving here that it doesn't seem like Portland has an identity like maybe it did when Poison Idea were playing.

A: When I was a kid.

B: It is interesting. Eric had mentioned that it seems like it could be categorized by neighborhoods, but even more than that it can be categorized by venues. There are different venues and they differ quite a bit scene-wise as well. There are quite a few little scenes that revolve around their own halls.

MRR: Like what?

B: Well, like at Seventeen Nautical Miles. I'm still really impressed by the energy that comes from that place. It's a real positive energy. There's a lot of creative stuff going on. People are a lot more open there to a lot of DIY types of music.

MRR: Any names that jump out at you as far as bands or people that you see having an impact locally?

B: The people who really inspire me are the people who still subscribe to the DIY ethic. Which actually seems to be more and more difficult to find. I think there still are a lot of people who are doing it, but as far as people where that is actually driving them, that's what really inspires me. And, that can come from a lot of different types of music and is coming from a lot of different types of music here in Portland. There's the revival of a lot of Old Time music. A lot of the younger people involved with that have punk roots. And they're continuing the punk tradition but in that different kind of music. In other kinds of music, it's the same thing; people here are really pushing the envelope and trying different genres but still sticking to the punk roots. And that's what's inspiring to me. As far as naming names . . .

A: There's that *God Hates Computers* band. *(Aaron's attempt at shmoozing the interviewer. –ed.)*

E: *Bisybackson.*

B: Without a doubt. And *The Curse*.

A: *The Planet The.*

B: I would say *The Dickel Brothers*, too.

MRR: So, do you all consider yourselves a punk band? How would you classify your music? Emo? You tend to remind me of some early punk bands like the Minutemen . . .

B: A lot of people, when they find out Eric and I are from Dayton, they kind of jump to the conclusion that we're emo. When we travelled around, people would say that we sounded like earlier punk, which would probably be true, because that is still where I draw from. When I'm writing that kind of music, it's from listening to those early punk records over and over when I was younger. It's still where my roots are. I never considered Kil Kare a punk band. I've always considered it an active band, a politically active band, a DIY band, and a band that just plays music to try to reach communities and to try to meet people.

A: If punks are the underground, then yes. We are participants in the underground.

MRR: Aside from playing music, how are each of you involved in the underground?

E: We're involved in the Industrial Workers of the World. That's a big thing. As I said, Aaron and I were members of the 223 anarchist info shop. Brian and I are printers, so we've got a lot of projects going on besides the band.

B: With the whole Wobblie connection as well, we were making an effort in every city we played to make contacts with other Wobblies. It's really neat to not have the primary focus be just the band, but also try to reach out in other areas and to try to get a feel for what was going on in the towns that we visited. Depending on where we were, there were younger kids who went to the shows who were also Wobblies, but also there were older folks with entirely different situations that we could share experiences with.

E: That and it was always fun carrying a literature table around, too. We tried to stock up on a small amount of literature that we could bring along to shows to sell or just give away. That always opened up dialogue with folks.

MRR: Do all of you identify yourselves as members of the working class, identify yourselves that way politically?

A: Yeah. Yeah. 'Fraid so.

E: We're all dedicated wage earners. So by default we're all members of the working class.

MRR: How did all of you come to identify yourself as members of the working class first? How did that identity develop? Are there any stories behind that? Did you all grow up working class?

B: I think it's interesting that we're talking about this now because it's been by default. To just kind of step backwards—I'm involved with printing, Eric's involved with printing. And that came from our interest in publications and in 'zines and the whole DIY punk scene years and years ago. Fifteen years ago we first started putting together publications, and that interest just sort of grew in that area. It went in a full circle and now I'm working a union print job and the ideals all sort of mesh. My politics at work might be a little more extreme, but they don't really conflict with other people. Printers tend to be very independent kinds of people and are kind of interesting sorts of characters. So, I'm just now associating myself with the working class in that sense. Although that's pretty much an environment we grew up in as well. But it hasn't been until recently that I've actually said, "Yeah, I'm a member of the working class."

E: It seems like most wage earners have an intuitive sense of resistance because it just doesn't make much sense to spend so much of your waking hours making just a small portion of what you're producing. So, I guess you can find identity just by being someone who works, and whether or not it comes from a realization that that's the case is another issue. But most people have a general dissatisfaction with those conditions.

B: Along the lines of the whole printing thing is the I.P.R.C., the Independent Publishing Resource Center, which I'm involved with. It's a community project which involves a space that is being set up to allow for anybody to come in and use printing equipment and computers for laying out publications. And, we have a zine archive.

MRR: How could people get in touch with the I. P. R. C.?

B: Right now, the best way to get in touch with the I.P.R.C. is through Reading Frenzy which is an independent publications retail space here in Portland. *(ed. note: I.P.R.C., 917 SW Oak Street, Portland, OR 97205, phone/fax: (503) 827.0249, E-mail: publishingcenter@hotmail.com)*

Photo: Jason

MRR: To get back to the music, you guys have toured cross country once?

E: Cross country, once and a couple of West Coast tours.

B: Three. Actually, we haven't really talked about our music. I would hope to think it's fairly unique music. We came straightaway from the whole "emo" classification. But there's an upright bass. It's sort of a sparse sound. People don't really know what to think at first, especially seeing the bass. The guitarist plays a lot of open chords and sort of sparse melodies. I think that sometimes that's what makes it hard to pigeonhole.

MRR: There's definitely elements there that remind me of the Minutemen. It has that same sparseness. There's a jaggedness to it in certain places. One of the things I'd been thinking about was how a lot of early punk bands consciously set out to revolutionize pop music. Bands like Buzzcocks were out to do something new and to make an impact on pop music. And, this seems to be something that the punk music subculture has turned away from. Are you setting out to do something specifically new with your music?

E: I certainly wouldn't say that that was a design, to create something different. We just got together and decided to play what we play. We just got used to playing what we've been playing. It just turned out to be the way it is.

B: I think it's actually pretty interesting that the previous, most recent other projects that we were involved with were all under the punk umbrella but were all opposites of one another. I think that's what made it interesting to get together. I mean what kind of music did the *Rickets*—

A: *The Rickets* were straight up punk rock. I brought the burnout of that into *Kil Kare*. I was like, "I don't wanna do that anymore."

B: And then Eric was involved with something that would be considered pop-punk. I don't know what I was involved with. It was a little bit like *Kil Kare* because I played upright in that band as well. But, it would be closer to "emo" than any of the other projects. To bring the three genres together was a pretty fun process. And that's happened. Like Eric said, it wasn't really designed to be a certain sound. We just kind of came together that way.

MRR: You've been around for a couple of years now. You must be driven by something. What sorts of things do you aspire to as a band or drive you as a band ?

B: I guess I've got to speak for myself. I would just say, "Community, community, community."

A: Yep.

B: I mean, that is all. The music is secondary. It's more about reaching out and exploring, literally. Piling into a van and seeing what other people are doing on their own, for themselves and what they're building. That's what the driving force is for me.

E: It's always fun to go play in small towns, in basements, and warehouses. We do prefer those kinds of shows and to play with bands that otherwise possibly don't have any releases out, haven't been heard yet on wide scale. It's exciting to hear that and see that slice of life and different parts of America.

B: We've stumbled a little bit learning what our path is. We've always preferred the out of the way shows and the all-ages shows, but at one point we played, and we still play, bars. I think recently, although we haven't made a universal rule against it, there are a lot of bars in Portland, like Camel bars, that we did play a couple times and that we've decided we wouldn't play. My point is that we've tried playing a lot of different places and really do mean to stick to the underground and explore that. That's where the energy is, and that's where it's important to be.

E: Absolutely.

A: You measure up a kid who does it in his spare time, sets up a show, gets a hall, does whatever it takes to take it seriously for little or no money, and compare him to a bar that's trying to sell beer and generally cheats you out of your gas money—maybe not here. We'd much rather be with our folks, the people who are doing it as a labor of love, as participation in something bigger, something better, as opposed to commercial interests.

E: A lot of the bars in Portland—and I'm not sure if this is a national phenomenon—have corporate sponsorship. Especially from RJR. That brings music closer to mallification. So, it's always good to stay away from that.

MRR: I remember a special event that was held at one bar that was sponsored by Camel Cigarettes. They, in addition to the ashtrays and the little signs on the tables, had televisions set up that did nothing but run those psychedelic Camel ad graphics.

A: See, now what do cigarettes have to do with music? We refuse, I refuse to participate. I don't want their banner flying behind my band. They have nothing to do with it. It pisses me off. They kill people.

B: A lot of our songs are about taking music back, too. It was maybe a reaction to moving here. It was incredibly hyped music-wise. Back in Dayton, you totally had to build up from the ground and fight, and it was a real struggle to get a show going and to keep interest. There was no support from the general community. It was a real struggle to have an all-ages show. The police were always closing them down. And, here, it seemed like there was a grey area where the DIY thing and the whole punk thing bled into mainstream music. And it was a struggle for me to find a way to be true to the roots here. As a reaction to that, I really started focusing on that whole idea of taking music back. Punk rock is a voice of people who out of necessity need to express something, and I feel like there's a genre of music that is falling under punk rock, but it's not out of necessity. It's just a style. So this whole idea of taking music back for empowerment, for people who need a voice, as opposed to having it assimilated as a mainstream, corporate commodity.

A: A Camel cigarette commercial.

MRR: One of the things that I noticed when I moved here was that, because there were larger venues for bands to play, venues that would put on so-called punk bands, that a lot of bands in that vein then aspired to that.

B: Right.

MRR: And that's changed even more since the smaller independent places have had a harder time keeping their doors open lately.

B: We just need to keep that in mind. All of a sudden it felt like the rug had been pulled out from under us. Suddenly our music was no longer ours. It was controlled by this larger thing, and a lot of younger kids who were just getting involved in the scene had a different idea of what it's all about. Granted, it's different from when you and I were growing up, but it's important to know that we built this ourselves. We built the scene ourselves. We sweated and bled over the scene and all of a sudden there's some guy in a tie pushing paper on a desk with our efforts. It's really important that we realize that this is from our hard work. "Our" meaning the general punk scene.

MRR: You've talked about what inspires you to keep going. What inspires the lyrics? Are they all of a political bent?

E: We've got a song about the destruction of billboards.

B: Which would sort of fall under the political category.

MRR: No love songs?

B: I don't know. We might have a love song.

A: A love for billboard destruction.

MRR: "Love is a Battlefield?"

B: Yeah, that was one. No, we've got a song about a conversation on the bus. It seems like the simple everyday actions somehow relate to the larger picture.

A: There's the Salt Lake City song.

E: Is that political?

B: No, it's not. It's about love.

MRR: For a long time, I stopped listening to political bands because it seemed like a lot of people weren't writing good political songs. It seemed like there were a lot of people using the same rhymes to say the same things. There was a time a few years ago when things seemed stifled. How have you found a way to break out of that?

B: Whew.

MRR: Have you found a way to write interesting political songs?

B: Vaguely. It's not telling anyone what to do, it's basically celebrating everyday activities and how they relate to be conscious and aware. But again, celebration is a big part of it—getting excited over, like I said, a bus ride. But somehow, that relates to a larger political theme as well. But, most of our songs don't deal directly with a single political issue. It's more of a broad—

E: If somebody read the lyrics, they might not be overtly political. A lot of them are pretty vague. Pretty abstract. But they do relate somehow. I guess some are more direct.

MRR: You also include a sort of political stream-of-consciousness thing between the lyrics of each song on the CD, which seems to sort of sharpen some of those ideas.

E: A lot of those lyrics come from bigger pieces that can't or maybe don't fit the music, but we did include some more than what we've included with the music.

B: I guess we've taken quite a few liberties. Sometimes the lyrics come first and then the music. So, we have to sort of cut and paste whatever might be appropriate to fit a certain song that we come up with. That's why a lot of the lyrics in the booklet have explanations, in a sense.

MRR: What specific goals do you have for the band? Do you have plans to go back out on the road or record more?

E: We'd really like to get back on the road. We'd like to release something soon here. Probably just a single. The main thing is writing and writing. And touring as well.

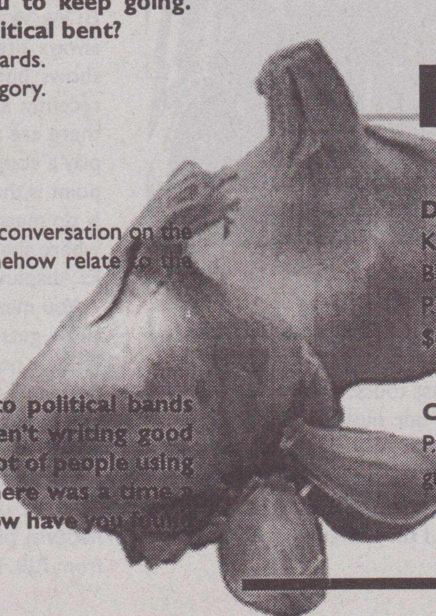
B: That is a big thing. I'm also trying to figure out a way to sort to—I mean we've done it in the past—to focus on what else we can do as a band. I like the idea of different types of projects that are affiliated with the band but aren't necessarily a recording project. It might be a writing project ...

MRR: Have you worked on stuff like that as a band in the past?

B: Just our outside interests. We all sort of share the same interests so we do the same activities. It feels like it's part of the band just because it's us doing it. But, no, we haven't actually compiled a publication under the band's name or anything like that. It is a goal, though.

MRR: Was there anything else you wanted to add?

A: Yeah, I want to thank every single person who took us serious on our tours, put us up, gave us food. There are a lot of really good people out there. I just wanted to say, "Thank you very much."



KIL KARE

Discography
Kil Kare s/t CD
Blackberry Press, 1998
P.O. Box 2556, Portland, OR 97208
$6.00 ppd

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THE PET PEEVES

I'm told that this band was formed for one reason, to rock the kids. This Albuquerque quartet, however, are on a mission to annoy everyone else using fun, loud, garagey pop-punk that pays homage to bands like Sweet Baby, Supercharger and MTX. They love what they do and they do it well. The line-up is: Brian Action on vocals/guitar, Mike Seville- guitar/vocals, Rock 'n' Roll Nicole - bass/vocals, Dante - drums/vocals. Interview by Penny Clark.

MRR: So Dante, you've been drumming in the band now for awhile. How many drummers has this band had?

Dante: The official count last week was...

Brian: Twenty-four! They all suspiciously died in mysterious boating accidents.

Dante: But I think there is a chance I will survive. But I think I'm number eight. Of course Mike, our guitarist, was the first drummer.

Mike: And I was the best! I never played a show, but I did practice.

Brian: We were like... pretty damn garagey with you drumming.

Mike: Well, we practiced in that smelly-ass house! It's hard not to be punk there.

MRR: So when did you get started?

Brian: Well, we played our first show with the Young Adults at Mind Over Matter a couple of years ago. We didn't start playing a lot until Dante joined and everything clicked.

Nicole: They got me in the band to look cute.

Brian: But we had to show her how to play bass so she wouldn't just be standing there.

Mike: We should've gotten her to play the maracas.

MRR: So... Pet Peeves. How'd you get the name?

Mike: Uh, good question.

Brian: I had a bunch of names I scribbled down and I just kept hearing people gripe about their pet peeves and the things that pissed them off and I figured what's more punk than pissing people off?

Dante: Actually, it's just because you can't say "Puppy Boner" on the radio.

MRR: So how does Albuquerque treat you?

Dante: I like it. Being a native of Chicago, I guess it's easier to get started here. To play bars and stuff in Chicago, you have to be really, really good...

Brian: What?! As opposed to us?! All: (laughs)

Dante: No, that's not what I meant. It's more personal here. Less competitive.

MRR: So who are your favorite bands here?

Mike: I'd have to say The Eyeliners. They rock'n'roll.

Brian: Scared of Chaka... Drags... Chinese Love Beads. All: Yeah!

Brian: Mike, from the Beads played drums for us once. He's awesome.

Nicole: The Pet Peeves are my favorite band!

Mike: Good answer!

MRR: So, you just recorded... Are you putting something out?

Brian: Our 7" should be out by the time this is printed. It's called "Death by Stereo" and Garth from No Potential Records is putting something out. He puts out local bands. Joe from Science Project is gonna put us on an Albuquerque comp too with our friends Trauma Kids, 3 Degrees, Smug...

Nicole: We're gonna be famous, cool!

MRR: Where'd you record?

Mike: My friend, Gabe recorded us... at his school.

Dante: Mike tends to play porn music in between takes and Brian was running around in a dress!

Brian: They had costumes in that closet! Why not?! Gabe had the marching band outfit on. Besides you wear a kilt when we play! All: (laughs)

Nicole: I thought recording would be all "La Bamba" style and we'd be doing songs a million times. I didn't know what to do because my earphones didn't work.

Brian: I can't believe you didn't tell us 'til after! You did a good job though. But when we put out our first CD we're doing a mystery track of Nicole singing with broken headphones over Mike's porn music! All: (laughs)

MRR: Have you played with any bands from out of town that you really liked?

Dante: When the Ramones opened for us... All: Shut up! (laughs)

Mike: The Automatics!

Brian: Discount...

Dante: I gotta go with the Satelliters.

MRR: I know a lot of bands stay at your house Brian...

Brian: And they love my mom's green chile burritos too! Just ask the Hi-Fives, Groovie Ghoulies...

MRR: What about the Crumbs? I heard they stayed for a night or two.

All: (laughs)

Brian: They lived with me for a couple of weeks. Their poor van was broken down so bad. They sold it to a friend at my work so they could get home. They're great guys. We pretty much just watched all the "Rocky" movies and drank beer. Raf and Johnny helped with our song "Panic On The Titanic" a little bit.

MRR: So lets start some rumors about you guys...

Dante: Yeah, I love rock n' roll bullshit!

Brian: We have too many groupies and we're bad tippers.

MRR: (looking at Brian's dog) Tell me about your mascot here.

Brian: That's my chihuahua, Rocky, who pees on Mike at every practice. He's the fifth Pet Peeve.

Mike: Little fucker... All: (laughs)

MRR: So what's with you guys and your relation to "From Dusk Till Dawn"?

Dante: I was originally supposed to play Tarantino's part but it didn't work out.

Nicole: I just like the word "fuck".

Mike: Me, too.

Brian: I don't know. It's like the unofficial Pet Peeves movie. So many good lines, explosions, blood...What more could you ask for?

MRR: Nicole, why do you wear your hair in those weird Princess Leia buns?

Nicole: Because... my hair is sooo big.

Brian: It's to distract people from us messing up onstage.

Dante: We should play naked... That would draw crowds.

Brian: Like the Doll Rods! But we'd all have to have Nicole hair too!

MRR: Are you guys gonna tour?

Nicole: I'm getting really cute luggage for Christmas! All: (laughs)

Brian: That's all we're waiting for!

Write to The Pet Peeves at: 6516 Astair Ave. NW Albuquerque, NM 87120 e-mail- Teenldle41@aol.com
Website: petpeeves.conk.com

Slingshot Episode

With only hours left in the second to last year of this century I sat down with Slingshot Episode: Rick Fisher (bass, vocals), Sylvia Gubatan (vocals), Grant Pershing (drums) and David Coonce (guitar), from Bloomington, Indiana (home of John Cougar Mellencamp). Their new album, Fault Lines Sleep For Now, on What Else? Records, will be released mid-February. It's preceded by two badass 7"s on Rags to Records and What Else?, respectively. Their unique use of established rock-n-roll instruments, combined with powerful, otherworldly vocals, proves that this quartet has got the goods. Interview by Gain Boatswain.

MRR: At what age did you start playing music, and what instrument?

Sylvia: I have a tape from when I was four and I was singing.

David: Is that the tape where you call your brother stupid? I love that tape.

Sylvia: I was four years old.

Grant: When I was ten years old I starting playing the drums.

Rick: I started playing guitar when I was thirteen.

David: When I was nine years old I started playing the trombone.

MRR: Can you each name one band that influenced you to start playing music?

David: The first time I saw a punk band play live was what influenced me to play music. It was this old Indianapolis punk band called Jot. That was the first time I thought, "hey, anybody can get up here and play an instrument." They were good, but what I'm saying is, as an audience member you tend to think of shows as this really undemocratic thing. There are people on stage that are performers and there are people on the floor who are the audience. This show was at a house and I was standing right next to the band, so I guess it didn't necessarily make me want to play music but it did make me want to be a part of that sort of musical scene.

Sylvia: When I first got spit on by a performer, I think it was Doug Ward from 8-Bark.

Grant: I started playing in the school band before I was really into music, John Phillip Sousa I guess.

Rick: I was pretty much in the same situation. I was sort of into the classic rock thing.

MRR: Do you feel influenced by other bands or individuals, or do you feel the music you create is separate from the music you listen to?

Grant: It's hard not to be influenced by everything that is going on around you, but I feel that the end product is something of our own.

Sylvia: We tend to listen to a lot of different stuff, so I think it goes hand in hand with the way our music evolves. The way our sound has changed so much since we first began, I think, is a reaction to all the things we're getting into and the different kinds of bands we're influenced by.

David: I think you can tell, pretty obviously, when bands tend to listen to the same sorts of bands. We listen to a real diverse range of music, everything from really abrasive hardcore to folk.

DISCOUNT
BIKINI KILL
Dig Tha

MRR: With every band, it's a weird thing to figure out why you play music, because obviously you don't just do it for the members of the band. There is something for other people, but how much do those other people have a say even reluctantly or accidentally in what you're doing?

Sylvia: The only time it seems to cross my mind is when we start to play a show and some people will just be sitting down or just leave. Maybe it's because we are booked with a band that doesn't sound like us or something, but they're not there to see us. So it does cross my mind and I ask myself, "what do these people want and are we going to give them anything close to what they would be into?" But then you just have to go on.

David: I think live there's more of that maybe, probably because there is an audience, but when we're writing I don't ever think "oh, this isn't really going to go over." We decide that based on whether it works or not for us.

Sylvia: The best shows I've played you just have to let go of that because it's not going to make a difference either way.

MRR: What if you're playing third at a show that's more geared to a specific style of punk music, like hardcore, would you alter your set at all in order to go with the flow or against the flow of a show?

David: We don't really have enough songs to alter our set too drastically (laughter).

Sylvia: But it does happen. It's funny because a lot of kids that come to shows aren't necessarily into the out-of-town bands but are into the local bands. I sometimes sense a strange fear that maybe they won't like a band based on what their friends think instead of their own personal opinions.

MRR: Do you want to address the issue of being a female singer in a male-dominated scene?

Sylvia: I think about it. Going back to the audience influence question: it does cross my mind-how do they perceive me, what do they expect? But I don't worry about if my clothes are too tight or if I say the wrong things. People shouldn't go to shows under the pretense that it is a fashion or wit contest, it's about music...I play bass in another band and one thing I find really interesting is that instantly people felt more comfortable commenting on my performance. I don't know if people don't feel comfortable talking to me as a singer because of my stage presence or if the medium through which musicians communicate with the

Slingshot Episode

audience (bass compared to vocals) allows them a different comfort level when dealing with the performers.

Grant: Maybe people feel threatened by her being right in their faces making eye contact as opposed to her being more in the background in a band.

Sylvia: Surprisingly, I've never really been heckled because of my body...maybe I shouldn't be so flattered. (laughter)

Grant: It is strange considering some of the seedy places we've played.

MRR: Like where?

Grant: We played at this trashy metal bar after we had been together about eight months. This guy got our number out of Book Your Own Fucking Life, said we could use all of their equipment and they would give us $100. David's amp sounded like the guy from Megadeth and the drum set was so shitty that at one point the tom-tom ended up falling over and rolling off of the stage. That barefoot guy with scabs all over his body really liked us though.

MRR: Do any of your political or social ideals play a part in this band?

Rick: I guess in respect to the lifestyle that we have to lead because of the band. We are not really allowed to have careers or anything like that.

David: I think being in a DIY band is an inherently political statement. It takes a political nature to put out your own records and book your own tours.

Sylvia: Not as far as the lyrics go.

MRR: How do you feel about bands who have an obvious political or social agenda that attempt to sway their audiences' opinions through lyrics, or discussing between their songs what they are about?

David: I think it's great for bands to have lyrics that address those issues because music is a really great communicator of a message, but it is sometimes weird when you see a band go off on a really tangential speech in between songs because then you just wonder, why even bother playing the song? Is the politicism of it more important than the music? In my opinion all the really great political bands have really great music and they didn't need to browbeat you with their message. Bob Mould once said in an interview, "you can talk all day but in the end it's gotta rock."

Rick: I think sometimes there are certain bands that are who they are because of their antics and not because of the music. That is not an all together bad thing because it introduces their ideas to new people, but there has to be good music for me to really appreciate the band.

David: It seems you might as well go buy a Noam Chomsky book for the price of the show instead because the thoughts are going to be more developed.

MRR: Recently there has been a lot of debate within the punk rock community on the topic of the continental drift theory, you seem to have taken the debate by storm with your album title (*Fault Lines Sleep For Now*). What do you as a band and as individuals believe?

David: Well, I think the debate within the punk rock community is long overdue on this subject. I think we've been silent for too many years. You know, it's pretty obvious...look at Africa and South America, they fit together like a puzzle. (laughter)

MRR: How does the fact that you reside very near to one of the most relevant fault lines in North America, the New Madrid Fault in northern Kentucky, factor into your new album's title? Does "Sleep For Now" imply some impending doom? Do you see yourselves as prophets?

Sylvia: Being in a band is a very stressful situation because it is in a relationship with multiple people. "Slingshot Episode," *Fault Lines Sleep For Now*, and "disasters that are waiting to happen" are testament to me being very thematic. A lot of the lyrics on the album revolve around having to deal daily with each other and still make it work. And still really like what we are doing.

Grant: When you think about it, it is really rare that two people can have a functional and happy relationship with one another, let alone four people.

MRR: Is there one Slingshot Episode song that epitomizes what you're all about?

Sylvia: No, now there are eleven.

MRR: When are you planning on touring again?

Grant: All of April and into May. Everywhere we can go in the country in five weeks.

David: That's one thing that will be nice, when the continents reform it's going to be so much easier for a punk band to tour Japan. Just drive to California and cross over.

Rick: Then we can use our album cover as a map.

Discography: "Lid" EP, Rags to Records, 1997, "Dead Air to Deaf Ear" EP, What Else Records, 1998.

Slingshot Episode can be reached at PO Box 971 Bloomington, IN 47402

Super Hi-Five are a three piece from West Chester, PA. Arik plays guitar, Sid plays bass and Mike drums. Arik and Sid share the singing duties. They mix all the important ingredients of music to rock; punk, hardcore, metal, and "emo." Playing to all ages across the United States and winning fans over with their sound and energy. I had a chance to interview them in the Creep house where Arik, the lead singer and guitarist, lives and works on Creep Records and Your Mom's recording studio. He has recorded not only his band, but such other prominent bands as: Plow United, Bouncing Souls, the Boils, Hellbender, Violent Society, and a whole bunch from the "West Chester Rock City." I hope you enjoy it. Interview by Jack Ball

MRR: I'm here with Super Hi-Five here in the Creep Records house. In da house.

Mike: In effect G.

Sid: In effect y'all.

MRR: Say your names and your favorite beer.

(Laughter erupts)

Mike: My name is Michael...

Sid: Yuengling

(more laughter)

Mike: No wait my name is Yuengling and I like to drink Michael.

Sid: I'm Sid and I play bass, and of course I like to drink Yuengling. (Laughter) Yes, it's true, I'm a true blooded Pennsylvanian.

Arik: My name is Arik and I play guitar and I like to drink Yuengling. (Even more laughter)

Mike: Now where's our fuckin' t-shirts! (Laughter)

Sid: Yeah, where's our fuckin' sponsors!

MRR: So how did you guys start? As Super Hi-Five, how did it all begin?

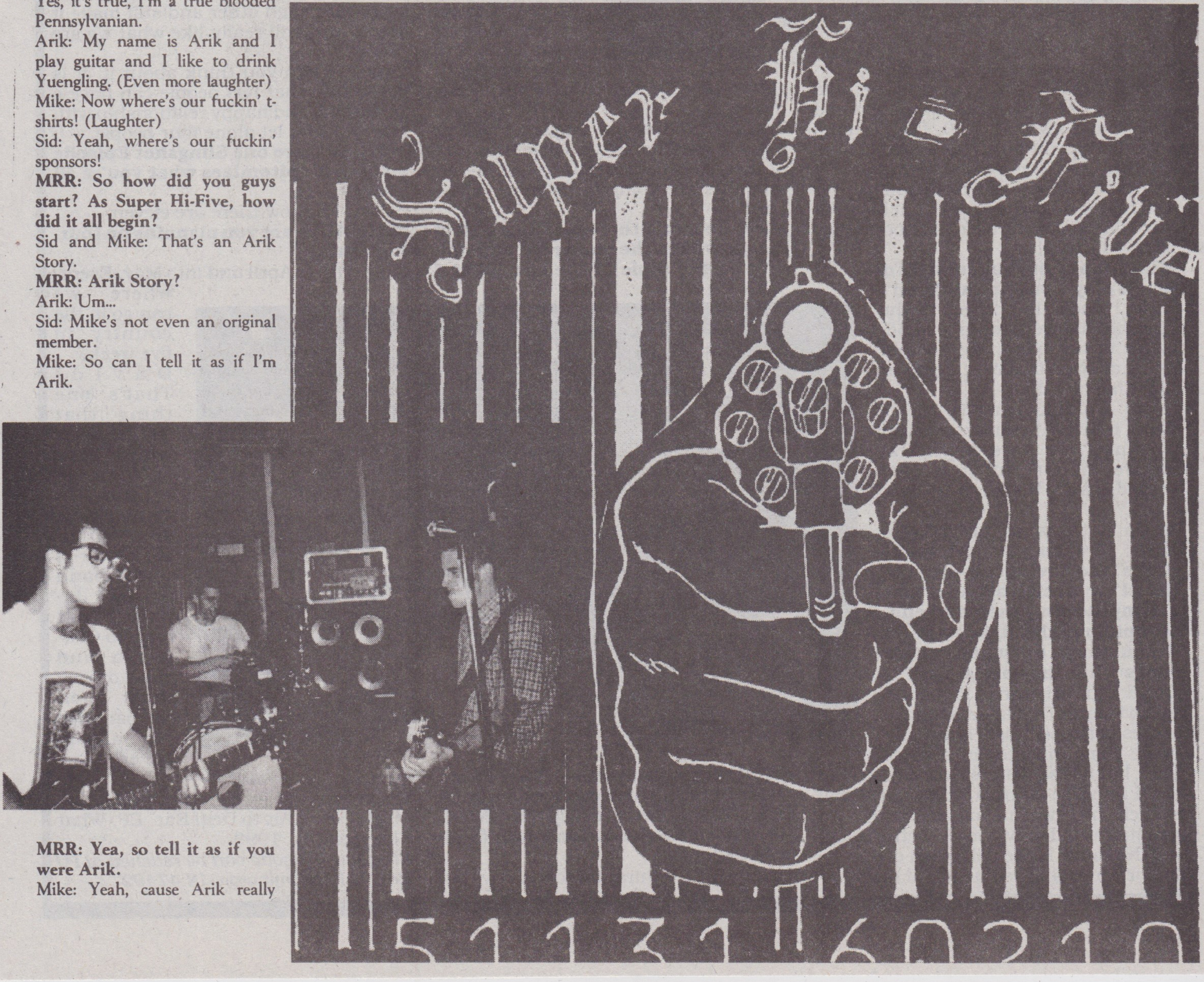
Sid and Mike: That's an Arik Story.

MRR: Arik Story?

Arik: Um...

Sid: Mike's not even an original member.

Mike: So can I tell it as if I'm Arik.



MRR: Yea, so tell it as if you were Arik.

Mike: Yeah, cause Arik really doesn't really want to speak.

Arik: No Wait...

(Arik clears his throat)

Arik: Super Hi-Five started because Sid and I were in another band called Reject, we broke up 'cause we sucked. I still wanted to keep playing though, and the only way I'm going to be happy is if I start writing songs. Cause you know, I haven't written songs in a while. And I was watching too many devious sitcoms. So Super Hi-Five sort of was spawned off of Reject and 80's sitcoms.

Mike: Teen angst.

Arik: Yeah, and you know we're getting older.

MRR: And how long ago was that?

Arik: Three years.

MRR: And then you started the band with Sid.

Arik: Yeah, me and Sid having been playing for about seven years.

Mike: **He tried out all different kinds of people.**

Sid: How long have we been playing together?

Mike: Since like way back in the day of High School.

Arik: 91-92. Feels like it's been longer.

MRR: So it was you and him who started the band, or it was you that had the idea?

Arik: See at the time, it was like this, right. I sort of wanted to do something a bit more poppier, and Sid wanted to move to New York and play hardcore without actually moving to New York. And we started playing stuff together. And we realized we can fuse the two together.

MRR: And you had a first drummer...

Mike: But we won't talk about him.

MRR: So then Mike came in. When did you come into the band?

Mike: I came into the band about two years ago now. After the first drummer there was a quick succession of about three other guys who would play one show with them...

Sid: We would try them out...

Mike: And I was playing with this indie-rock band and I was like, "well, I work with Arik, well I'll play drums." And they were like, "no you can't play drums good enough," so thus...

Arik and Sid: What??? Noooo!!! We did not!!!

Mike: You guys said that I couldn't play the kind of music you were playing.

Sid: No, do you know what it was, it was Mike's haircut, that's what fucked me up, he had this waffle haircut, with this big chunk of hair on the side of his head so I said 'I can't do this.'

Mike: So Arik and I played once together just to try out some songs and then I played with Sid, and it was supposed to be temporary until they found a drummer.

Arik: But it felt really good.

Mike: Yeah, it felt good, and it fit, and with the other band, we really weren't doing anything. So yeah, and I just stayed in Super Hi-Five.

MRR: That's how the band basically was.

Arik: Yeah, that's how it was.

Mike: Yeah and we had a very brief stint for about 8 months where Brian played with us, from Plow United, which was cool and stuff. It just didn't work out, he is into other stuff.

Arik: Yeah, we didn't have room for the banjo parts.

Mike: Yeah, we would have made room for them, but...

Arik: So yeah, hit us with some more good stuff.

MRR: So let's talk about... wait forget that question, and that one... (laughter)

Mike: Yes, we like to have sex with animals. (laughter)

Sid: I like to fuck beer bottles.

Mike: Ok Sid... I think we need to drink more Jameson.

MRR: As the band Super Hi-Five, you also do other things. You run Creep Records, you have the studio together. Sid just hangs. You all basically live here together, your with each other 24/7, is it hard to get along together most of the time.

Sid: I think it's harder for other people to get along with us as a unit.

MRR: 'Cause you guys are together all the time.

Mike: Things go through different phases. We're not together all the time and stuff, and right now, we're in a little bit of a downtime, playing less shows, and writing new stuff. We haven't really been hanging out much lately because we're working, which isn't good or bad, it's just the way it is right now. But we get along really well. Arik and I snap at each other once in a while, but it's usually not with band things, it's usually with other things. We get on each other, but it's in a positive way. You know what I mean?

Arik: It's funny to see other bands and the way they work it's they're usually mad at each other and at each other's throats. For us to be at each others throats, is nothing compared to other bands that we're friends with, we're actually in a good working situation.

Sid: We're at our essence when we're on tour in the van, we just get along, so much better, cause we don't have to deal with the bullshit back here (in West Chester, PA).

Arik: Yeah, the telephone just fucks everything up.

MRR: So what's the "scene" like here in West Chester?

Mike: The scene is kind of weird lately. At one point it was very unified, everyone was going to shows. Now it's just weird, a certain part is us getting older, but it's not the same as it was, even when we were that age, it's not the same, you know? There's no kind of unity.

MRR: Is it because punk rock has become more commercialized?

Sid: I think kids take shows for granted now. Cause when I was younger I would go see shows that were coming up and have a blast and go all out. And now, kids are like there's a show next weekend and they just stand there...

MRR: Who's playing...

Arik: Yeah it's like they act 'is it cool to like this band,' just like when a band comes through Philly, and if a band from England comes through Philly, all the kids at the show will have patches of that band on their jacket.

Mike: There's so much of that, you take a band like Sunny Day Real Estate. I think they are a good band, I saw them seriously like 4 years ago, there was no one there, and then they broke up, and they became cool. This new record comes out, and whether you like it or not, they could've put out a Christmas album, and regardless people would've loved it. You know what I mean?

Sid: My theory is because punk is becoming more commercialized, or whatever you want to call what we do or who we hang out with, I think that the jocks are a lot easier on the kids, there's no weeding out, there's no problem. It's become cool to be 'punk,' and there's a lot of people who are into it, and we all had to fight to be weirdoes, but now kids can be weird and get away with it, and they're not sincere.

Mike: Yeah, if you went to a High School today and look at how kids normally dress, it's kind of 'punk.'

Arik: Yeah, if you had your nose pierced that was the end. People would look at you and say 'you are such a freak.'

Mike: It's just so weird. It'll probably just phase out.

Sid: And we'll still get older, and be freakier.

Mike: In regards to the West Chester scene, there have been a lot of awesome bands and a lot of the bands that have come and gone, and we just keep going.

MRR: So is this what you want to keep on doing?

Mike: Yeah, we don't have too much else going for us. We all keep busy, but this is what we love.

Sid: Yeah, this is why we have jobs, so we can keep touring, so we can afford to live and shit.

MRR: But the way your talking it seems that you are the beginning of the West Chester punk rock scene, you guys were there first.

Mike: I wouldn't say we were there in the beginning...

Arik: What I can say about Super Hi-Five and Creep and everything that we're doing, we have learned from a time that was really good around here and we absorbed a lot of that energy that was happening then. Even though the band wasn't that good, three years ago, we sort of taken that and used that a some weird sort of fuel, for the last couple of years, and now the scene has changed in a way like 'what the hell is going on.'

Mike: I was talking to a friend of mine yesterday about Fugazi and they're a band that has always done what they do, and they just plow ahead and don't pay attention to whatever is going on around them. They have put out music that's good and bad, but they keep doing it. They learned from being in their past bands what to do and not what to do.

MRR: So are you guys influenced from that?

Mike: Oh definitely. I love them, big favorite of mine.

Sid: I would say we are heavily influenced by the DC scene.

Arik: Bad Brains man.

MRR: Is it compared to the Philadelphia scene, because there, it's kind of shitty. It's lame.

Mike: It doesn't exist really.

Arik: It never did though.

MRR: Yea, but what I'm saying is, when punk rock was big three years ago, there was the Dead Milkmen and FOD in Philly and that was it.

Sid: Yeah, but those guys are awesome.

Mike: Yeah, but that's the thing, those guys are still doing stuff in Philly.

MRR: Yeah, but a couple of years ago, West Chester was becoming bigger in punk than in Philly. I'm not saying you guys had this plan.

Mike: No, it's not like it's bigger, we just don't really acknowledge it, it's not in our heads.

Arik: Over the past year, it hasn't even come up in conversation, cause for the longest time except when I was 15 or 16, that's when I thought about going to clubs in Philly.

Mike: Does anyone really think when it comes to our band, 'oh this is our scene, and this what we want to be part of,' which I hope not. It's not really a factor in what we do. We are what we are, cause there's definitely a lot of cool stuff in Philly and a lot of cool people.

MRR: I'm just saying there's an idea that when your in a band in this area saying 'I'm living in West Chester but man, I really want to play the Philly music scene, play there as much as possible...'

Sid: The only thing really there are bars, and I would only play there to get free beer.

Mike: Yeah, but was once is cool in Philly for at least in underground music, it was mostly indie-rock. The clubs are not punk-like.

Arik: We can play awesome shows in basements here that are definitely cooler than playing in a bar, where people are just standing there looking at you.

Sid: That's what I love, is when you play a basement show and there are 50 kids who are totally loving it.

Arik: Even on tour we have situations where we're playing clubs, and playing clubs is OK, but there are some where, this it's like 'this is really weird', but we can walk into a basement in a house and in the first five seconds, you know it's going to be awesome playing there.

MRR: So what's it like for you guys on tour, do you prefer playing houses and stuff like that, or...

Mike: We do a combination of both, because there are some clubs that are really cool. Like Sluggo's in Pensacola is probably the best club.

Sid: Yeah, that's are home away from home. We once played in a kitchen in Starksville, Mississippi, in front of one person, and that was cool.

MRR: Even the whole VFW Hall thing has died down a lot.

Arik: That's because people fuck it up.

Mike: There has been a lot problems, I'm not trying to name names, but especially in the hardcore scene, the bands have a lot fans who fuck shit up for the wrong reasons. Thus making it harder for other people to do anything. it's not the bands fault, but sometimes it gets harder to do anything.

MRR: So what else do you do besides being in a band.

Arik: Playstation.

Mike: We also do the studio which is basically a big thing.

MRR: Has the studio been the same type of music, or has it been different kinds.

Mike: Lately, we just did a jazzy-Phish type thing.

Arik: Basically, if the people are nice, then we record anything.

MRR: So what do you do Sid.

Sid: In my spare time, I landscape for a living. I hang out, drink beer. Work.

Mike: I have a full-time job at Bell Atlantic and it sucks, we just keep ourselves busy.

Sid: I think my favorite past time is hanging out with these guys...

Mike: Yeah, like last night, you were hanging out with us and we were talking about Star Wars with our friend Jason.

MRR: Yeah, and I was getting him pissed off because I was saying that Boba Fett was actually a woman.

All of Them: Hell No!

MRR: Yeah, why not, it's conceivable.

Mike: No no no.

MRR: Anyway, you have the Creep Records thing.

Arik: Yea, I own it, but I have a bunch of people help me out.

Mike: Yeah, we're doing a new Comp. which is something we haven't done in a while.

Arik: The labels is doing well. It's just that...

Mike: We've just been spending a lot of time being more thorough about the releases.

Arik: Everybody makes some mistakes you know, some people that were helping out with the label aren't helping out as much as they used to, but some new people have come in, like Mike is helping out more than he did.

Sid: I would like to help out more, but I just don't have enough time.

Arik: Yeah. When we finally get to the point where we can kick it...

MRR: Who is/was your favorite band to play with?

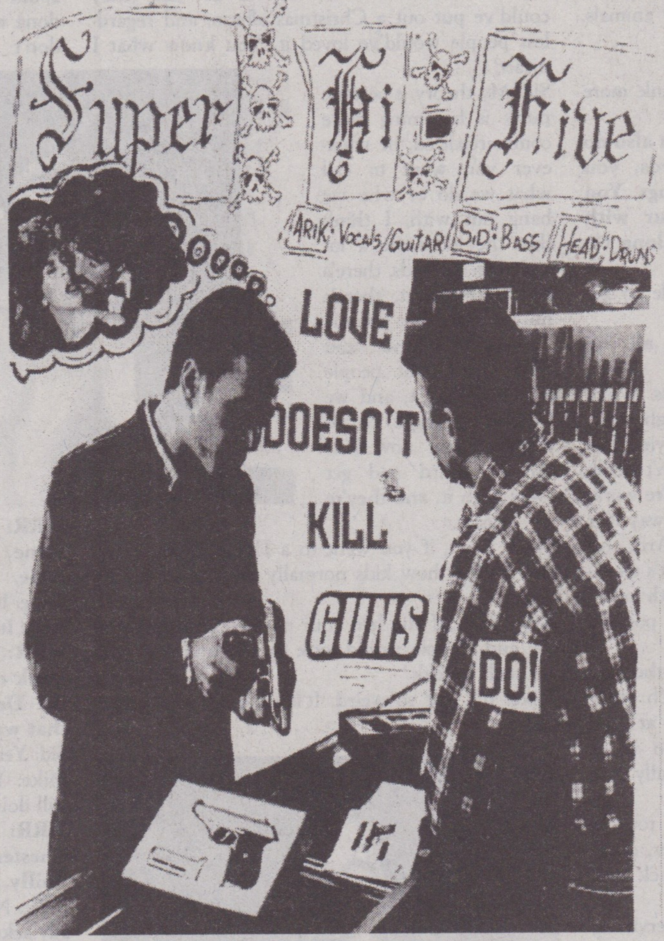
Mike: Plow United, seriously. That was when we had the most fun at our shows. When we went on tour with them, it was great.

MRR: So who was the worst band, lets get some dirt.

All: Aww man (groans).

MRR: C'mon man, who.

Mike: Plow United. (Laughter)



MRR: What was the effect in West Chester when your CD came out.

Arik: The cool thing is after the CD came out, we toured and we came back for the last show in West Chester, and we go there and we were thinking, 'is anyone going to come and see us...' cause it was sort of set up as a coming home show. And we walked in, and there was 50-60 kids there just coming to see us. And kids were coming up to us who had the record and gotten it while we were gone, and kids were talking to us about the songs, and that was cool.

Mike: Plus were fairly outspoken.

Sid: We can be pretty sarcastic.

Mike: It was cool to see those kids watching us play.

Sid: Kids come up and ask me what kind of music I listen to, cause I listen mostly to the local stuff, that's where I get my inspiration from, the bands we know and play with.

Arik: That's not some sort of wired pretentious vibe.

Sid: Yeah, I mean that's what heals my wounds, you know, like Dutchland Diesel and Hellbender songs.

Mike: Even though they are not local, but they come up here so much... they are part of the area.

MRR: You can ask the questions now.

Mike: Ok, I will... What are politics in your band?

MRR: Oh wait, I have one, what do you think of Jesse "The Body" Ventura.

Arik: I think it's fuckin' awesome.

Sid: I think it's pretty cool, because he's trying to legalize marijuana. Not that we're a big pot smoking band, we're not. My parents are (laughter), I just think it's cool with what he's trying to do. I think as far as politics is concerned, I write about a lot of working class shit.

MRR: Did you guys vote?

Band: No.

MRR: Why not?

Arik: I don't vote.

MRR: Why not? If you guys write about politics in your lyrics then...

Sid: No, no, like the most political I get is working class rights because that's my whole family and it's more boss-worker politics, not government type stuff. It's injustice towards people who work their asses off and get fired for no reason.

Mike: We don't talk about personal politics. There's no agenda.

Arik: Sometimes it's weird though, sometimes it ties in, sometimes they hear a line and they come up to me and say "is this what you were talking about." I would say "No I think I was talking about what happened to me on Saturday." You know.

Mike: Yeah, but the thing is, all that politics stuff is bullshit, but personal politics, if everybody took care of themselves all the time, and did the right thing all the time, responsible for themselves, we wouldn't need world politics.

Sid: We just sing about what troubles us.

Arik: The band is therapy.

Sid: It's about shit you can't get out during the day. We're not trying to change anyone or tell people what to do, we're just venting our frustration in hopes that someone will listen.

MRR: So what is the future of Super Hi-Five?

Arik: Record some records

Sid: Be on MTV. (laughter)

Mike: And record for some other labels, and do some stuff with some other bands, and tour as much as possible.

Discography:

Super Hi-Five / Sacface - split seven inch (Coolidge)

"Period" from the comp. Dad I Can't Breathe (Creep)

Self Titled seven inch (Creep)

Strength Control Action CD (Coolidge)

Contacts:

Coolidge - 157 Coolidge Terrace, Wyckoff, NJ 07481

Creep - Suite 220, 252 East Market Street, West Chester,PA 19381

LOOSE ENDS

Hearing Loose Ends for the first time, you'd swear you had just put on a record of some long lost punk band from 1977. Loose Ends are a loud, fast and infectious rock 'n roll punk band who wear their inflences proudly on their sleeves. Like the Saints, Ramones and Heartbreakers, Loose Ends play punk rock that's rooted deeply in early rock 'n roll. I met up with Dave, Rick, Craig and Adam at practice and hit 'em with a few questions. Interview by Suzy

MRR: How're you guys doin?

Dave: We can't complain.

MRR:Why don't you guys introduce yourselves...

Dave: Dave, and I play the guitar.

Craig: My name's Craig and I play the bass guitar.

Adam: I'm Adam and I beat the skins.

Rick: My name's Rick and I too play the guitar...sometimes I play the fool.

MRR:Could you describe your sound for the people who haven't heard of you yet?

Adam: Loud.

Dave: The Ramones go garage rock.

Rick: We're a rock n' roll punk band, I guess. We don't really play any slow songs. It's got hooks, but we're no pop band.

MRR:So how long have you been together?

Craig: About 7 months now.

Dave: But me and Rick played together for a while about two years ago. Nothin' really came of that, and when I quit my last band, I got Rick and we put together the band. After replacing our first bass player and drummer for different reasons, we settled on Adam and Craig.

MRR:What have you guys put out so far?

Rick: We've put out two cassette ep's, which are out of print...but we're releasing some of those songs along with 6 new cuts for a full length cd on Skanking Skull Records. It should be out by the time anyone reads this.

Adam: Number one with a bullet motherfucker.

MRR:Sounds like you've got your act together for being a relatively new band. Any plans for future releases?

Craig: We're putting out a CD of all new material on Amp Records from Canada. It should be out in May or June.

Dave: But we still gotta record (and write) new songs.

Craig: We're gonna be on some comps and tributes coming out soon too...

Rick: We recorded "Hey Suburbia" for an upcoming Screeching Weasel record, and we may be on a Ramones comp sometime next year.

MRR:Have you guys got any tours planned?

Dave: We'd like to, but we have to get the time off from real life obligations.

Craig: We're planning spring break '99 and hitting all the college spots in Florida.

Dave: Like Daytona Beach, Jacksonville and Miami.

Adam: I wanna go to Cuba.

MRR:You guys seem to inject a lot of rock 'n roll bends and licks into your songs.Who are some of your influences?

Dave: The Replacements, Ramones, New York Dolls...

Rick: Ramones, Link Wray, Johnny Thunders...

Craig: The Misfits, Ramones, The Clash...

Adam: My Mom, television, the devil, and the government.

MRR:What about newer bands? Are you into any rock 'n roll bands that are still alive or playing together?

Dave: New Bomb Turks, Hellacopters, the Candy Snatchers, Humpers...

Rick: Humpers don't count, they broke up. I've been listening to Nashville Pussy, and we just played a show with Last Crash, from Alabama. They were pretty fuckin' cool.

Craig: The Heartdrops from NYC...

Adam: Uh..no?

MRR:Are there any good bands from your home town?

Dave: Well, me and Adam live in Orlando, and Craig and Rick live in St. Pete, but from Florida in general the Gotohells are really good.

Rick: Car Bomb Driver has been a staple of the local punk rock scene and the No Loves are starting to get their shit together...

Dave: Florida really has the best bands of anywhere I've been, just nobody really knows about them.

Craig: Yeah, for having such cool bands, Florida pretty much sucks.

Rick: It's hard to get the kids to come out to see local bands. A big rock'n'roll band rolls through town, and the kids come outta the woodwork, but you never see most of 'em supporting local bands.

Adam: After a couple months of straight touring in and out of the US, Orlando is great to come home to. It's so nice to be able to walk down the street or go out and get a beer or some rock without someone begging for an autograph or some teenage girl following me around like a puppy dog just waiting to be kicked. Orlando is probably the one place in America where a big rock star can walk the streets at any time of day without anyone having the slightest clue who the fuck you are.

MRR:How do you guys practice when you live in different cities?

Adam: We practice a couple times a week by speakerphone and only play together at shows. We record our tracks for the records at separate studios and mail the tapes back and forth.

Rick: We take turns driving, one weekend they come down, the next we go there. It's not that bad.

MRR:What are your opinions on the swing/rockabilly revival?

Dave: Old rockabilly is alright, but the revival sucks.

Adam: The swing revival is great because it gives those people who want to dance, have fun and meet girls somewhere to go, while leaving all of the punk shows open for those of us who have serious problems with aggression and anti-social behavior to share with each other.

Rick: At our last show we had a kid come up to us and ask us if we considered ourselves more of a punk band or a rockabilly band.

Dave: We're not a rockabilly band at all.

Rick: ...and we definately don't wanna be.

MRR:Have there been any crazy live shows so far?

Dave: Oh yeah.

Craig: Our very first show these two drunken college girls got up on stage and start goin' nuts.

Rick: We're playing the intro to this song over and over because I can't remember the god damn words, and when they finally come to me, the chick grabs my mike stand...

Dave: It's kinda hard to play when some girl's is kissin' and grabbin' all over you...

Rick: Yeah, but you gotta do what you gotta do.

Adam: Well there was this show where we decided not to trash the stage because we knew the guy who owned the club couldn't afford to replace it. In hindsight, though, that show really sucked so we'll probably never do that again...

Rick: We did manage to squeeze 17 bucks and free beer out of him.

MRR:I've heard a lot of the St. Pete bands don't get along real well.

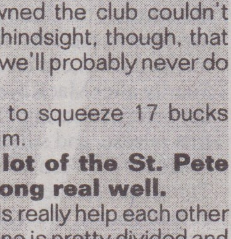
Rick: None of the bands really help each other out that much. The scene is pretty divided and everyone holds grudges. It's not so much us as a band that don't get along with others, but more Dave's past in the local scene that causes trouble. I don't think people like Adam too much either. I don't.

Dave: Everything, well almost everything, you've heard is true. I have a habit of pissing people off and not apologizing.

Rick: That's really how the band started for the most part. I was the only one who'd hang out with Dave after the incidents.

Adam: I'm just an asshole.

Loose Ends new 12 song CD, "Number One With A Bullet" is out now on Skanking Skull Records.



This month...

MINOR THREAT

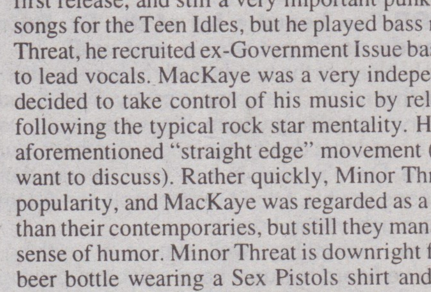
PIONEERS OF PUNK

by Generic

Well, I want to write an article about Minor Threat, but I do not wish to talk about the straight edge thing. I personally believe that George Tabb summed up straight edge best when he wrote about his band playing with Minor Threat in Gainesville, Florida. After his initial shock about what straight edge was, he goes on to say something to the effect of, they don't smoke because they are not sly enough to steal their mom's cigarettes, they don't drink because they are not old enough, and they don't fuck because they are too damned ugly!! I believe there is room for everyone, but I am more interested in the things you do rather than the things you don't do. I believe that some things are not for everyone, but that should be considered on an individual basis. And no person (or group) has the right to inflict their beliefs on others, especially in a Nazi or religious fashion. With that said (please address hate mail to genericbat@aol.com—not mrr), I'd like to talk about Minor Threat.

Minor Threat formed late 1980 in this country's capital, Washington DC. Ian MacKaye (vocal), Lyle Preslar (guitar), Brian Baker (bass), and Jeff Nelson (drums), made the quartet, one of the first punk bands from DC (hey, do you remember the Bad Brains?). Minor Threat rose from the ashes of the Teen Idles, MacKaye's and Nelson's first group. MacKaye formed the Teen Idles while he was still in high school. After that, he founded Dischord records with the intent of releasing his band's records. Shortly after MacKaye graduated high school, the Teen Idles broke up, but not before releasing "Minor Disturbance," which was Dischord Records' first release, and still a very important punk rock EP. MacKaye wrote the songs for the Teen Idles, but he played bass rather than singing. For Minor Threat, he recruited ex-Government Issue bassist Brian Baker and switched to lead vocals. MacKaye was a very independent performer. Early on, he decided to take control of his music by releasing his own stuff, and not following the typical rock star mentality. His integrity led the way to the aforementioned "straight edge" movement (which I already said I did not want to discuss). Rather quickly, Minor Threat found themselves gaining popularity, and MacKaye was regarded as a leader. Their music was faster than their contemporaries, but still they managed to maintain melody and a sense of humor. Minor Threat is downright funny. I love that picture of the beer bottle wearing a Sex Pistols shirt and leather jacket! Minor Threat played all over the United States for the next three years.

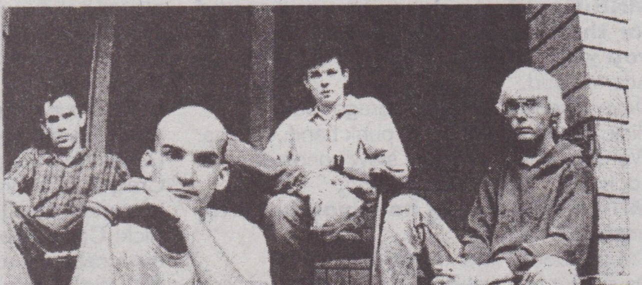
Rather quickly, Minor Threat put out their first two EPs, "Minor Threat" and "In My Eyes", both in 1981 on their own Dischord label. The records did well, and Minor Threat continued touring and gaining popularity. They did not manage to release another record until the 1983 "Out of Step" LP, again on Dischord. This LP showed an improvement in the band's musicianship and songwriting. They managed to vary the tempos, keeping their integrity and melodies. Minor Threat broke up briefly in 1981, when Lyle went to college, but they broke up for good in 1983. At the time of their break up, Minor Threat was a very well respected band, who never strayed from their principles. Ironically, disbanding then is probably what keeps them so popular today.



Minor Threat's brief career is inspiring—naive teenagers with a passion to do something and the integrity to get it done. If you're not familiar with Minor Threat (unlikely) at least get their "Complete" CD, on Dischord and still available. Almost all of Minor Threat's records and videos are readily available. Also check out the "In Another State" video, Ian MacKaye looks funny with long hair, working at Haagen Daas. MacKaye went on to play in Fugazi, and Baker went on to Junkyard. Dischord is still together, keeping prices low and releasing good stuff. Minor maybe, but the Threat is real and not going away!

Discography:

Teen Idles "Minor Disturbance" 7"EP (Dischord, 1981)
Minor Threat...
"Minor Threat" 7" EP (Dischord, 1981)
"In My Eyes" 7" EP (Dischord, 1981)
"Out Of Step" LP (Dischord, 1983)
"Salad Days" EP (Dischord, 1985)
"Complete" CD (Dischord, 1988)



Ed note-

Regardless of Generic's feelings towards straight edge, it must be acknowledged that one of (if not the) biggest contribution to hardcore that Minor Threat made was the coinage of the term "straight edge" which is now taken for granted.

The fact that Ian and co. were mainly just trying to get into show while they were underage should be noted, along with the fact that the phrase according to Mr. McKaye was never meant to be a rallying cry for revolution but rather a personal statement about his opinions regarding sex, drugs and alcohol consumption.

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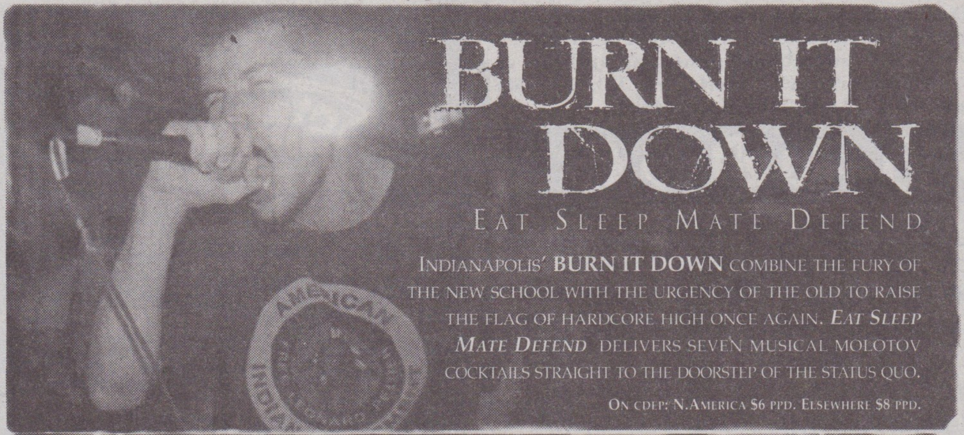

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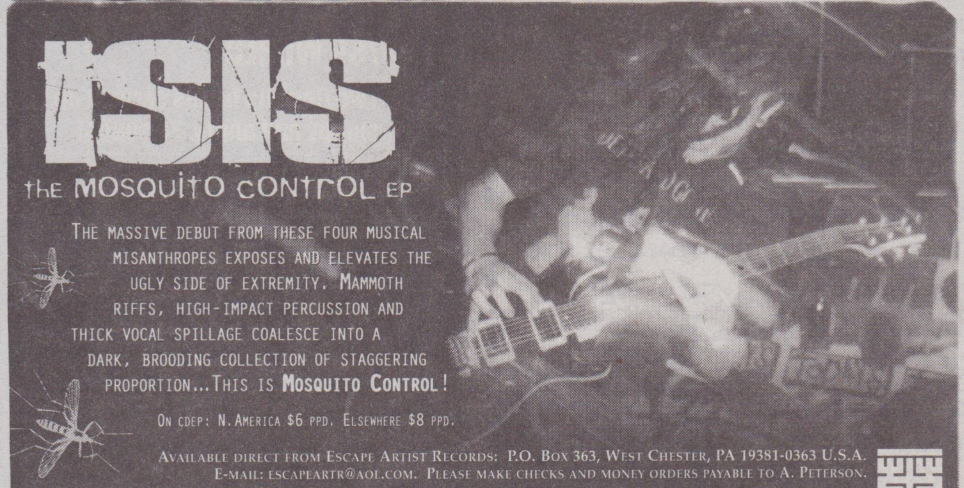

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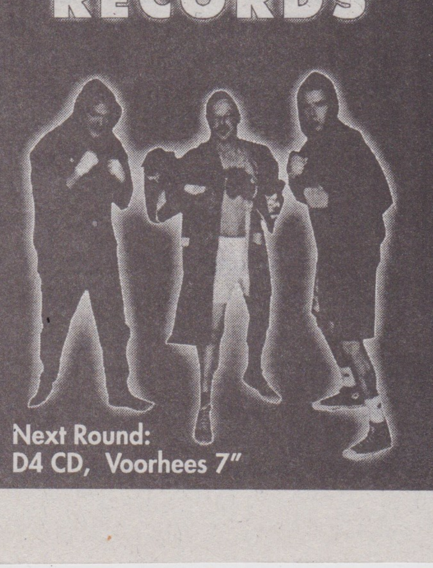

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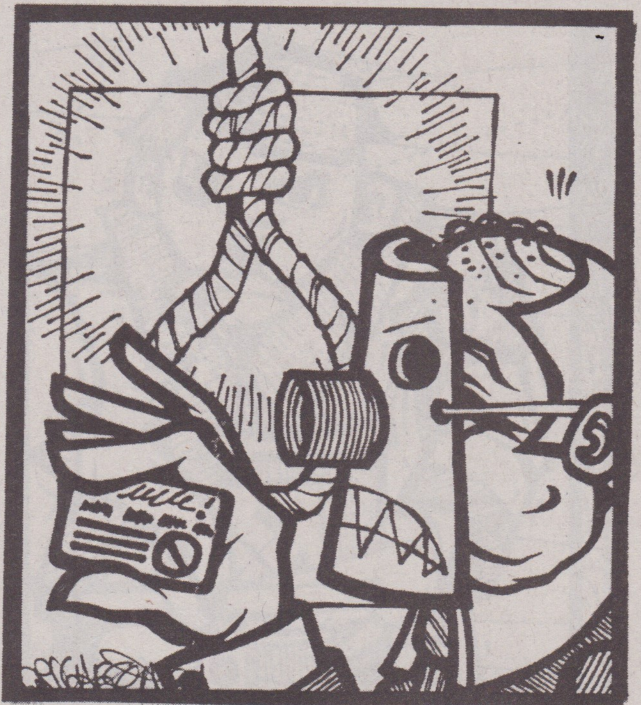
Propaganda and

Part one of NOAM CHOMSKY's
Propaganda and Control of the Public Mind
Harvard Trade Union Program, Cambridge, MA, February 7, 1997
Artwork by GREG HIGGINS

Noam Chomsky, long-time political activist, writer and professor of linguistics at MIT, is the author of numerous books and articles on U.S. foreign policy, international affairs and human rights. Among his many books are, Year 501, Keeping the Rabble In Line, World Orders Old and New, Class Warfare *and* Powers and Prospects.



The war against working people should be understood to be a real war. It's not a new war. It's an old war. Furthermore, it's a perfectly conscious war everywhere, but specifically in the U.S., which is a very free country but which happens to have a highly class-conscious business class and always has, and it's very free and open, so you have a lot of information about it. They talk. You have their records. And they have long seen themselves as fighting a bitter class war, except they don't want anybody else to know about it. Occasionally someone else gets the news. A rather famous case, which I'm sure you know, is Doug Fraser, about twenty years ago, 1978, I think, when he pulled out of the Labor Management Council and condemned business leaders for, roughly, having decided to fight a one-sided class war against working people, the poor, the unemployed, minorities, even members of the middle class, and for having torn up the fragile social compact that had been achieved during period of growth and prosperity, in fact, although he didn't say this, had been achieved primarily through rather militant struggle, very militant struggle under harsh conditions back in the 1930s. The only thing wrong with his statement is that it was way too late, in fact that war that he's talking about was initiated as soon as the fragile social compact was established back in the 1930s and very openly. You don't have to go to secret records to find out about it. Nor do you have to have been at the wrong end of the clubs when the strikes were broken up in the late 1930s to know about it. It was completely public. The reason it's not well known is because neither the educational system nor scholarship, like Harvard, pay any attention to it. It's not a topic that's studied.

There's no doubt that one of the major issues of twentieth century history, surely in the U.S., is corporate propaganda. It's a huge industry. It extends over obviously the commercial media, but the whole range of systems that reach the public: the entertainment industry, television, a good bit of what appears in schools, a lot of what appears straight out in the newspapers, and so on, a huge amount of that comes straight out of the public relations industry, which was established in this country early in this century and developed mainly in the 1920s and on. It has become an enormous industry. It's now spreading over the rest of the world, but it's primarily here.

Its goal from the beginning, perfectly openly and consciously, was to "control the public mind," as they put it. The reason was that the public mind was seen as the greatest threat to corporations. That's from early in the century. Business power was strong. It's a very free country, by comparative standards, and it's hard, not impossible, to call upon state violence to crush people's efforts to achieve freedom and rights and justice, so therefore it was recognized early on that it's going to be necessary to control people's minds. I should say that's not a new insight. You can read it in David Hume in the Enlightenment, where it was already recognized. Go back to the early stirrings of democratic revolution in English in the seventeenth century and there already was concern that we're not going to be able to control people by force and we therefore have to control them by other means, controlling what they think, what they feel, their attitudes, their attitudes toward one another. All sorts of mechanisms of control are going to have to be devised which will replace the efficient use of force and violence that was available to a much greater extent earlier on and has been, fortunately, declining, although not uniformly, but often declining through the years, particularly here, leading to the need for other methods of control.

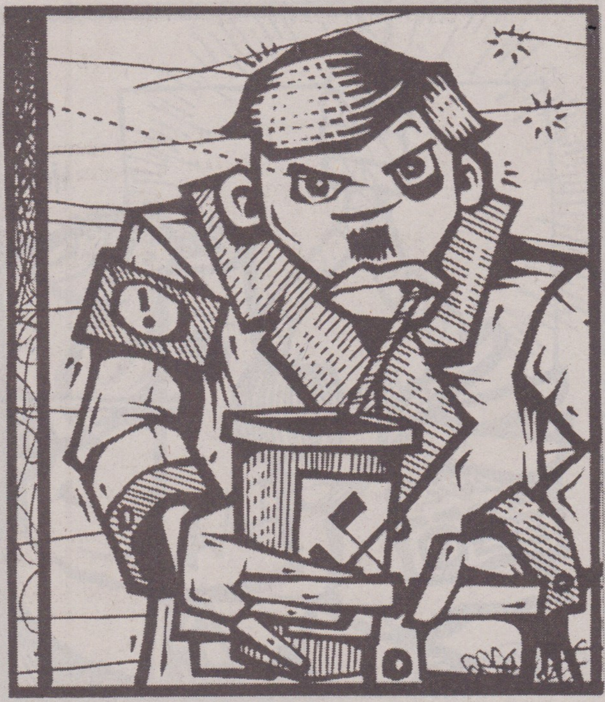
You don't have to move very far from the Cambridge elite to learn about it. The leading figure of the public relations industry is a highly regarded Cambridge liberal, a Roosevelt-Kennedy liberal who died recently, Edward Bernays. He who wrote the standard manual of the public relations industry back in the 1920s, which is very much worth reading. I'm not talking about the right wing here. This is way over at the left-liberal end of American politics. His book is *Propaganda*. I should mention that terminology changed during the Second World War. Prior to World War II, the term "propaganda" was used quite openly and freely for controlling the public mind. It got bad connotations during the Second World War because of Hitler, so the term was dropped. Now there are other terms used. But if you read the literature in the social sciences and the public relations industry back into the 1920s and 1930s, they describe what they're doing as propaganda.

This manual is for the rising public relations industry. He opens by pointing out that the conscious manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is the central feature of a democratic society. It's the "essence of democracy," as he later pointed out. He said we have the means to carry this nut, the means to regiment people's minds as efficiently as armies regiment their bodies. And we must do this. First of all, it's the essential feature of democracy. But also, as a footnote, it's the way to maintain power structures and authority structures and wealth and so on roughly the way it is. It's worth remembering something else that they usually don't teach you very much about in school, and that is, if you go back to the origins of American society, it was founded on the principle that was stated very explicitly by the leading framer, James Madison, at the Constitutional Convention, that, as he put it, the primary responsibility of government is to protect the minority of the opulent against the majority. Madison recognized, as a smart guy, that this was going to be a serious problem if a democratic system were established. People had the right to vote. He used England as his model for

It's for their own good, of course. You don't let your three year old grandchild run across the street. She may want to run

Control of the

democracy in those days, the 1780s. He pointed out in the debates on the Constitutional Convention, something which everybody ought to read in third grade in a free society, this is the origins of our society, he pointed out that in England if they had the right to vote, which fortunately they didn't, pretty soon he would find people calling for a redistribution of property and for a tax on property rights, for what nowadays we'd call agrarian reform. It was mostly an agricultural society. He didn't use the term, but it was the same thing. He said people would start calling for agrarian reform. Obviously that's intolerable, and we have to protect our own society against that kind of injustice by ensuring that the rights of property prevail. He says the problem now, he was already concerned in the 1780s by what he called "symptoms of a leveling spirit," that is, people are trying to feel the property ought to be more equitably distributed. It's a danger. But he said that the danger was going to become much more severe over time as more and more people are marginalized and dispossessed and secretly yearn for a more equal distribution of life's blessings. If those people get the vote, we're going to be in trouble, because it's going to be hard to protect the minority of the opulent against the majority, which is what government's all about.



He therefore designed a constitutional system which was intended to prevent that danger. The system the way he set it up, he and the other framers, but it was virtually unanimous, there was virtually no disagreement about this. The one person who might have disagreed, Jefferson, was not part of any of this stuff. The constitutional system as he designed it was supposed to put power in the hands of the wealthy, who are the more capable set of men, I'm quoting, "power must reside in the hands of the wealthy, the more capable set of men," with the general population fragmented, factionalized, dispersed, in conflict. We're now in the 1780s. It's been a pretty stable system. The franchise has increased, so over time more and more people did get the right to vote. That just raised the danger. Furthermore, the power of the state to coerce by violence, and that includes private power, like the power of, say, Carnegie to hire Pinkertons, as that has declined, the need to resort to these other measures of factionalization, instilling hatred, marginalizing people, straight propaganda, that's increased. And very consciously. So by the time you get to the 1920s, where I started from, it's recognized that huge resources must go into the conscious manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses. We have to regiment their minds as well as an army regiments their bodies. We have the methods for it, and those methods are advertising, entertainment, straight propaganda in the media, schools, and so on.

The 1920s was an important period in this regard. It looks as if labor is under attack now, but remember in the 1920s it had been smashed. The major American labor historian, David Montgomery, has a book which you probably know, or should if you don't, called *The Fall of the House of Labor,* a standard, important book on the history of the labor movement. It ends in the 1920s, because that's when the house of labor had fallen, with a lot of violence, in that case state violence: Wilson's Red Scare, the leading labor leader was in jail, Eugene Debs, where the New York Times had said years ago he ought to be sent, and so on. There had been a big strike wave at the end of the First World War, smashed, labor movement destroyed. As Montgomery points out at the end of his book, labor had been virtually destroyed. Working people had to privatize their lives and aspirations. They work out survival strategies for themselves, not with others, because the modes of cooperation and common struggle had been eliminated. And they did it, he ends up by saying, in "a most undemocratic America." Which is true. It was a highly undemocratic country, using a combination of modes of violence and coercion and repression and increasingly propaganda to prevent the dangers that Madison was worrying about almost two hundred years earlier: that more and more people would secretly sigh for a better access to life's blessings and might even do some thing about it if they had a functioning democracy, which therefore couldn't be permitted.

I should just comment in fairness to James Madison that these remarks are not quite correct. The reason was that Madison was pre-capitalist. Adam Smith, all the great figures from the Enlightenment are mostly pre-capitalist and very anti-capitalist in conception. You can't say they're anti-capitalist because there was no modern industrial capitalism around for them to have an opinion about. And this is a matter of interpretation. It's a matter of how you read the text. The way I read them they were very anti-capitalist. That includes Adam Smith. And I think you can demonstrate that. But certainly Madison was. He believed that when he put power in the hands of the wealthy class of men, the more capable set of men, the wealthy of the country, that they were going to be "enlightened statesmen" and "benevolent philosophers" who would devote themselves to the welfare of all. That's a very pre-capitalist conception, that once you give power to the hands of the rich they're just going to be benevolent philosophers and devote every minute of their day to the welfare of everyone else. It's like what corporate executives tell you. But I suppose nobody believes it except the people who watch these movies which show you how it works.

Anyway, in those days Madison really believed it. He very quickly discovered that it wasn't true. Within a few years, by 1792, he was already very upset about the fate of this democratic experiment, which he thought was failing. He condemned what he called the "daring depravity of the times," the business leaders who had now been given power used that power, he said, to become the "tools and tyrants of government." They overwhelmed government with their powers and combinations and they're bribed by its largesse. They're just serving self-interests, not the interests of the general public. He thought that was deplorable, but that's because he perceived the way the system that he had designed was actually functioning.

Rhetoric is kind of nice. Some people don't use fancy rhetoric like that today, but it's a perfect description of today. What's called the industrial capitalist system today is one in which private power is a tool and tyrant of government, overwhelms it by its combinations and is bribed

across the street, but it would be improper to let her have that choice. The same is true about the masses. They have to be

Public Mind

by its largesse. That's a pretty good description of 1997. With all the changes that have taken place since 1792, there's a good deal of stability to all this, including the commitment to the principle that the primary goal of government is to protect the minority of the opulent from the majority. If you read yesterday's budget proposal carefully, you'll get a good example of how that commitment plays itself out. The increasingly, overwhelmingly significant idea, particularly among liberals, like, say, Bernays, that is necessary to control people's minds because they're too much of a danger. Take a look at, say, the *Encyclopedia of Social Sciences*, a big encyclopedia from 1933, still pre-Second World War. There actually is an entry on propaganda. Remember, "propaganda" was a usable term then. The entry is written by a very distinguished liberal political scientist, Harold Lasswell, one of the founders of modern political science and communications. It's worth reading. It's a page or two. He says—these are paraphrases, but they're pretty close to quotes—We must not succumb to democratic dogmatisms about people being the best judges of their own interests. They are not. We're the best judges of their interests, we smart guys. And we must therefore ensure that those idiots out there don't get into trouble by actually using their theoretical right to vote to interfere where they don't belong, like in the public arena. So we've got to keep them out of the public arena somehow and make sure that it's just us smart guys who are in there. It's for their good, of course. You don't let your three year-old grandchild run across the street. She may want to run across the street, but it would be improper to let her have that choice. The same is true about the masses. They have to be controlled at the workplace, they have to be kept out of the political arena, and they're not going to understand the need to protect the opulent minority against the majority. They're going to have all these strange leveling impulses and will do all kinds of things that will mess the world up in all sorts of horrible ways.

So for their benefit we have to regiment their minds the way an army regiments their bodies and ensure that they're under control, make it very clear that they don't participate in workplace management, and certainly not in the political arena. They're to be outside somewhere. The dedication with which this task has been pursued is pretty awesome. Right after the fall of the house of labor in the 1920s, when American labor really was smashed, people were privatized and tried to accommodate individually to "a most undemocratic America," as Montgomery and others have pointed out, that was a time when there was great awe about the end of history and the utopia of the masters. It's all over. Us good guys have won. Everybody else is at our feet. Kind of like some of the stuff you read today. It sort of looked that way. A few years later the whole thing collapsed and there was militant working-class struggle and other popular activism. There had to be an accommodation, some kind of accommodation to these unwashed masses who were getting out of line with sit-down strikes. There was this fragile social compact that Doug Fraser referred to. It was established. It wasn't a gift. It was won through struggle, meaning labor laws and the limited social system. In fact, American workers in the 1930s began to get the rights that had been standard long before even in much more brutal societies. Read the right-wing British press over the early part of this century and they can't believe how bad American workers were treated. The same was true of visitors from Australia.

But by the 1930s the U.S. was sort of brought into more or less the mainstream of industrial society in these matters, to a limited extent. That caused hysteria among the masters. You read the business press by 1936 or 1937, again, these are things which in a really free society everybody would study in elementary school, because they're really important to give the real framework of the society, they were talking about the hazard facing industrialists and the rising political power of the masses and how we must do something to save ourselves or our way of life will be gone. We don't have a lot of time to do it. They started right away.

By the late 1930s a big anti-labor campaign had built up with new techniques. There was still use of force, but it was understood that that was not going to work the way it did. So there was a shift to more propaganda. The main idea was called the Mohawk Valley formula, was designed by a lot of public relations hotshots around 1936 or 1937, during some of the steel strikes, to have what they called scientific methods of strikebreaking. We don't just come in with clubs and shoot people and smash their heads. We do it the scientific way, because the old way didn't work any more. The scientific methods of strikebreaking were in fact drawn from public relations ideas of the kind that I talked about. The main idea was to mobilize the community against the strikers and the union activists, to present a picture which is by now so standard you can hardly turn on the tube without seeing it. It's just poured out in streams ever since then.

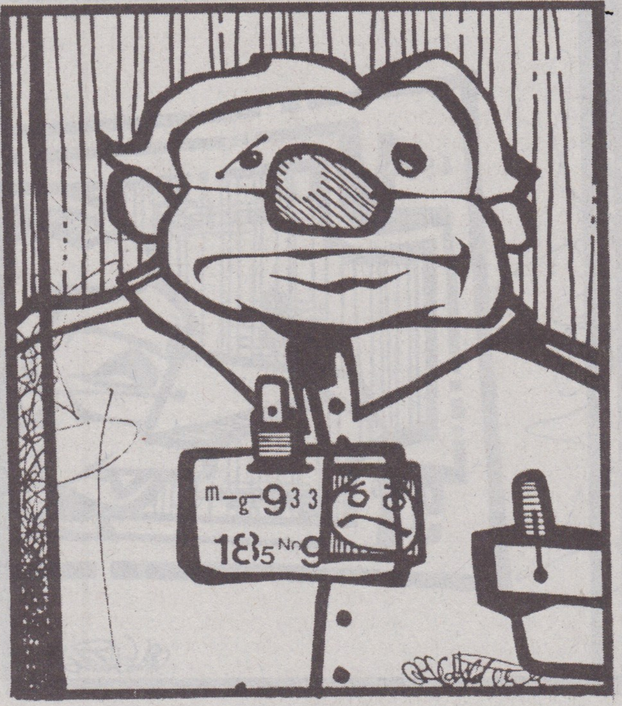
The basic idea is to present a picture of the world that looks kind of like this: There's us, a big happy family in the community. The honest workman going off every morning with his lunch box, his loyal wife making the meals and taking care of the kids, the hardworking executive who's toiling day and night in the interests of his workers and the community, the friendly banker running around looking for people to lend money to. That's us. We're all in harmony. Harmony was a big word. We're all together. It's Americanism. You might take a look at that word "Americanism," an unusual term. It's the kind of term that you only find in totalitarian societies, as far as I know. So in the Soviet Union, anti-Sovietism was considered the gravest of all crimes. And the Brazilian generals had a concept like that, anti-Brazilian. But try publishing a book on, say, anti-Italianism and see what happens in the streets of Rome and Milan. People won't even bother laughing. It's a ludicrous idea. The idea of Italianism or Norwayism would be the object of ridicule in societies that have some kind of residue of democratic culture inside people's heads, I don't mean in the formal system. But in totalitarian societies it is used and as far as I know the U.S. is the only free society that has such a concept. Americanism and anti-Americanism and un-Americanism are concepts which go along with harmony and getting

controlled at the workplace, they have to be kept out of the politcal arena, and they're not going to understand the need

rid of those outsiders.

Another part is simply to induce hatred and fear among people. So it's a diverse society. If you go to Europe, most places are pretty uniform. So it's easy for propagandists to get people to hate the guy next door because he looks a little different. And huge campaigns go on to instigate divisions among people. I don't have to tell you about this, it's all so familiar. But these are very natural techniques of social control. If you can't control people by force, you have to control their minds and attitudes.

Going back to the Mohawk Valley formula, the idea was to move into a community where there's a strike going on, flood it with propaganda, take over the media, the churches, the schools, pour in this propaganda about harmony, and then there's those bad guys out there who are trying to disrupt our harmonious lives. Like that union organizer. He's probably a communist or an anarchist anyway and probably un-American. He's trying to destroy all these wonderful things we have. We've got to band together and kick him out. We have to defend our way of life against this. A lot of religion gets thrown in. Remember that the U.S. is an extremely fundamentalist country. You look at comparative statistics, usually religious fundamentalism declines as industrialization goes up. It's a very close correlation. The U.S. is off the chart. It ranks with devastated peasant societies. It's probably more fundamentalist than Iran. Why this is so is a complicated question. But one factor is that it was certainly consciously fomented by business leaders way back in the nineteenth century. John D. Rockefeller's favorite evangelist, who he poured a lot of money into, was a guy who said that people ought to have more enlightened ideas than labor agitation. The more enlightened ideas are go to church, listen to orders, do what they tell you and shut up. That's the more enlightened ideas.



It's a really interesting case, because the Mohawk Valley was the model that was later used for strikebreaking and destruction of the labor movement in the postwar period. So it's quite interesting to see what happened right there. Incidentally, I don't know of any literature on this, do you? These are untouchable topics. You can almost say that anything that's important, that's going to matter for people's lives, is off the agenda. And it sort of makes sense. You don't want people to know about it. You don't want people to know the wrong kind of thing. That makes sense. It's not a conspiracy. It's just common sense. If you have a certain degree of power and authority and privilege, you just don't want people to know things that might be harmful to them. They're really like children. We're the ones who have to make the decisions for them.

An enormous amount of money and effort go into this. It's not the only thing by any means. There are a lot of other reasons why the U.S. is so unusual in this respect. But this is one of them. And it's used. Whether that's the source or not, it's certainly used. Always. It's another technique of trying to create the marginalization of people, removing people from the actual social and political struggles that might make their lives better and to keep them from working with one another by dividing them up in all sorts of ways. In a myriad techniques find the fashion to keep the hated masses out of the public arena where they don't belong, and certainly out of anything having to do with control of the economic system, where it's unthinkable that they should have a role. That's got to be in the hands of the private tyrannies. That's unquestionable.

Where the U.S. has acted internationally, it's the same way. You look at the trail of intervention, it's almost always the same. Not just Third World countries, for example. I just came back from Italy. You may not know this, but Italy was the target of the major CIA activities since its origins. The internal record runs dry around the mid-1970s, so we can't say after that. But from the origin of the CIA in 1947 up to at least the mid-1970s, Italy seems to have been targeted more than any other country in an effort to undermine Italian democracy. Italy was regarded as a semi-Third World country. It had a very strong labor movement. When the American and British armies did what they called "liberating" Italy in 1943 and 1944, they were appalled to discover that northern Italy had been liberated by the resistance, which had established a functioning society with very strong labor control. The resistance was mostly labor and peasant based. They held off the Germans and liberated most of the place. They had instituted worker management in factories. They had thrown out what the Americans and British...they were protecting workers. I'm now speaking from the terminology of the U.S.-British documents: They were keeping useless workers and arbitrarily dismissing owners and bosses. And that's, of course, intolerable. And the system was functioning. Furthermore, they were focusing on unemployment which was recognized as Italy's major problem. But that's their problem, not our problem. Our problem is to restore the traditional structure, which meant traditional hierarchies. Actually it meant restoring fascist structure and fascist collaborators, and a big effort was made to do that. It was not entirely successful by 1948 when the first election took place. It looked as if labor-based forces would probably win. A huge effort went into trying to ensure that that wouldn't happen, by withholding food, Italy was starving, by restoring the police to fascist control, by all sorts of threats and manipulation, a pretty big operation, and the first major CIA operation, among others. They took it really seriously. Again, something you would learn in a free society is there's a thing called the National Security Council, the main planning outfit, which produces documents, top-level planning documents, which are not the only important ones, but among the most important ones. They tend to get released maybe thirty-five years later, so you can look back at them. So we have them now from the late 1940s. The first one, NSC-1, 1947, is devoted to Italy. It says, We're going to try all these measures to ensure that Italy doesn't have a free, democratic government—they don't say it this way, but that's what it amounts to—in which there would be a big role for the organized working class in Italy. They say, But if this doesn't work, if the communists come to power through a legal vote, a legal election, then the U.S. is going to declare a national emergency and is going to support military activities inside Italy to overthrow the democratically elected government. That's how seriously they took it back in 1947.

They also knew exactly why the communists were powerful. You read it in the records extensively. It's because they were honest. They were supporting working class interests. It's true that they were collaborationists. They weren't trying to separate Italy from the Western alliance, but they were defending working class interests, and people supported them. They had a mass-based working-class party. There were plenty of others besides communists. But they had to be prevented, either by coercion, like, say withholding food and violence, and if that didn't work, by direct military intervention. It was taken very seriously, and in fact it goes up to the present.

This is part one of a transcript from the AK Press audio CD of the same name. The double CD is $20 and is available from AK Press, PO Box 40682, San Francisco, CA 94140.

to protect the opulent minority angainst the majority. They're going to have all these strange leveling impulses and will do all kinds of things that will mess the world up in all sorts of ways.

Shiny, Aluminum, Plastic and Digital

by Negativland. Reproduction of this essay is strongly encouraged.

So, why is that new Spice Girls cd so expensive?

In the early eighties, sales of vinyl, cassettes, turntables and cassette players were "flat". This means that sales were stable, not rising or falling. For the makers of all this hardware and software, that wasn't quite good enough. They needed a new angle. A new way to sell music and the stuff you play it on. Luckily, someone at the Phillips Corporation (owner of PolyGram Music and Island Records, and one of the worlds top defense contractors) had the bright idea that it would be good for their stockholders and investors if they could get the music-consuming public excited about buying music again by introducing a new format and a new machine to play it on (i.e. how can you convince that aging baby boomer to buy yet another copy of "Deja Vu" by Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young when they already have one?)

Thus was born *the compact disc* in all its shiny, aluminum, plastic and digital glory. Its maximum playing time, about 75 minutes, was chosen because the president of the company wanted something that could play his favorite piece of music, Beethoven's 9th Symphony, all the way through without stopping.

Well, compact discs weren't as successful as they had hoped. For one thing, their price was too high. The higher price was blamed both on the fact that they were mostly being made in Japan and that they had a high defect rate, with approximately one out of every three discs being tossed out before even leaving the CD factory. Early on, the economics of this led to an industry wide decision to continue paying recording artists a royalty rate based on the sale price of vinyl instead of the higher sale price of compact discs. And nobody was buying those new CD players either, because they were just too darned expensive.

But then, in the spring of 1989, something wonderful happened for the music industry. Everything changed! Almost overnight, CD's were everywhere! Suddenly they were a huge success and suddenly it became almost impossible to get anything on vinyl at all...

This change must have occurred because it was what the consumer wanted... right? We live in a market-driven economy and the market was demanding more compact discs... right?

Wrong. What actually happened was this - a flexible return policy had always existed between record stores and the seven major distributors, i.e. stores could "buy" something from a distributor, and if it didn't sell, they could return it. This allowed stores to take more chances on new releases or on things they were not so familiar with, because if it didn't sell, they could always send it back. Well, in the spring of 1989 all seven major label distributors announced that they would no longer accept "returns" on vinyl and they also began deleting much of the vinyl versions of their back catalog. These actions literally forced record stores to stop carrying vinyl. They could not afford the financial risk of carrying those releases that were on vinyl because if they didn't sell they would be stuck with them. Very quickly almost all record stores had to convert to CDs. The net effect of this was that the consumers no longer had a choice, because the choice had been made for us. High- priced compact discs were being shoved down our throats, whether we knew it or liked it or not.

As we mentioned earlier, record labels were paying artists a royalty rate on sales of CDs based upon the $8.98 or $9.98 list price of vinyl (or achieved the same end result by using contractual tricks like "packaging deductions"). As CDs took over and the majors all acquired their own domestic CD pressing plants and the defect rate dropped to almost zero, the cost of manufacturing compact discs dropped dramatically as well. One would have expected the price of CDs to also drop and for the profits to now be split evenly and fairly with the musicians who were making all the music.

This, of course, never happened. CD prices have continued to rise to a now unbelievable $16.98 list price (soon to be $17.98!), while manufacturing costs have now dropped to less than it costs to manufacture a $9.98 vinyl release. A CD, with its plastic jewel box, printed booklet, and tray card, now costs a major label about 80 cents each to make (or less) and a small independent label between $1.50 and $2.50, meaning that CDs should now cost the consumer less than their original prices over a decade ago, not more. But the music business got consumers used to the idea of paying the higher price and the labels got used to the idea of their higher profit margin, and record labels continue to this day to pay almost all artists a royalty rate as if they're selling CDs for the list price of vinyl. That extra 4 or 5 or 6 bucks goes right into the pockets of the record labels. It is not shared with musicians. And of course, we all had to go out and buy a CD player (which had mysteriously dropped to a more reasonable price) if we wanted to hear any of the music on this "popular" new format. So, all in all, it's no wonder that the record industry and stereo manufacturers loved the compact disc. In fact the following year (when our economy was in a recession) the music industry had its biggest profits ever!

If any of this bothers you as much as it does us, then you might be wondering why you've never heard about any of this or why no anti-trust action was ever taken against major labels and distributors. The answer to this is quite simple. Most of the reporting on the inner workings of the record business comes from the music press and the music press is almost totally reliant on the advertising dollars and good will of the business that they're writing about. So, in the interest of not wanting to "rock the boat" or anger the folks who essentially bankroll their publishing ventures, this story would, and will continue to remain, unreported. And with the coming "popularity" of DVD, the music industry looks like it is ready to try the same tricks all over again.

-Negativland 1920 Monument Blvd., MF-1 Concord CA. 94520. fax 510 420 0469 Web site and e-mail - http://www.negativland.com

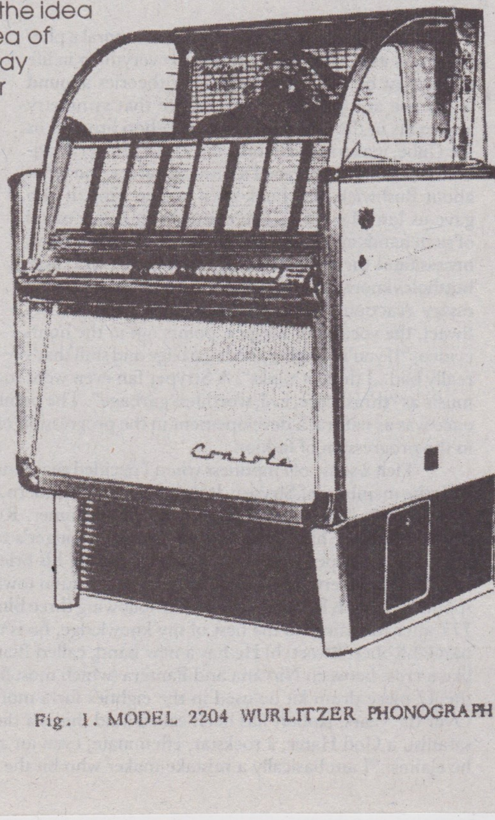
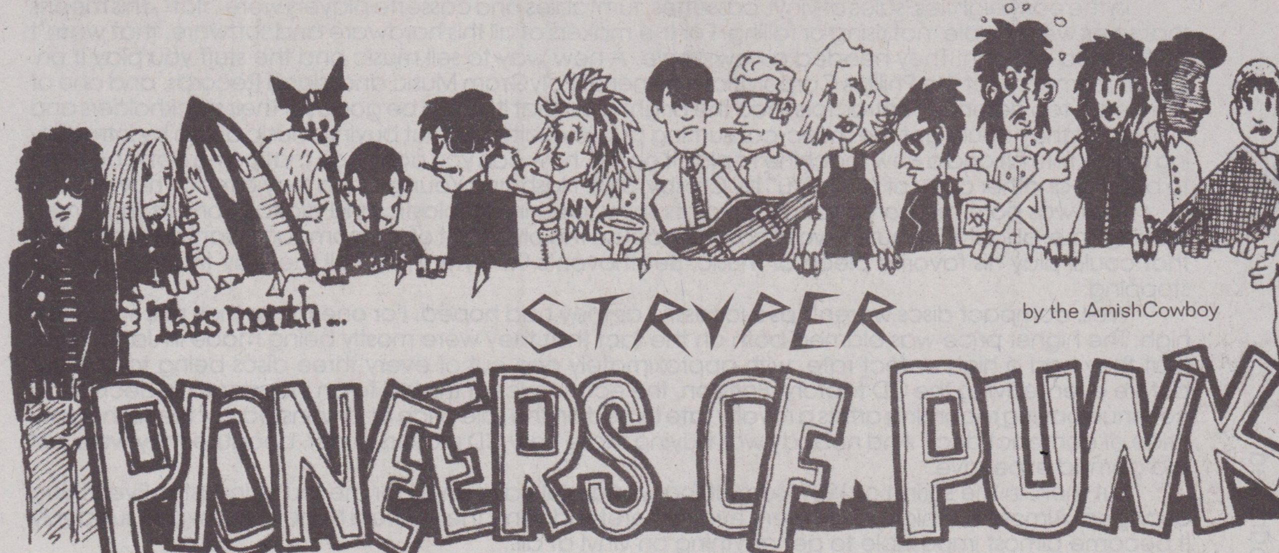


Fig. 1. MODEL 2204 WURLITZER PHONOGRAPH



This month...

STRYPER

PIONEERS OF PUNK

by the AmishCowboy

The existentialists believed in choice. Myself, I have often found my power of choice compromised by unseen forces. Such was the case on that fateful summer day as I was rummaging through the shelves of a run downpawn shop in the Mission, S.F. On that day I perchanced across a Stryper home video, still in the wrapper, for a mere dollar. It was obvious from the condition of the shrink wrap (and the Tower price tag) that this little hot potato had been sitting on the shelves of Tower Records for the last decade, soliciting no more than the occasional scoff of hip Tower customers. It was also obvious that I had no choice other than to throw down the money for this item. My life has never been the same.

I have since watched the Stryper video 25 or more times. I have also frequently forced friends and acquaintances into watching it and, myself having gained immunity to its nausea-inducing powers, laughed at their discomfort. For them it was a minute episode in their lives, easily forgettable via the consumption of copious amounts of hard liquor and/or heroin. For me it was more. The video is only about 30 minutes long. The glimpse into Stryper that I gained from careful examination of it left me full of questions. Questions without answers. One question that plagued me is whether or not these dudes were for real, or merely a hypocritic extension of the world's oldest corporation. The more obvious question would then be who in the name of anyone with a perm who wears yellow-and-black striped leather clothing; ever took these assholes seriously. I mean, for God's sake (whoops!).

The emergence of Stryper was as natural a phenomenon as the division of sexes. In everything in life there must be opposites. Symmetry theories abound in science and physics, I now realize that symmetry also exists in the world of music. Hip-hop brought us Ice Cube, it also spewed forth the Fresh Prince. Shaquille O'Neal even pursued a musical career, but what about Bushwick Bill? Punk gave us Lee Ving, it also gave us Ian MacKaye. The existence in heavy metal of such bands as Venom and Slayer, along these lines, necessitates the existence of Stryper. Little did these buttholes know that they were a force of nature, a necessary reaction to an opposite extreme. As Robert Sweet, the vocalist of Stryper, points out in the homevideo, "If you're singing about garbage and stuff that's really bad...I think it stinks". A Stryper fan even went so far as to condemn all other music as "thrashcore, evil, worthless garbage". The point here is that Stryper's existence was as natural a developement in the progression of music as legwarmers were in the progression of fashion.

I felt a sense of emptiness when I decided that I must some how make contact with the members of Stryper. It was time to use modern forms of communication to find answers. My primary target was the drummer, Robert Sweet, and I had no problem finding his e-mail address. He is the singer's brother. He is also the only member of Stryper who was a bachelor during his brief courtship with fame, and thus was most certainly proned to more temptation towards sin. Upon a few correspondances with Robert, I gained the following three bits of evidence: a) He writes a 777 after his name (to the best of my knowledge, he is not the 777th son of a man named Robert Sweet) b) He has a new band, called Blank, which he claims sounds like a cross between Nirvana and Pantera (which most likely means he has forsaken the 47 piece drum kit he used in the eighties for a more alternative 3 piece set) c) Over the years, Robert has been called (and this is a direct quote) "Adolf Hitler, a satanist, a God Hater, a rockstar, effeminate, even an angel-in-disguise", although he claims: "I am basically a mistake maker who hit the circuit breaker inviting the power of a most beautiful spirit to flow through the likes of a loud and heavy music played around the world".Myself, I would say that Robert is basically a social leper.

I immediately theorized from Robert's blatantly delusional statements that he either had a hardcore drug problem; or that he had one or maybe even two extra chromosomes. Like a clever detective, I began prodding Robert for information. I asked him sincerely worded questions about the Lord, and how God could have allowed the demise of Stryper. I was careful to always sign my name along with phrases such as "with Him" and "praise be unto the Guy". But despite my ultra-spiritual approach, I was blown off by this man like he was a damn tornado. But I was obsessed, and continued to forward him questions on a weekly basis.

Then one day it happened. Out of the blue, I received an email from Robert's wife, Victoria. I was quite fucking surprised to say the least!The content of the message was even more surprising. This young spouse of anandrogynous Christian metaller informed me that, "it sounds like you are interested in buying stuff from Robert". I had no idea what she was talking about, as I had never corresponded with this woman, and the only questions I had ever asked Robert were if he was still Chrtistian and why God had allowed Stryper's popularity to wane so quickly. Nevertheless, I quickly replied with a message saying "Heck yes I want to buy stuff, send me a catologue". Less than 24 hours later I received a reply from Mrs. Sweet. Word for word, it read as follows... "*Robert doesn't have a catalog. just a list of his personal stuff. I can just write it here for you...11piece, black drumset (no cymbals) $1,500, leather pants worn in "To Hell W/ The Devil" photo $ 500.00, four prototype Stryper t-shirts $200.00 each, "T.H.W.T.D." vest (mint condition) $500.00, Robert's "Yellow And Black" tour jacket $500.00, "In God We Trust" tour outfit $500.00 replica M16 rifle used in the album cover "Soldiers Under Command" $300.00, "I.G.W.T." jacket used for photo's (mint condition) $1,000, Stryper Japanese cd's "Yellow And Black Attack" $200.00. "Soldiers Under Command" pins $50.00 each brand new. How about them bargain fucking prices, eh? I mean Jesus Christ (2 Hail Mary's). I was blown away. And I did the only thing I could do, the thing that any God fearing American would have done...I asked Robert's wife if I could get the "To Hell With the Devil" vest for $300 instead of $500. Hey, this was the opportunity of a lifetime.

The bottom line is that as soon as I quoted a dollar amount in my email, the lines of communication with Mr. Robert Sweet opened up. And they opened up wide, to the point of being the metaphorical equivalent of the parting of the Red Sea. In fact, I couldn't lose the motherfucker. This guy started pounding me with propaganda. He would only go down to $400 on the vest, but he promised that he would also throw in some stickers and one of his signature drum sticks. Twice a day I would hear from this guy, telling me that this deal wouldn't last long because of the numerous other offers he had on the table. I even ended up talking to him on the phone for an hour. At that time I got answers to all my theological Stryper questions. Indeed, he still claims to be a Christian; and it wasn't the Lord's fault that Stryper broke up. In the end, I got the guy to send me polaroids of all his mint condition Stryper gear. So basically, the only question that remains is this: how much did I buy the vest for? Only three mortals know the answer.***If you want more info or just want to see my Stryper pictures, please don't hesitate to make contact.***CONTACT: amishcowboy (and learn about MALSI!) at <www.triplenipple.com>

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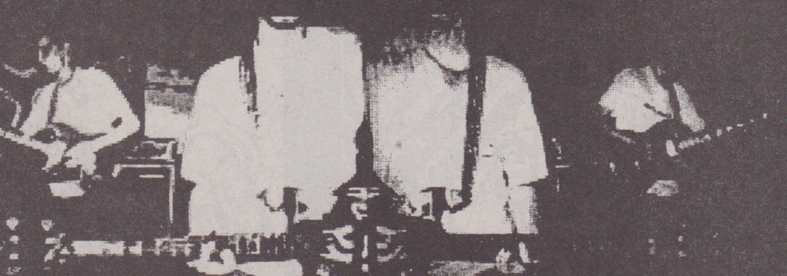

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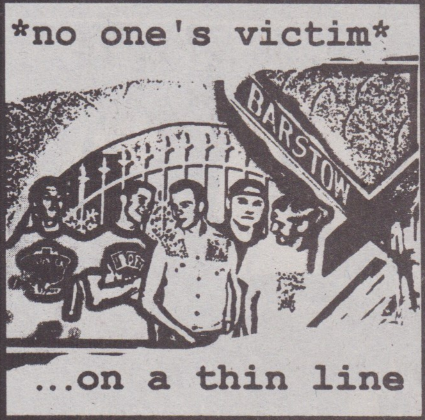

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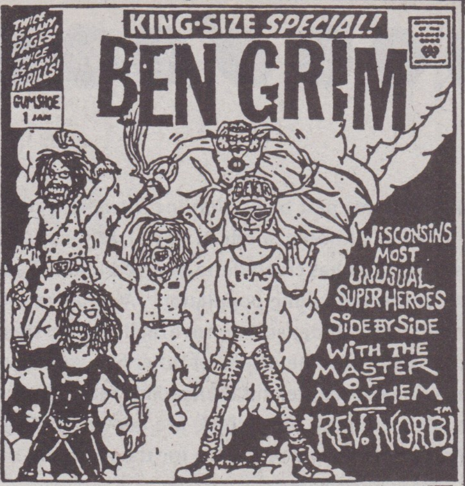
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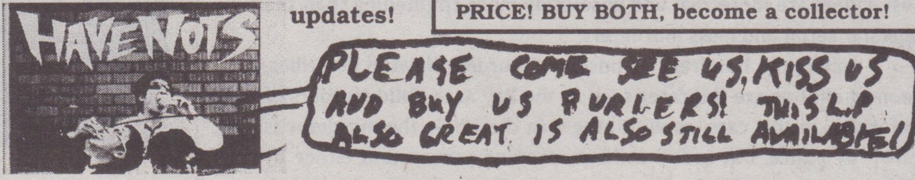
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MRR BOOK REVIEWS

Still At Large: A Casebook of 20th Century Serial Killers Who Eluded Justice • Michael Newton

309 pp. • $16.95

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STILL AT LARGE
A Casebook of 20th Century Serial Killers Who Eluded Justice
Michael Newton

Of all books written on the subject of serial and mass murders, this is easily the most frightening. Each killer Michael Newton documents in *Still At Large* is, as the title suggests, unapprehended and still on the loose. The more famous serial killers, about whom we know so much, may frighten us, but we can unclench our teeth after reading about them; they are either dead or locked in prison. That cannot be said for the killers listed in *Still At Large*. Because of their unglorified status (with the exception of Zodiac) and because many of them may be still active, these killers are more real and absolutely more frightening than the superstar serial and mass murderers.

Among the hundreds of unsolved murders Newton describes, the most chilling are the cases such as the Bay Area Child Murders of California. In this case, as with others in the book, the murderer is known by police, but is still at large, evading prosecution either by stealth or because of lack of hard evidence. These cases, coupled with the more frequent, completely suspect-less murders, create a blood-red paint-by-numbers-like landscape of America in the last breath of the 20th century. With this book Newton could inflate the lungs of a paranoid to the bursting point and even chill a naive optimist's view of the world around him.

Besides the almost-shut as well as the fuzzy, pieced together or speculative cases, Newton also includes mythical murders: murders fabricated, exaggerated and otherwise made up. An interesting inclusion, this section in the book documents cases in which the media, authorities, or locals made up killers, made errors in reporting crimes or exaggerated numbers of victims or damage done by a killer. Newton specifically calls out author and so-called serial killer expert Joel Norris (*Serial Killers*) and "the dean of crime writing," Jay Robert Nash on a number of inaccuracies. Listing nine specific inaccuracies in each of their works, Newton furthers his own reputation as preeminent scholar on the subject of serial and mass killers. With this book and his previous books on bad men and women: *Bad Girls Do It!, Hunting Humans, Killer Cops* and *Holy Homicide*, Newton has earned his seat on the throne of killer know-it-alls.

Alphabetical listings of the cases and killers by their known nicknames make it easy to find cases within a specific locale, since most unsolved murders are known by the area in which they took place. How many unsolved serial murderers are on the loose in your city? Who is the killer's target? When was the last time they killed? It's enough to make you double bolt your door at night and completely avoid contact with strangers.

Since all the killers in this book remain uncaught, some overlapping between cases occurs; some speculation takes place within the text, but Newton does a good job of coming clean when he or authorities are speculative about links between cases or facts within a case.

Taken together with his past book, *Hunting Humans*, a similar documentation of most all known modern serial killers (those apprehended and not), Newton has created the first yearbook of sorts of the modern mass- and serial-killing population. As is always the case with Newton's books, he includes an extensive bibliography should you want to do some digging into the deaths of others on your own.

Despite its encyclopedic nature, this is incredibly readable. Even though each case is not a gripping story, there are enough in *Still At Large* to make this book more than a reference for the morbidly-bent scholars among us. —Mark Murrmann

Che: The Photobiography of Che Guevara • Christopher Loviny

128 pp. • $16.95

Thunder's Mouth Press • No address given

An Argentinean communist newspaper publisher I know once claimed he had met Che Guevara in Cuba during the early sixties. "Che looked like shit," he said. "His beard was shitty, he lived in a shitty apartment, his uniform was stained and he had no sense of humor at all.... I liked Che. He was one of the real ones, him and Cienfuegos. I didn't think much of the rest of the Cubans." He added that Che would go for photo-ops with the rest of the revolutionary leaders, to chop sugar cane with the peasants in the jungle while journalists recorded the moment for posterity. After the photo session had been completed, the generals would go back to Havana to smoke cigars, drink rum and frolic with young ladies. Che wouldn't. He'd stay out and work brutal hours with the peasants he had fought for. That was Che. No sense of humor and a sincerity of purpose that's rarer than diamonds.

Che, Argentine slang for "friend", was one of the sixties' most prolific poster boys. The beatnik who became a writer who became a doctor who then became number two to Fidel Castro in the Cuban Revolution, who became an icon and then a martyr. No matter whether or not Guevara's crusade for world socialism could have ever succeeded, Dr. Ernesto was one of the few twentieth century figures to come to international recognition since the Second World War who was genuinely heroic. That is, someone who had a selfless ideal they were willing to give their life for.

Che: The Photobiography is not the most detailed account to be found, but it's a good primer, although it sometimes comes across as a commie Catholic school boys primer, full of virtuous behavior for the socialist youth to emulate or, at other times, a book version of a Che web site. It's got some great unpublished photos by Argentinean/Cuban photographer Alberto Korda who took one of the most famous pictures of Che to get into heavy circulation (you might have seen it at a politically conscious rave on a Zapatista t-shirt), but the text content is slim and economic. There are some revealing anecdotes such as an account of Che and a friend going on a youthful expedition down the Amazon where they run into a leper colony and proceed to use their medical knowledge to treat the inhabitants, touching them without gloves, treating them like human beings. Another concerns

Che in Bolivia, the rangers closing in with the approval of the CIA and Che's troops refusing to abandon him, even though everyone knew it was death not to (the account comes from Che's diary).

The thing about Che is that he had a middle class "bourgeois" background, but his social conscience wouldn't let him settle into a life of privilege. The poverty of the Indians in South America, the direct result of completely unchecked capitalist exploitation and American imperialism, was something he couldn't ignore. Others have come from such a background and used their guilt or piety to merely get rich and get laid once it became apparent the world wasn't going to change overnight (like myself) but Che avoided being a hypocrite to the bitter end. "I'm not like Jesus," he said. "I do not profess to non-violence." Violence had to be answered with violence, so he was a realist. Today the fascist mayor of Vallagrande, where Che's bullet strewn body was laid out and mutilated, welcomes the tourist dollars that come from pilgrims who wish to be close to the spirit of Che. To the Third World he is a symbol of a better world that probably few Americans can ever completely understand. —Joe Donahoe

Armed To The Teeth With Lipstick • Blag Dahlia and Marc Rude

123 pp. • $14.00
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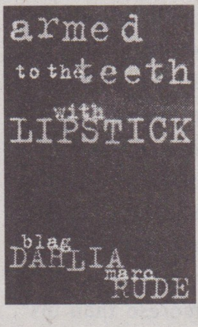


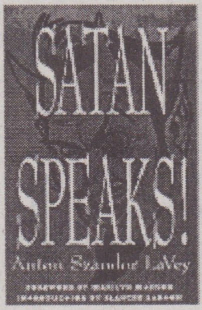
The back of this book says "too shocking for human consumption." Too shocking, my ass. Too wordy, maybe. But the book can't stand up to the blurb. A Martian private dick drinks too much and does drugs and kills lots and lots of other living things, all the while spouting off occasionally funny one-liners. He narrates the whole thing and is utterly unworthy of caring about. So are the rest of the characters. There is not one that I could give a turd in a tin can about either way. The typeface is that of an old manual typewriter, which gets old really quick. The art is very adolescent-boy-in-the-back-of-science-class-doodling, if you catch my meaning, and does nothing to move the "story" along.

A druggy and drunken private dick from Mars spars with authority and drinks and does drugs until he gets sent to Earth to find some authority figure's daughter who is with some gang of delinquents who have formed a band even though they don't know how to play. Many drugs are used, many people die and the author most definitely knows how to make a really short story really, really long. Sure, the book is only 123 pages, art included, but the annoying typeface and meandering prose make for a long read. If you've got the runs or are blocked up or need to go to sleep, but just can't, this ought to do the trick.

All that said, I really must point out that I think Blag Dahlia is a talented writer. There are some extremely funny lines scattered throughout the book and he's got style, but with this book, that's pretty much all there is. The story has been told before and without the writer's personal touch, this would be a total waste of time. There are so many lines here that would make great album or song titles that it's no mystery that this is the same man who gave us the album *Blood, Guts And Pussy.* However, fourteen clams is a lot to ask for so little. On the other hand, wouldn't it be nice to read a collection of stories about the Dwarves' wild 'n crazy ten-minute shows that ended with people in jail or the emergency room oh-so-long ago? Now *that* would be a book worth reading. —Ed Hunter

Satan Speaks • Anton LaVey

175 pp. • $13.00
Feral House • 2532 Lincoln Blvd • Suite 359 • Venice, CA 909291



Anton LaVey, perhaps the most maligned man in the world since Aleister Crowley, is dead. He passed from this mortal coil shortly after completing the last of the 60 essays that comprise what will be the founder of the Church of Satan's final statement, *Satan Speaks.* Now, before you write this collection off as a joke and LaVey off as a mere shock value tactician, it may be best to take a look inside the cover and read a handful of the essays. For LaVey reveals himself to be a man with an unquestionable sense of self, a vicious sense of humor and a clear sense of what strings to pull to get a reaction. Anton LaVey in death, as he was in life, remains nothing short of a Class-A shit disturber, and he should be revered, not criticized, for that fact.

As a younger man, I—like many—read LaVey's *Satanic Bible* and found it nothing short of pompous and overbearing. Many years later I read Anton LaVey's biography, *The Secret Life of a Satanist* and found a new respect and admiration for the man that had founded the Church of Satan. To say that I was a convert would be a huge stretch, but I could not help but envy the life that LaVey had led. Anton LaVey, was in many ways the modern version of the superman that Friedrich Nietzsche had envisioned so often in his writings.

The writings of LaVey in this collection of sixty short essays mirror many of Nietzsche's ideas, but with a more modern perspective, a pronounced sense of humor, and an unequivocal notion to stir up as much of a reaction as possible. All these traits are obvious from the very first essay from *Satan Speaks* , "The God of the Assholes," wherein LaVey takes on God, his unjust ways and all those that believe in him. From there, LaVey takes on the all too well known subject of "the good old days". The problem here is that LaVey lived in those days, and he reveals that the romantic notion of the good old days is mostly a myth, a fantasy concocted as to have something to idealize however false it may be in reality.

One of LaVey's more succinct arguments is how a third side exists for every issue. LaVey illustrates his point by using abortion as his focal point, showing very clearly that "when an issue becomes more important than a solution, don't expect to stumble over a third side". The third side is quite often the most logical of conclusions, yet it is often ignored when people focus on only two sides of an issue.

LaVey continues in his short and sharp essays to expound on what type of individual it takes to achieve the supernatural. Later, LaVey examines how the most unpopular things in the "straight" world become the most desirable in a Satanic world; this point is illustrated by using 1950's American automobiles. LaVey's essays are rife with examples of the Satanic side of things; other topics that he discusses are weapons, music, sensory overload as a means to an end, rewritten/ignored history, fetishes, murderers, liars, Satanic weddings, lawyers and cops, along with numerous other topics.

LaVey's essays throughout this tome all make valid points and will all make the reader think, which is the sign of a great writer. Whether he is providing the reader with examples of the daily abuse that unwitting parents inflict on their children or how the entire concept of good sportsmanship is a joke, LaVey is forcing the reader to think—perhaps the most important thing a writer can do. Anton LaVey has passed from our world and with his departure we have lost one of the sharpest and unflinching minds of modern times. —Trent Reinsmith

17% Hendrix Was Not the Only Musician • Billy Childish
94 pp. • $17.95
Slab-O-Concrete • PO Box 148 • Hove • BN3 3DQ •UK

BILLY CHILDISH
& HIS FAMOUS HEADCOATS

To quote "Hangman Communication 0004", as it appears on page 31 of *17% Hendrix Was Not the Only Musician*, "The critic must be forced to his knees and made to apologise in public for the deceitfulness and the error of his ways". That said, I wish to make it clear that what follows is a listing and description of the book's contents. No judgments as to the intrinsic worth of its contents are made or implied.

Unless this issue of *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* is your first exposure to the ugly world of "rock journalism" outside of the Pink Section of the *San Francisco Chronicle* (and it's okay if it is), then you're probably familiar with Billy Childish to some degree. If you aren't, then know that he's a former member of the Pop Rivets, Thee Milkshakes, Thee Mighty Caesars, and currently Thee Headcoats. He's also responsible for an autobiographical novel, several books of poetry, and over 1,500 paintings, if the blurb on the back cover isn't an exaggeration. His was the only poetry reading that I've ever attended, not including the times I've accidentally walked into bars during open-mike night.

17% Hendrix Was Not the Only Musician is a square, CD-sized book containing selected poems, an autobiographical timeline, some short fiction, manifestos of the Hangman Group in the form of "Hangman Communications", reproductions of paintings, woodcuts and photo-booth pictures, and a 14-track Headcoats CD tucked into a vinyl pocket in the back. The title is a reference to a teacher's comment on one of Childish's report cards, appearing after "satisfactory progress made this year" and before "sometimes disruptive but fairly capable". The final page reproduces a page of comments from art gallery visitors, where his paintings are described as "piss" and "crap" by an uncomprehending public.

There's a confessional, self-deprecating tone to a lot of Childish's works, from Headcoats lyrics to the more personal arenas of writing and visual art. The frustration and debasements of childhood appear, as well as doubt, angst, raw anger all the stuff that propels the self-help industry and most of the art underground. Even the strident and angry Hangman Communications have a certain masochistic streak running through them (take "the failure of the true artist propels him ever onwards towards the true understanding of the futility of all striving", or "failure... is glorious in its courage to be loathed, hated and despised" as examples). A logical attitude when one considers the sorry state of the Art World and its various stars and star-makers, and the obstacles faced by outsiders to its establishment. "It is essential for every artist to paint a succession of unacceptably bad paintings", reads article 12 of "Hangman Communication 0001". These extremely raw paintings of bloodletting, death and violence (one depicting a guy locked in a life-or-death struggle with a snowman) are provocative and affecting, moreso than his more controlled woodcuts. One viewer describes them as "pathetic", though they don't easily lend themselves to arbitrary distinctions such as "good" and "bad". Like I said, no judgments are made or implied. The Hangman Communications state the only true artists are amateurs, and once the line is crossed into slick, conscious professionalism, art becomes a job and nothing more. Kind of like punk rock bands making the improbable jump from neighborhood keg parties to 50,000-capacity football stadiums, to put it in other terms.

Anyway, the CD falls somewhere short of "In Tweed We Trust" and above "Bo In Thee Garage", though "Art or Arse (You Be the Judge)" and "My Girl Does Kung Fu" are right up there with their best stuff... I guess I'm making a judgment after all. —Jeff A. Heermann

NASA/TREK: Popular Science and Sex in America •

Constance Penley
165 pages, illustr.
Verso • 180 Varick St. • New York • NY •10014

I used to listen to a late-night radio show that dealt with science topics. The host was this nerdy guy, and one night his guest was a NASA engineer who was talking about Mir. Midway through the discussion of solar panels and cheesy Soviet technology, the host starts digging at him about women. "Doesn't the zero gravity take about 15 years off of a woman's appearance?" The guest pauses, makes some nervous hemming and hawing, and the discussion continues. Soon enough the host says, "What about intimate encounters, if you know what I mean?" The scientist is still not taking the bait, and after few more minutes, the host asks bluntly, "We really want to know about sex in space. Could you address this issue please?" I didn't know which was weirder, the host obsessing about the possibility of zero gravity sex for 45 broadcast minutes, or the NASA guy's absolute stonewall on the subject. SEX in SPACE? How weird is that?

Then my friend Tom turned me on to NASA/TREK.

"You gotta read this book," he said. "It's about Spock and Kirk as gay lovers. Well, no, it's about women who write erotica about Spock and Kirk as gay lovers."

Hmmm...

"Okay, no... it's about this underground scene of *Star Trek* fans who... it's about fandom. No, it's about women and space and *Star Trek* and NASA. I guess it's about sex and space."

He's right, of course, about all of those descriptions. Constance Penley is familiar to me as the author of some (fairly dry) feminist film criticism, and co-founder of *Camera Obscura* magazine, a publication of the same ilk. As an analogy, imagine Naomi Wolfe coming out with a book on model airplanes. Turns out Penley's been a closet space buff all this time! Which is fantastic, because her feminist's sharp tongue, combined with an area that's of genuine interest to her, makes this a book that is smart AND fun.

NASA/TREK (pronounced "NASA slash TREK") is small enough to read fairly quickly. Penley won me over right away by criticizing Carl Sagan's uptight anti-sci-fi preachings. Sagan felt that *The X-Files* and *Lost in Space* were detrimental to legitimate science in our culture. Penley brilliantly makes the opposite case—that NASA needs corny space dramas in order to survive! Listing NASA's more famous screw-ups and launchpad incinerations over the years, Penley writes that "here the stuffy space agency is aided by an increasing symbolic merging with its hugely popular fictional twin, *Star Trek*. Together they form a powerful cultural icon, a force I call NASA/TREK." Among the more obvious overlaps are (real astronaut) Mae Jemison's cameos on *Star Trek: The Next Generation* and the naming of the NASA space shuttle *Enterprise* after the famous *Trek* craft.

This theory, and a fantastically entertaining narrative of NASA's clumsy attempts to involve women in the program, make up the "NASA/" half of the book. The "/TREK" half changes gears but is just as fascinating. For this section, Penley describes a little background into women's amateur writing scenes from the nineteenth century before getting into the real dope, the "slashers." Now, maybe I'm the only one on the planet who hadn't heard of this stuff before, so if you know all about it already, good for you.

For everyone else, the "slasher writing" in question is a bunch of amateur women writers who trade and share stories and artwork revolving around Kirk and Spock as lovers. The scene is like any true fan-oriented scene: regional stuff, poorly reproduced and distributed for free among others, mostly makers as well. To "slash" is to forge a connection and to rewrite, referring of course to the "/" punctuation. Other slash writing focuses on Starsky and Hutch (S/H) the Miami Vice guys (M/V). The slasher fiction uses the given idiom and ingredients while stretching other parts of the drama.

As you might expect, there is much debate among slashers as to what is good slash or bad slash. A few stories had Kirk and Spock having a baby, which was apparently wildy unpopular amongst other slashers. Similarly, although the stories revolve around the Kirk/Spock couple, work in which women play "token" or phony characters is also dissed. Theirs is a Utopian romance, based on the potential equality of gender-sameness, and the unhindered communication of the "mind meld." Kirk/Spock also represent an idealized embrace of racial difference—Spock both the product of and participant in a mixed-race romance. Here Penley digresses into an illuminating tangent concerning the mixed-race "buddy" adventure story, so ubiquitous in Euro-American literature as an attempt for white men to obtain forgiveness and assurances from the nonwhite brothers, from Tom Sawyer and Jim through Tonto, Friday, Queequeg, and many others.

So why would an international underground of heterosexual women be so interested in the gay romance of Kirk and Spock (or Starsky and Hutch, for that matter)? The book elaborates on some interesting ideas about melodrama and gender in this fun look at a fascinating and undiluted phenomenon. Penley does very little quoting of the slasher material in her book, preferring to stick to the concepts and research, which is an admirable stance, in my opinion. One of the things I really loathe is when authors attempt to quantify and reduce the subcultural experience. Penley doesn't even tell the reader where to find the K/S stuff, which is good because it means that when someone does make the effort to locate it, it will probably still be happening.

Penley manages to bring the whole thing back around to the beginning in a way that will make your head spin. And there's so much more that I didn't elaborate on here (for example, Penley writes with unsentimental precision about every punk's favorite astronaut, the Teacher in Space!). This is a great book, highly recommended. —Greta S.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

TWO FROM SOUTH KOREA AND ONE FROM HOME

South Korea is going through a Golden Age in film making, an industry that seems revitalized from its commercial features to serious dramas. Only now recovering from years of political repression and social troubles, directors have begun to vent ideas that could never be presented before. It's a foolish film fan who'd pass up a chance to see the best of this output. Here's two to start you off.

The first one is **Festival** made in 1996. He's directed nearly a hundred films, but veteran Korean filmmaker Im Kwan-Taek has only enjoyed international acclaim since about 1983. Bored with die-pressed commercial fare, he decided to concentrate on cultural/political films, and quickly became the godfather of the renaissance in his country's film industry. Now, he's considered a living legend in Korea (even though he's only recently begun to get a little bit of gray hair), and it's not difficult to see why: when he's on the mark, there's nobody who can distill a culture into a hundred or so minutes of film time quite like he does. And while you may have to attend periodic showings at film festivals or museum showings to catch his work (there were a bunch in 1998 all over America), you have an obligation as a culturally attuned MRR reader to keep your ears peeled for this guy's work. **Festival** is among his best work. When the family matriarch, a long-time victim of dementia, suddenly dies, the eldest son and renowned writer Jun Sup (Ahn Sun-Kee) is obligated by custom to set up a traditional Korean funeral. This may be the rudest, funniest, and most spirited funeral I've seen on film. Obstacles include family members who squabble like a 78 rpm loop of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf?", a ceaseless procession of guests, from laborers to a mayor, most of whom get drunk, relatives and village members who also get drunk and/or hysterical, a ritual singer (yeah, he gets drunk too, and bad enough to sleep through the entire ceremony), and the appearance of the clan's black sheep, the illegitimate daughter of the deceased that nobody except Jun Sup will acknowledge. She gets really drunk. Drinking, squabbling, wailing, laughing, eating, vomiting, passing out... The title of the movie is exactly right. This funeral is more like a party, mixed in with a little death. Im varies the texture of this bedlam by dropping in almost documentary details of the Korean funeral ceremony (right down to the ritual preservation of nail clippings). And he allows Jun Sup to create the best tribute of all to his mother, a fairy tale-like adaptation of the writer's latest book, dedicated to his young daughter, that has his mother getting smaller and smaller until she becomes a child and finally just disappears. This latter section, filmed on a closed set with dreamy, Technicolor imagery, is enchanting, painted with the look of a storybook. The mix of reality, fantasy, politics, and ritual fall together so gracefully that the movie hardly seems real. Years after seeing this, I keep on meeting people in filmfest lines who feel this was the best movie they saw in '96; I'm in no position to disagree.****

Secondly is **The Road To Racetrack** (1991). At the risk of diminishing his special talents, director Jang Sunwoo is almost the Oliver Stone of South Korean film, pulling together cinematically and politically risky projects — and making them hits. His more famous dramas (like "Lovers in Woomuk-Baemi", "Hwa-om-Kyung"), are compelling, but this clever comedy holds the most surprises.R (Kang Soo-Yuen — the characters here are known as simple initials) wants to fuck former girlfriend J (Moon Sung-Kuen); but even after five years of living with her in France and ghostwriting her thesis (which, later, she secretly published under her own name), the girl refuses. This one rejection sets the parameters for a relationship that begins to look more and more like a battle: it's his intellectual manipulation to get her in bed versus her trenchant refusal (touched with a note of seduction), and this pattern repeats with such insistence (for 140 minutes!) that at first it's annoying, then confusing, then incredibly funny in an absurd, modernist sort of way. It can be likened to an endless horse race with no definite winner; except here (as the title implies), you don't even get to the racetrack, which makes the battle of wills even more amusing. As if R didn't have enough to worry about in trying to get this girl, he's having the same problem trying to coax his wife to sign divorce papers; she always seems to be in the process of consideration, forgetfulness, resistance, or downright absence. J's tactics work much better than his because when she finally does relent (whining, resistance, delays, distraction, feigned illness, lies, and all her other last citadels of defense finally fall), he's so agitated he becomes impotent. But now it's time for him to turn the tables and humiliate her...and we're on the racetrack all over again, in the opposite direction, going nowhere. The sex here has less to do with lust than domination. Each has their way of asserting their power, and each ends up a loser. If you're willing to accept this movie on its own terms (which for some, might take some doing), it can be exhilarating...***1/2

Back to the United States now for, **The Haunted World of Ed Wood Jr.** (1996). Born in Poogkheepsie, awarded the title of fastest typist in the state by FDR, a marine who fought of one of the worst battles in WWII (and wore red panties and bra under his uniform) — these are just a few of the choice things you'll learn in the latest expose of the man said to be the worst film director of all time. In truth, there are and have been many worse filmmakers than Wood, but few have been so entertaining in their badness. Aside from the Wood standard, **Plan 9 From Outer Space** (the name an inspiration of The Misfits' early record label), he was also the guiding force for '50s schlockers like **Glen or Glenda?** (his meditation on transvestitism), his sci-fi grunter **Bride of the Monster** (with Bela Lugosi), and the underrated **Jailbait** — a fun throwback to pre-code trash. (Also, if you can, see if you can dig up his rare one-hour study for **Glen or Glenda?**, which turns out to be surprisingly well made — and actually better than its more famous younger brother.) Fans will be pleased at the inclusion of several choice rarities, like scenes from his debut western (long presumed lost) and a segment from yet another, five-minute home movie western directed at the same time. Other material is of varied interest, like the delightful recounting of the baptism of Wood's entourage to get production money from rich Christians, and the continuing (and tiresome) controversy about the casting fiasco in **Bride of the Monster**. And we're teased by a look at some of his rare old porn novels from the early '60s (where his speed-typing probably came in handy), books that have cool titles like Devil Girls and Killers in Drag. More sobering are accounts of his final, alcohol-swilling days in a Los Angeles flea-trap, a magnet for pimps and drug addicts, where the tenants' idea of walking the dog is letting it shit in the hallway. A great fan of Orson Welles and **Citizen Kane**, Wood apparently couldn't reconcile his lack of talent with his overriding desire to make great movies; that makes his fall all the more touching. The documentary itself is framed in a garish, mock-Wood style that may or may not achieve its objective.*** –Steve Spinali

JACKERS DOES PORNO

Ah, winter-overcaset days, heavy blankets, heavy petting... A good time to cozy up to the VCR with a few x-rated rentals. First on our list is **Backfield in Motion**-the same dude goes around having uninspired sex with a bunch of fake boobied women. Skip it. (no headbangs). Next up, the **Anal Chronicles**-why are the men in these videos so ugly? Nick says it's the producers. They're paying for it, so they might as well get some. The women in this video are okay, except the last gal. At first I thought she was quite shapely, then Isaw the scars under each breast. What a turn off!. The men all have bad hair, gross bodies and ugly dicks. Still, it got the job done. (one headbang).

Addictive Desire-this one only has one short bit with a silicone sextress, so it gets one headbang just for that. The second one is for a particularly stunning performance by a gal who takes her oral fixation out on five different guys, and she swallows! (two headbangs). **Voyuer Eight**-Rent this! Attractive Europeans, no fake bodies and imaginative photography (by porno standards). The director follows around different sets of folks in a sort of peeping tom fashion. Lots of different gender combinations. This would make a great gift. (five headbangs) –Jackers

I HATE MOVIE REMAKES

I'd like to state for the record that I am against remaking movies. It seems to be getting out of hand these days now that Sharon Stone is starring in the remake of **Gloria**, doing a poor imitation of Geena Rowlands and, **Psycho** which I know I don't even have to elaborate on. I know Hollywood's always looking for the easy way out, but will someone please tell them to stop?

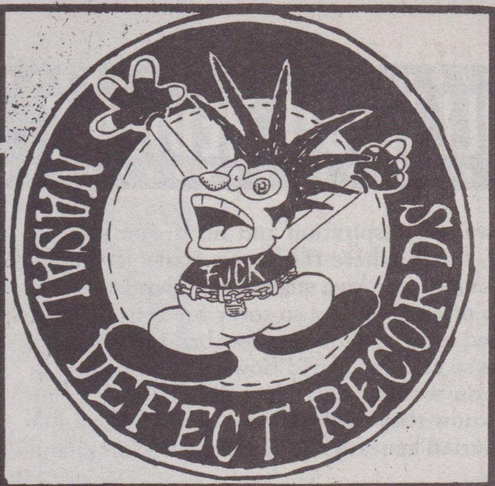
Since, I'm behaving this way you'd probably wonder what was going through my mind when I decided to go see **Velvet Goldmine**. I can justify it easy enough by saying it's not a remake and **Hardcore Logo** disappeared from the theaters quicker than I could think about going to see it. **Velvet Goldmine** is the latest film by Todd Haynes, the man responsible for making the wonderful **Superstar**, the Karen Carpenter biography acted by Barbie dolls. In an attempt to avoid the same problems he had with that film, Mr. Haynes doesn't tell you that **Velvet Goldmine** is his interpretation of the David Bowie/ Iggy Pop story. He probably won't admit that it is either, but the similarities are there. The film's set in the 70's during the glam boom. The David Bowie character is an outcast who tries to fit in at home and with the other kids, but is having a hard time doing so. He discovers music and his life is changed (sound familiar?). He starts dressing the part, going to see the bands, buying the records, and jerking of to magazine pictures of the stars. Then he wants to be a star and his dreams come true. Sounds like a nice enough story, right? Wrong. He falls in love with an older junkie rock star, the Iggy Pop character, who was his inspiration and his dream life gets fucked up. Now, this is where the movie starts getting interesting. The homosexual love story is one that isn't used in rock films too often. You feel so sorry for David Bowie that Iggy Pop used him, but you also feel bad for Iggy Pop, that stardom was so easy for David Bowie and not for him, and ultimately you wonder why they didn't just stay together, but you know they couldn't. It is a tragic story, but most of that is buried beneath the elaborate costumes and the music.

My main problem with the new league of independent films is their lack of editing skills. Sure, they have more money and more film, but it doesn't mean they have to put all of it in to the final cut. There just seems to be so much extra stuff that I don't want to see nor do I need to see it. If Todd Haynes had focused more on the story, I think he could have made a great film. But then again maybe that's the essence of the glam era he was trying to capture.

Shakespeare In Love is a film along the same lines. A farce about the time when Shakespeare wrote Romeo and Juliet. Though historians will probably point out all the factual errors, therefore missing the humor, it pokes fun at every aspect of the Shakespearean myth. Even though, I didn't get all the references, the film was very entertaining. How often do you see Shakespearean actors rehearsing?

My favorite movie of the month is the one that I've heard the most negative criticism about, **Hurly Burly**. **Hurly Burly** is a story about nothing. Four friends who hang out, drink, do drugs and talk about themselves. It could have been about you or me and our friends, except that I enjoyed listening to these people talk. These characters said pretty much everything that came to mind, whereas if you are hanging out with actual people most of the time they don't. Sean Penn plays the main character who is in love with this girl, but has told his friend that he doesn't mind if the friend dates her and then obsesses over the relationship the two have. One of the other guys is having problems with his wife and the other finds a young girl living in an elevator and invites her home. Written in that way it sounds pretty boring, but the characters are real enough you feel like you're there having a beer, trying help him figure it out. The characters don't censor their feelings or opinions in the way we would if we talking about these things. You know when someone telling you something and you think they're full of shit, but instead you say something lame like, "I understand what you're saying." You can tell the characters are struggling with themselves and want to make a change, but just can't seem to do it. After the funeral for one of the main characters, the young girl asks Sean Penn if the funeral was sad. He starts describing the procession to the graveyard, what the preacher was saying, what music was playing and other details. She asks him again, "Was it sad?" He starts telling her more details, but he can never say that it was sad. He just can't get to that point and you know he desperately wants to.

While, I was watching Hurly Burly , I kept imagining it set in the San Francisco music scene instead of the LA movie scene. It would easily interchangeable. The Sean Penn character would have to be played by Tom Guido, but I'd have to figure out the rest of the characters. Maybe, I could be Gary Shandling's character. –Carolyn Keddy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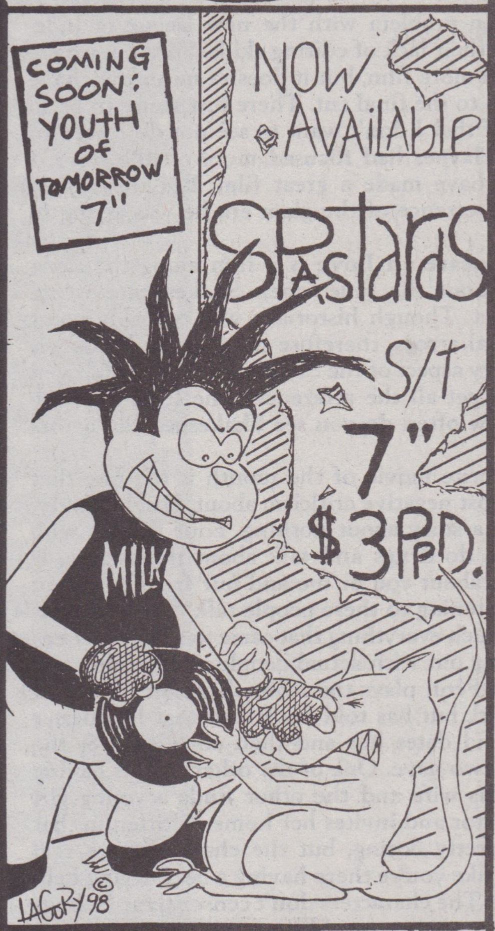
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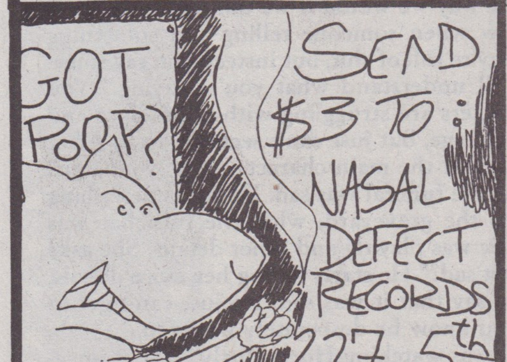
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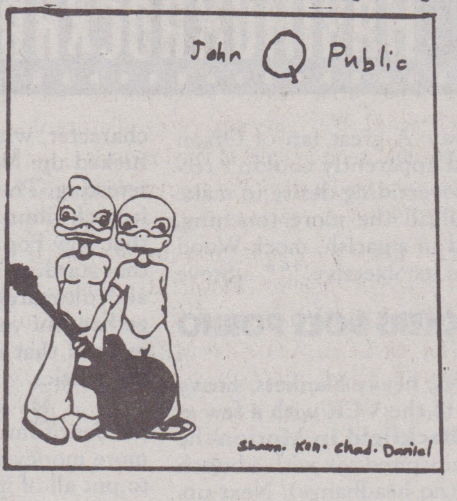
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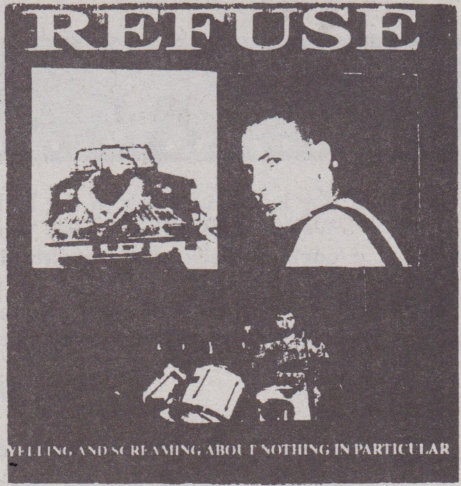
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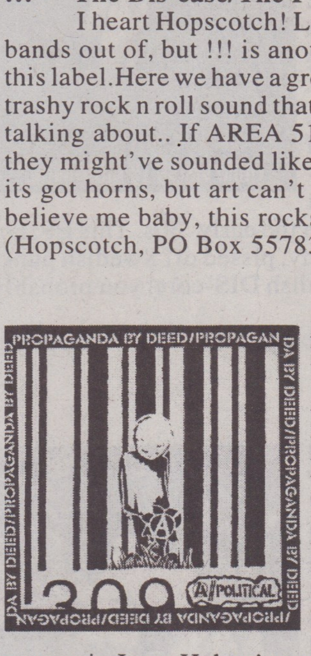
MUSIC REVIEWS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, metal, MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include ppd price when mailing. If possible, send 2 copies of vinyl records (1 for MRR, 1 for the reviewer). We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases. If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send high quality cassette-only releases directly to: Jason Beck, PO Box 2584, Conroe, TX 77305. No reviews of test pressings or CD-Rs. Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it. Staff: (PB) Paul Barger, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry (DD) Dr Dante, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (BG) Brian Gathy, (TG) Todd Gullion, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (MM) Mike Millett, (RM) Raymundo Murguia, (JN) Jah Nell, (DP) Donna Poole, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (TS) Ty Smith, (SS) Steve Spinali, (ST) Sean Sullivan, (JV) Jason Valdez, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young.

!!! - "The Dis-ease/The Funky Branca"

I heart Hopscotch! Lord knows where they pull these bands out of, but !!! is another great band brought to us by this label.Here we have a great example of that post hardcore trashy rock n roll sound that all your cool friends are already talking about.. If AREA 51 understood the power of funk, they might've sounded like this. Sure its arty, and yeah, ok, its got horns, but art can't kill you as long as it rocks, and believe me baby, this rocks. (ST)

(Hopscotch, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385)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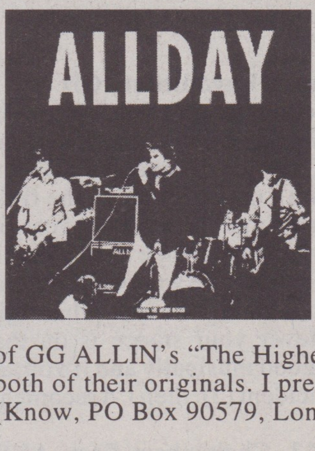
300
A//POLITICAL

A//POLITICAL - "What's the Next Stage?" EP

An anarcharst/communist punk band that must listen to their CRASS CDs an awful lot. Musically it sounds like a bunch of CRASS outtakes with lyrics about the system, products you buy, and fighting back. Sample lyrics: "The system doesn't care cause the system is you" and "A slice of cheese or a cookie is money in Jesse Helms' campaign fund". Perhaps, but this is probably not the best way to get people on your side or to be taken seriously. Got Guilt? (MM)

(Crasshole Collective, PO Box 65341, Baltimore, MD 21209)



ALLDAY - "When We Were Good" EP

"Looking at Them" starts off this EP, and as far as I'm concerned it's the B-side. I don't like the riff. Side B starts of with another ineffectual riff, but is saved by an early T.S.O.L.-ish progression (funny how they used T.S.O.L. cover art and music). Ironically, ALLDAY's cover of GG ALLIN's "The Highest Power" is much better than both of their originals. I prefer their older material. (HM)

(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

ANAL BABES - "Cocaine Swastika + 5" 10"

The original Norwegians who really monopolize the huge testicle market. Apparently and clearly a major influence on their pals TURBONEGRO both formed in the early '90s and both now disbanded (goddammit!). A sound so full, hellzapoppin'! No self- respecting metal head should be walking around oblivious to these guys. Supposedly the majority of the BABES will live on as the TITMEN. Lookin' forward to it! And this one will carry me through, with it's gentle caress of screeching abuse and thunderous head injury by guitar sound! (RY)

(Incognito, Senefelderstr.37A, 70176 Stuttgart, GERMANY)

ANAL BEARD - "Go! Anal Beard Stop!" EP

Heave Spillage and Bembel (any relation to Begbie?) lead this wacky quintet from furious punk to organ jazz to acoustic baloney. This entertaining package makes me want to be a drunken goofball like these oafs. Horrible stick figure jokes and drunken stories fill up the lyric sheet. These guys must be either awesome or completely contrived live. A must for the demented. (HM)

(Spanking Herman, PO Box 2927, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3SX, UK)

ANTIDOTE
Fresh
Let's get drunk

ANTIDOTE - "Let's Get Drunk" EP

ANTIDOTE execute thrash straight from the early '80s. This sounds like it could be off "Not So Quiet on the Western Front", *MRR*'s first comp. Their attitude is '80s as well with songs like "I Don't Care", "Politicians", "Anti Nazi Youth" and "Let's Get Drunk". Could these be the ANTIDOTE from the US or England? Although their music sounds similar to the US ANTIDOTE, I believe this is an entirely different ANTIDOTE. Yep, I'm confused too. (HM)

(1E Jan Steenstraat 75, 1072 ND, Amsterdam, HOLLAND)

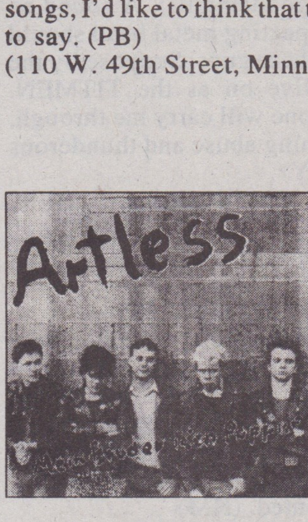
MUSIC REVIEWS

arden chapman.

ARDEN CHAPMAN - "That Familiar Feeling (of Betrayal)" EP

Noisy chaotic thrash from Minneapolis. The majority of the lyrics on this are about feeling backstabbed and left behind, nothing that hasn't been said before, and the music is fairly devoid of any outstanding characteristics... I'm not totally convinced that this band is not a joke, but there's one thing that *is* for sure: most of us can usually relate to feeling fucked over and used by other people, and that emotion is for real. And although the song explanations on the back of the lyric sheet are a lot more down to earth and to the point than the actual lyrics to the songs, I'd like to think that they are sincere in what they have to say. (PB)

(110 W. 49th Street, Minneapolis, MN 55409)


Artless
Mein Bruder ist ein Popper

ARTLESS - "Mein Bruder ist ein Popper" EP

Classic German punk rock circa 1979 now faithfully reissued for those of you who missed out. This is rather exact down to the label recreation and even paper stock. But hey, those of you in the know will still be able to spot the original. Frenetic and fast, what I deem "tinny guitar punk" which means it doesn't cause whiplash in the listener. Rather "rocky-rolly" feel with a slightly Euro-like martial beat and shouted monotone German vocals. Has that clunky European sing-song-ness which many find appealing. Stylistically, this stuff is a little too straightjacketed for me, but fans of this genre will dig it, I am sure. (JY)

(Teenage Rebel, Wallstrasse 21, 40213 Dusseldorf T/F 0211-32 40 62 GERMANY)

THE ASSMEN - "Enema Nation" CD

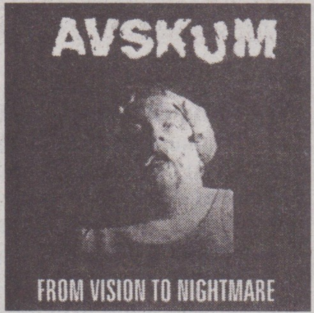
Anyone got any Preparation H handy? Because the ASSMEN are truly the hemorrhoids on the ass of punk. Farting out brain laxative and not-so-funny toilet humor, I wonder if the ASSMEN are victims of a self-induced lobotomy. Teaming diarrhea of the mouth vocs and uncharacteristic metallic guitar riffs with hard rock leanings proves this shit blows raw sewage like no other. Even the RAMONES licks thrown in don't salvage this crap. (DL)

(Dirty, PO Box 6869, Glendale, AZ 85312-6869)

ATOM & HIS PACKAGE - "He Kissed Me" EP

I'm so-so on this guy's goofy lo-fi techno stuff. A little too THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS for me. But this has punk rock guitars just like the great FRACTURE did (ATOM's previous band). Very limited and played in front of a live crowd of two, this is a fun loose romp in the wacky pop punky vein. (RL)

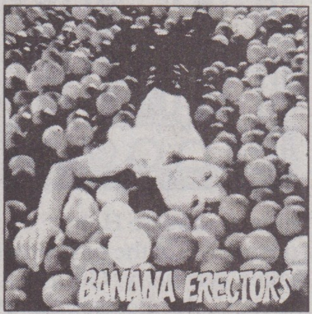
(208, PO Box 534, Boise, ID 83701)



AVSKUM - "From Vision to Nightmare" EP

This is the follow up to their LP that marked their triumphant return to punk rock. Although I was skeptical (since everybody and their brother have reformed to write some watered-down version of what they are remembered for), AVSKUM have gone far beyond some half-ass version of their Swedish crust attack that made them legends in the early '80s. This EP, not unlike their LP, is kick ass, catchy, pissed off Swedish punk/hardcore. If you're a fan of Swedish DIS-core, you probably already have this. (MW)

(Retard c/o Altemark, Gränby bilgata 18, 754 31 Uppsala, SWEDEN)



BANANA ERECTORS - "Fed Up With High School Days/ Draggin' USA"

This is one of those neat records that almost sounds like you can play it at either 45 or 33 RPM's. The 45 sounds much better. Pretty simple three-chord stuff with a heavy RAMONES influence and nasally female vocals. It's a good record mostly due to the fact that they play it like it used to be done, not with the new melodic pop punk twist. (PA)

(Sympathy)

BASTARD SQUAD - "Hardcore Revolution" CD

It's weird because, while listening to this release for the first time, I thought that BASTARD SQUAD's sound was similar to some of FANG's songs, especially on the newest (more oi-sounding album), then I turned to the front of the insert and find that the lead singer is doing ten years in prison for clubbing his girlfriend to death while she slept. His friends claim it wasn't his fault because he was on drugs, and that he was denied entrance to a mental hospital the night before the killing. Well, whatever your stance is on that issue, this CD is pretty fucking good musically and if you are not dissuaded by the previous incident (?), then I'd recomend it. (JV)

(Noise Pollution, PO Box 5093, Cheltenham East, AUSTRALIA)

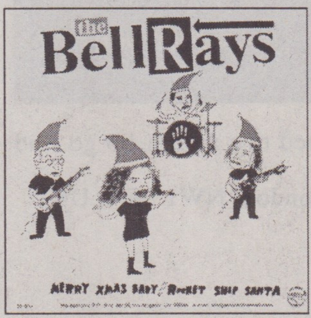
MUSIC REVIEWS

BASTARD PEOPLE - "Send Out the Troops" EP

Fuck yeah! Straight up street punk tunes from Oklahoma with a healthy disdain for those who send the working class to fight and die in wars which serve the ruling class' interests. I'm most pleased to find there are folks into that scene who don't have the American flag firmly tied over their eyes. All the standard catchy choruses one would expect with a bonus of good up tempo guitar movement. (TH)
($3, People's Will, 333 E. Brooks, #20, Norman, Oklahoma 73069)

BEAT DOWN - "Blood 'n' Tears" CD

I guess it was only a matter of time before a hardcore band named themselves BEAT DOWN. Yeah this is exactly what you think it is. No-neck hardcore from Germany, that reminds me of AGNOSTIC FRONT. 22 songs topped off with bruising vocals get the job done right. (RC)
(Mad Mob, Oranienstr. 37, 10999 Berlin, GERMANY)

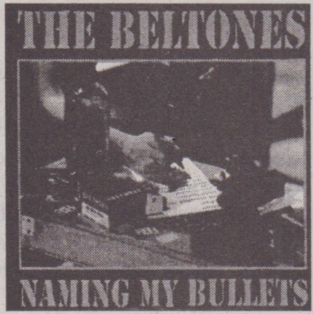

the BellRays
MERRY XMAS BABY / ROCKET SHIP SANTA

BELLRAYS / STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS - split EP

Somewhat of a late arrival Christmas-themed EP with anti-Christmas tunes from both bands. STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS once again do a dead-on DEAD BOYS/STOOGES thing especially on "I Wanna Die for Christmas" which is a pretty damn catchy old school wah-powered tune. Rounding out their side is their rendition of FEAR's "Fuck Christmas". In direct aesthetic contrast, we also have the BELLRAYS who offer up two tunes of rather straightforward Motown Records-like soul-flavored rock. Stuff that almost exists outside of the STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS universe. Is the glass half empty or half full? Still, two decent bands, even if they are rather diametrically opposed. Oh well. (JY)
(Safety Pin, PO Box 51241 28080 Madrid SPAIN)

BELTONES - "On Deaf Ears" CD

Another strong TKO release here. Serious cool points for the NEWTOWN NEUROTICS cover too. Street stuff in the THOSE UNKNOWN and WORKIN' STIFFS vein. I liked their first single and haven't kept track since but this is really good with little of the "drunk and proud" flag waving that normally goes with this genre. Good punk rock. (RL)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)



THE BELTONES - "Naming My Bullets" EP

Wow. Sounds like they come from the Northern Irish region known as South Florida. While the first song seems to be influenced by "Nobody's Heroes"-period STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, the second song seems to be more stylized after "Inflammable Material"- era SLF. On the last song they return to their roots and do a song reminiscent of middle-period FINGERS/Oglivie. Incidentally, the whole thing is catchy as fuck and their NEUROTICS cover is brilliant. This is probably my favorite thing on this label. (LH)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94144)

BGK- "The Complete Works of Balthasar Gerards Kommando" 2xLP

Jeez, how do I even do a review for a band like this? One of the very first shows I ever ventured to on my own was a BGK/CHRIST ON PARADE show back in god-knows-when. These guys fucking floored me so hard, but I was so young, I thought that's how all punk shows were. Then I started noticing foreign bands weren't touring the US anymore... punk got stale as fuck, and pop shit became the mold. I didn't even appreciate what I stumbled upon to at the very beginning. BGK, along with other Dutch bands like NO PIGS, PANDEMONIUM, LARM, etc contributed to the world-wide scene in such a big way. There's just something about BGK that is hard to describe, they have it all... speed, catchy riffs, great lyrics and just that *something* that no one has duplicated since. By far one of the best hardcore bands *ever*. (MW)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

THE BLACKS - "Balls Deep" EP

.........ugggg..... 3 songs, one FEEDERZ cover..... crap.... however, the band name is good..... distorted, crunchy, screaming.... yes, it's boring...... un-reviewable........ I'm tired, I think it's time to take a bath..... I gotta be up early in the morning.... (SW)
(No Theme, 2509 N. Campbell Ave., Box 75, Tucson, AZ 85719)

BLUTTAT - "Cash, Invoice or Credit Card" CD

Here's a CD version of this German band's third LP of increasingly post-punk stuff from 1986. The tacked-on bonus tracks date from '81-'82 and have a bit more interest for me, although early-'80s political punk stuff hasn't aged all that well, now has it? This digital beer mat compares well with the lighter/less arrrrgh punk wail comin' out of the UK at the time. Shop and compare! (RW)
(Teenage Rebel, Wallstr. 21, 40213 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

BOLLWEEVILS - "History of the Bollweevils, Part 2" 3xLP

I've always liked this band even though I lost track of many a release years ago. Cool melodic hardcore/pop punk from Chicago from '91 or so on (now broken up). This limited triple vinyl thing is the two ep comps out on CD. Is this getting confusing yet? Anyways, a lotta good tracks if you just gotta have vinyl. (RL)

(Dr. Strange)

BOMBSHELL ROCKS - "Street Art Gallery" CD

The second thing I've reviewed from these Swedish lads and I must say these guys totally fuckin' rock! Old school punk rock in the RANCID "Let's Go" and ANN BERRETTA vein. This has it all: passion, power, tunes, and production. This just explodes out of the speakers. A great new band! (RL)

(Sidekick, Ostra Nobelatan 9, 703 61 Orebro, SWEDEN)

BONECRUSHER - "Working for Nothing" CD

I liked their single, and this is pretty cool punk rockin'. Strong old school wanna-be Brit stuff a la US BOMBS and SWINGIN' UTTERS. Totally tough and sing-a-long type stuff. There's a lot of this retro stuff around these days but these guys are one of the bands that stands out amongst the masses. Cool CHELSEA cover too. (RL)

(Hostage, 7826 Seaglen Dr., Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

BOOT PARTY - "Bricks to Concrete" CD

The year was 1996. I had bad, bleach-blonde hair, the yuppie hordes had yet to completely overrun San Francisco and Vulture Rock unleashed a record that changed the face of music as we know it. Well, okay, but it was good. Actually, it has one of the best oi songs to ever come out of the US called "The Suss". Fuck that song is aggro at its best. Anyhow, much of this CD reissue rocks, but there are a lots of things that are dumb about this release as well, such as the ultra-violence fantasies, blind patriotism and glorification of a gang mentality found in the lyrics. Choose your poison, I guess. (RM)

(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albequerque, NM 87196)

BORN & RAZED - "Holy Wars" LP

Impassioned, heartrending songs about war, race and class set against a backdrop of new-school hardcore that draws influence from AVAIL and the YOUNG PIONEERS among others, although with an rocknroll edge and intensity. The slowed-down, power chord breaks wear on me after a while—they're the '90s emo version of the mosh part—but the occasional acoustic interludes are a welcome release. (AM)

(Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)

BoyNamedSue
a saturday night in knoxville, TN
falling apart

BOY NAMED SUE/BLEW - split EP

Snuffy Smile is at it again. Putting out a great release that will be near impossible to find before it is out of print. BLEW does their great raw J CHURCH/early JAWBREAKER thing. Extra raw too. BOY NAMED SUE is a post-WALKER group and you know how I loved that band. No let down here. I really really have to find this. A great split! (RL)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-24-4-302, Daizawa, Setagayh, Tokyo, 155-0032, JAPAN)

The Boys
sick on you

THE BOYS - "Sick on You/ Soda Pressing" EP

This is yet another '77 reissue, which might have had me feeling persnickety because all this retro shit is tacky and boring, but, fuck, it's the BOYS!!! No one with any raw feeling could thumb their nose at the BOYS! Not even me. These two songs were initially released on their self-titled LP, which also got re-issued this month, so go find that instead. (JN)

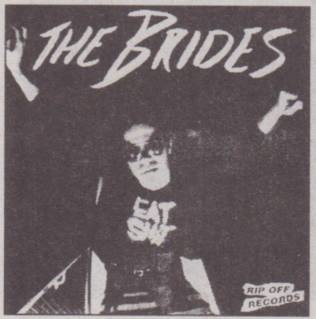
(Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Rd, London, NW1 9EA, UK)

THE BOYS - LP

......oh boy, a new re-release from my fave Italian label, Get Back............ I'm serious, I love this fucking label.... it blows my mind the amount of shit they dig up to re-issue, all styles of music as well........ how do they do it?????.... they must know somebody..... somebody big, and cool, and maybe handsome..... yes, there must be some big handsome Italian gentleman in charge..... I'll find out, I'll get to the bottom of this....... anyways, this is....... a re-issue of the first BOYS album, not the other BOYS, because there were two BOYS..... yes, two handsome BOYS..... not Italian though.... one English and one American, I think.... oh fuck it..... I don't even have to spin this puppy, I've heard it countless times and I guess it's a classic..... I love it, but I do prefer the second BOYS album ("Alternative Chartbusters") to this one..... maybe that handsome pizza boy will be delivering that one next...... but it'll have to include some beer...... oh ,yes, two bonus songs from a BOYS single on this.... wow..... but then again, come to think of it, I do prefer the HOLLYWOOD BRATS over all this..... sorry kids if I lost you with all of this....but damn, I think it's time to suck some dick!!!!!!!! (SW)

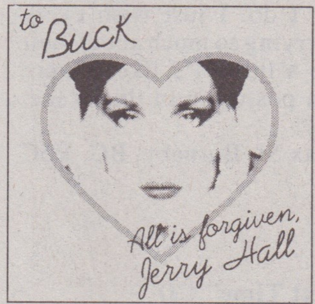
(Get Back, Piazza Maltoni, 16, 50065 Pontassieve (Firenze) Italy)

MUSIC REVIEWS



THE BRIDES - "Bad Attitude" EP

Wow this fuckin' rocks.....duh!!! I got the chance to see and play with these Chicago fucks back in Indiana and they put the place in their punk pipe and smoked the place up!!!! The kids could not keep still from the unrelenting rock. Of course as always two songs keeping with the ripoff records tradition. Check out Ross Bride at Reckless in the Haight, go up and schmooze him! Buy this you idiots, this ain't no NEW BOMB TURK clone shit...... this is Midwest rock 'n' roll baby! Owwww!! (TG)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave.,San Bruno, Ca 94066)



BUCK - "All is Forgiven, Jerry Hall" 45

BUCK delivers a couple decent foot-stomping, head-bopping, power pop punky numbers on this 45. While there is nothing especially groundbreaking, the music is played solidly without being too artificially sweet. That being said, if you only buy angry music, skip this 45. (JF)
(Sympathy)

THE BURGER KINGS - "Supergiant Rollercoaster" LP

Good, old-fashioned revved-up punk rock. This German band plays simple, fast, catchy songs that seem to borrow evenly from '60s garage, '77 punk, and bands like MTX. This would make great stay-awake-at-the-wheel music, lots of energy and uncomplicated sentiments. (BG)
(Incognito, Senefelder Str 37A, 70176 Stuttgart, GERMANY)

CELL BLOCK 5 - "King of Crowns" CD

I don't know, this does not do it for me. It's hard to put my finger on the problem, in a way because it's almost Rema-rock in style. You know what? I don't like the songs, the lyrics are stupid and the tunes don't grab me at all. It's almost like something good being played backwards. Anyway, it's like South City, modern machoish punk that might appeal to a baseball cap, snowboarding, SUV driving type of crowd, I don't friggin' know... (RY)
(Kranked Up, Cell Block 5, 1415 El Camino, Burlingame, CA 94010)

CHAUNCEY - "Picture Windows" EP

Wow, this sure is a surprize. This is *the* band to satisfy all your new wave-influenced post-punk needs. This young band just jumped into the ring, and crushed all the competition without even trying. There are hints of bands like VAGRANTS, SMALL DOG FRENZY and LYNC here, but the music has a personality all its own. I really hope they release an LP soon, because this is one of the best EPs I've heard in a while. All four songs draw you in, without needing to beat you over the head with their riffs. I highly recommend finding this. (BG)
(Dan Maloney, 8451 Springfield, Skokie, Il 60076)

CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE

CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE - "East River Park" EP

Now I'm being totally serious here. If you don't have a record player then buy one just to play this record. Played with more energy and anger than their first record but still just as catchy. I wanted to stay away from this but the best way to describe their sound is just to say that it's a Cometbus band with Patrick from DILLINGER FOUR. It's nice to hear proof that pop punk doesn't have to be played by a bunch a wimps. (PA)
(THD, PO Box 18661, Minneapolis, MN 55418)

COUCH POTATOES - "Outweighed" CD

Rather boring melodic punk/HC from the UK. I don't know, combine FARSIDE with a poor man's version of that great LEATHERFACE guitar sound. This isn't really bad, just typical in an already oversaturated scene. (JF)
(Scene Politics, c/o Dennis-P. Merklinghaus, Auf dem Stefansberg 58, 53340 Meckenheim, GERMANY)

CRIPPLE BASTARDS
DAWN OF ECOLOGY

CRIPPLE BASTARDS/ P.E.L.M.E - split EP

Stenchcore in effect. FYI—five of the six CRIPPLE BASTARD songs on this EP are on their CD on GTA Records. This is the "official" European vinyl version. P.E.L.M.E. do a funky noise/grind thing. It was alright, but I have no tolerance for little electronic noise bits that remind me of a merry-go-round. (RC)
(Havin A Spazz, c/o Luca Cattaruzza, V.M. Di Cefalonia 47, 20097 South Donato M.SE (MI) ITALY)

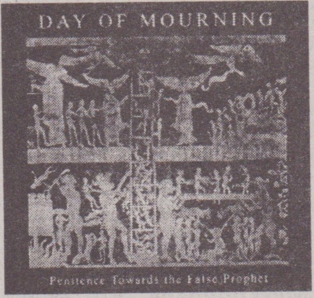
MUSIC REVIEWS

CRISPY NUTS/ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN - split EP

Always good to see the CRISPY NUTS in the ring, they usually give me my money's worth buuuuuuuuuut, not this time. Both songs are merely OK. ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN trot out their FUN THINGS cover.... again.... I suppose this is a different mix, but the original is so much better, who cares. Sleeve art notable for Shane White porno desecration, which should put me off naked females for about a month. Thanks a lot, assholes. (RW)
(Rockin Bones, Via Cuneo 2, 43100 Parma, ITALY)

DATSUN - "Preaching the Gospel of Porn" 10"

I do not know what the fuck is going on in Scandinavia these days to cause the existence of so many great punk rock bands, but it makes me want to relocate to the land of the midnight sun. Melodic, faster-paced punk rock with ear-piercing guitars and very cool male/female dueling vocals that sound as if they're being delivered through a megaphone. Almost an assault on the senses. Lives up to the title. Wow. (KK)
(Hit Me!, Deichmansgt. 17, 0178 Oslo, NORWAY)


DAY OF MOURNING
Penitence Towards the False Prophet

DAY OF MOURNING/ HARDTIME - split EP

H.T. start of the A-side with some slow to mid-paced mosh core. The problem sometimes with hardcore like this is on vinyl, if you don't really have a fresh edge on it to call your own, you end up sounding like sloppy recycled MADBALL. But, live the energy and vibe might be totally fresh. D.O.M. are totally fucking rad!! Tuned down grind/hardcore that crushes! Vocals are heavy as fuck. These riffs have floorpuch dancing written all over them. Fuck yeah, more DAY OF MOURNING. Both bands from Canada. (TG)
(Sounds Of Revelution, P.O. Box 20017-075019, Lasalle, Ontario, N9J 3E5, CANADA - $4US/CDN, $6 world)

DEAD MAN'S CHOIR - "What's Wrong With Me" EP

Fans of the STITCHES and other snotty punk acts should check these fellas out. The vocals definitely deliver in that fine tradition, though the recording focuses a bit too much on them which is a shame cause the guitar guy can noodle around without ever wanking and the bass guy walks things around pretty cleverly at times. I imagine the live show is great cause I doubt they come off as reserved as they do here. (TH)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, California 90809)

DEAD STATE/BANISHED - split EP

The DEADSTATE side of this split is pretty fucking good. Their sound is not so dissimilar to that of FLEAS AND LICE (which appears to be a thread this issue), but it also has a bit of that REACT sound thrown in. Relevant lyrics and crusty hardcore music by punks who can tell you what the movement means! The BANISHED side is one song recorded in a basement on a four track, and it's slower but no less intense, in an ASSRASH kind of way. I was left wanting more by this band. (JV)
(1949 N Broadway, #109, Boulder CO 80304)

DEADCATS - "Millions of Dead Cats" CD

I like rockabilly, I swear I do. I just wish every wanna-be cowboy would stop worrying so much about their hair or clothes and actually live a little. I'd like it more authentic. There's just too much posturing in this scene. (CK)
(Flying Saucer, 306- 4425 Halifax St, Burnaby, BC, V5C 5Z2 CANADA)

DEADITES - "Better Luck Next Time" CD

The insert with this describes it as "ghoul-punk rock and roll horror". I don't find it to be particularly ghoulish or horrifying, however. Kind of sound like SUPERSUCKERS and SUICIDE KING, but with lyrics about vampires, demons, monsters and, of course, girls. No self-respecting punk rock band would put out a release without a song about girls. Hey, I think you might have accidentally xeroxed your rough draft of the lyric sheet—it's scribbly and almost unreadable. I really like the cover—black cardboard silkscreened in silver and red with skulls and gravestones and other creepy stuff. Yeah, let's get rid of those annoying plastic jewel cases. (DP)
(Craptacular, 504 E La Salle St, Colorado Springs, CO 80907)

DISCORDANCE AXIS - "Original Sound Version 1992-1995" CD

A discography of everything DISCORDANCE AXIS did. I would be amazed if some grind fans never heard of these guys, cuz D.A. pushed grindcore and speed to the limits. The unusual guitar work, the absence of a bass, and especially Dave Wittie's drumming skills (he is god—bar fucking none) coalesce into a grind effort that can, and will never be matched. Don't let the lame techno graphics fool you, this is the shit. (MW)
(Devour)

MUSIC REVIEWS

DISCOUNT
IT'S HARDER TO TELL
PICT SONG

DISCOUNT/MY WINTER JANE - split EP

The WINTER JANE tracks are very good with "Language" having a cool discordant feel. DISCOUNT's pop punk tracks are good including a BILLY BRAGG cover and an original "It's Harder to Tell". (MM)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-24-302 Daizawa, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo, 155-032, JAPAN)

DRONES - "Live in Japan" CD

As fond of the DRONES' as I am, I'm less impressed by this live document recorded following their 1997 reunion. Sure, they sound pretty much the same as they did in their heyday (somwhere between the BUZZCOCKS' "Spiral Scratch" EP and the rebirth of BILLY IDOL as a solo artist) and the crowd sounds like they're into it, but all of the tracks are available in much better studio versions. Not bad, but get the reissue of their "Further Temptations" LP first. (JH)

(45 Revolutions, PO Box 2568, Decatur, GA 30031)

GET SORTED TOUR '98
SAMPLER LIVE 7"
THE DRONES
A.P.A.
THE DRONES/ADOLF & THE PISS ARTISTS

DRONES/ADOLF & THE PISS ARTISTS - EP

Two songs each by the DRONES and ADOLF & THE PISS ARTISTS. The DRONES' stuff actually sounds pretty good despite it being a live board recording. A lot more lively than I remember them being live. I have no idea who the other band is. But, fuck, they kind of ruin "Where Have All The Bootboys Gone"... Definitely for desperate DRONES fans. (LH)

(45 Revolutions, PO Box 2568, Decatur, GA 30031)

DRUNK 'N' ANGER - "Blindfolded Beaten & Brainwashed" CD

These Canadians look too old and normal to be playing this type of juvenile spiky dog-collar hardcore. Not bad, but I'm thinking a lot of "whatever." thoughts too. Some of the bass riffing is OK, and I do think it a shame that today's skaters have turned their backs on what was once and identifiable "from the ramp to the pit" type of music. This is DIY in the best way, just not my bag. (RY)

(Napalm Ape, PO Box 2510 Pt Charlotte, FL 33949)

88 FINGERS LOUIE - "Back on the Streets" LP

You gotta hand it to bands like 88 FINGERS LOUIE. They take a tired pop punk/rock formula, and do it with such command that it doesn't matter that it's been done a million times before them. They make it interesting anyway. It's like they are scientists, creating these songs in a lab somewhere. They're very tight, crunchy, and uncannily melodic. think of AVAIL, BIG DRILL CAR, or GAMEFACE for comparisons. I usually resist this sort of thing on principle, but I like this. Seems like it would make great high energy Summer music, too. (BG)

(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

THE ELECTROCUTES - "Steal Your Lunch Money" LP

I always thought the DONNAS used to be a band called RAGADY ANNE, so I'm unsure where the ELECTROCUTES fit in the scheme of things, other than that "Ragady Anne" and "The Electrocutes" sound identical. What we have is a bunch of high school girls playing punk rock the way high school girls do. You just do it cos it's fun. It's sloppy and muddled, the vocals are high pitched and sing-songy in that da-da-da-da way, though if they sounded more masculine they could easily fit into any one of the hardcore bands I used to see when I was younger. Definitely not recommended for when you have a headache, but if you're in the mood for goofing off this may be the way to go. (CK)

(Sympathy)

ELVIS
Pummel
Original '50s Punk

ELVIS PUMMEL - "Original '50s Punk" EP

If you're familiar with LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN, then you have some idea of what happens when some twisted European gets bitten by the HASIL ADKINS bug. ELVIS PUMMEL is less crazed, but no less crazy in his own reverent and subdued manner. (DD)

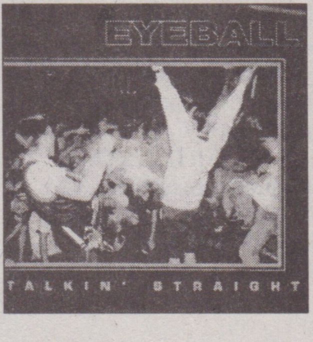
(Voodoo Rhythm c/o Zeller, Langassstr. 57, 3012 Bern, SWITZERLAND)

ENDURO - "Half Rack of Sugar" CD

Oh come on! What the fuck is the deal here? Dirtbike punk? Texans doing some bad MC5 impression, the singer coming off more like a choking Robert Plant. Weird garage blues edge and some DOORSy elements too... Hard to tell if this is intentionally lo-fi because it's so damn hollow. Let me just say, I,think this is terrible poop and leave it at that. (RY)

(The Self Starter Foundation, PO Box 1776 Horsham, PA 19044)

MUSIC REVIEWS



EYEBALL - "Talkin' Straight" EP

Simply put, this is top notch '88 youth crew straight-edge hardcore from Germany. This has good production and a lot of shouted backing vocals. I wonder how many of those kids wearing basketball jerseys actually play basketball? Nonetheless, this is a must have release for all you hardcore kids. (RC)

(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

FEEDERZ - "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss" CD

Reish of the now hard to find record circa 198_? Was never really into these guys when they were around, the stuff here is somewhat (but not really) offensive art-punk stuff that echoed in other bands of that era like the CRUCIFUCKS or even the DKs. The band's somewhat punk-lite sound may not really have a place in this post-grind era that we live in now. Nevertheless, the OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN cover is still charming. "Jesus" which was so controversial in the day, seems a little idiotic and even childish in the cold light of how-many-years now. Generally not really saying anything that bands before and after haven't said. Also the new liner notes here do not include the reading list that was in the original. More of a snapshot of an era, I think... (JY)

(Feederz Office Of Anti-Public Affairs, 8016 15th Avenue NE Seattle, WA 98115)

FEEDERZ - "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss" CD

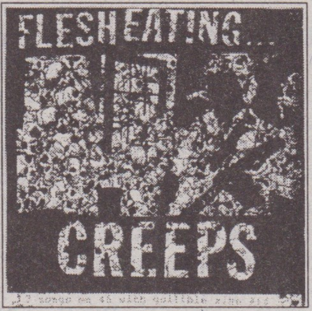
Strange to read a review I disagree with so vehemently, but there it was. Reissue of a LP from a band whose inventive and often frightening stage shows were the stuff of legend. Nothing about the politics or music has aged—poorly or otherwise. There's still bosses and cops, and while the age of Internet fetish porn might jade some of us, playing "Jesus" for someone who's not heard it definitely raises some eyebrows. I listened to this daily for several weeks after picking it up again, and am still amazed how the social and political criticisms Frank Discussion provided are still incendiary, insightful and accurate. If you've heard it, you know it's classic, if not, you owe yourself. (TM)

(Feederz Office Of Anti-Public Affairs, 8016 15th Avenue NE Seattle, WA 98115)

FIRST STRIKE - "In Veneration of Fallen Heroes" LP

Well, another contender for the "how stupid and simplistic can your lyrics unintentionally be" award. Yeeeaaahhh! Basically these guys sound like a Jesse Helms-inspired, oi answer to CRASS, i.e. heavy on the sloganeering (duuuude lay off the politics). I don't know. Some of the songwriting on this is pretty good, but what it all comes down to is that the singer rhymes every other line and sounds like he's from France, hence images of a skinhead Jerry Lewis behind the mike, and I just can't deal with that. (RM)

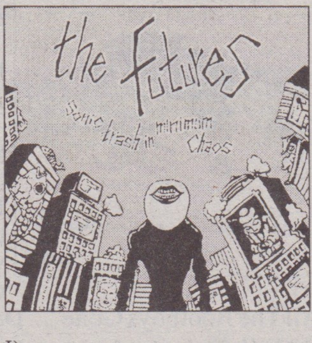
(Thug Rock, PO Box 2891, NY, NY 10008)



FLESH-EATING CREEPS - EP

Pretty decent hard core, with a touch of the 'ol emo from these Virginians. We're talking hoarse screamy vocals and the quick change ups from chugga chugga to screeching guitar that you'd expect from your average hardcore band. I've no idea what he's singing about, but I'm sure what ever it is, its pretty painful. (ST)

($3: Chris Terry, PO Box 4909, Richmond, VA 23220)


the futures
Sonic trash in minimum Chaos

THE FUTURES - "Sonic Trash in Minimum Chaos" EP

If the GERMS and LOS CRUDOS made babies together, their offspring would probably form a band that sounded a lot like this maniacal Japanese hardcore band. Trashy guitar like the GERMS, but more together and heavy, with a lot of power and shouted group choruses. A quality release. (JN)

(Tetsuya Ikeda, 205 Mezon-Noe, 2-10-8 NOE, Jyotoku, Osaka 536-0006, JAPAN)

GASSENHAUER - "N.D.G." EP

Blind Beggar Records has taken it upon themselves to release these recordings from 1985 of what the liner notes claim is one of the first Skinhead bands in Canada. One side is a really overdone and corny anthem to the region of Canada they hail from. The flip is a reworked campfire classic titled "Drunken Skinhead." Complete with lyrics about fag bashing that somehow didn't make it to the lyric sheet. What would I do with a drunken skinhead? Keep my eyes on him, that's what!!! This didn't need to be released. (TH)

(Blind Beggar)

Music Reviews

GEARS - "Rockin' at Ground Zero" LP

The GEARS were one of the last and best Los Angeles punk rock bands of the 1970s, knocking audiences dead in the days before generic suburban hardcore had captured the hearts and minds of Teenage America. Featuring ex-CONTROLLER Kidd Spike on guitar and tough-guy Axel G. Reese fronting the show, they drew as much from '50s greaser rock 'n' roll as they did to the latest hip new wave sounds of the time (listen to the title track if you need convincing). Lyrically they were all about girls, drugs and post-post-adolescent confusion ("what will I do when I'm twenty", he sings in "Teenage Brain"—how is Axel holding up in 1999?), and the infamous Elk Lodge Riot of days long gone by ("Elks Lodge Blues"). Musically, you can hear elements that were shamelessly lifted by many a SoCal "beach band" that lacked inspiration of their own. Lucky for us, this also features the tracks from the GEARS' earlier "Let's Go to the Beach" EP, making it one of the better bets this issue. (JH)

(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507

GLUECIFER - "Get the Horn" EP

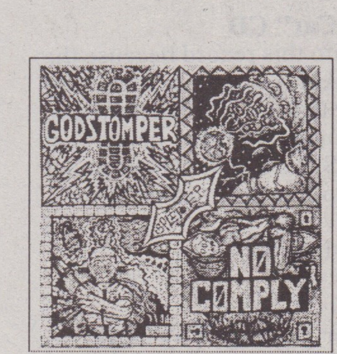
Hmm, this is equal parts AC/DC and MC5. It's got energy and tons of testosterone. Like a jackhammer up the ass. Not much in the way of intelligent lyrics or creative playing, but if you are looking for pure, white-hot adrenaline, look no farther. (BG)

(White Jazz, Toftesgt 64, 0552 Oslo, NORWAY)

GOB - "How Far Shallow Takes You" CD

Finally a second full length from these Canadian hyper pop punkers. Pop punk and melodic hardcore with melodies and snot. Along the ways of more rockin' QUEERS and a less-uptight PROPAGANDHI. Their first LP was great, and this is too. Well recommended once again. (RL)

(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminister, CA 92683)



GODSTOMPER/ NO COMPLY - split EP

And never the twain shall meet. Well, the coasts meet here, with California represented by GODSTOMPER, and Florida honors done by NO COMPLY. Consistent with what each respective band has done on other records—the Cali side is fast, short and wastes little time or effort. The Florida side is like the lead paint hazard in schools—sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly but consistently dangerous. Quality stuff. (TM)

(False Sense, PO Box 49641, Greensboro NC 27419)

GOOBER PATROL - "The Unbearable Lightness of Being Drunk" CD

I was surprised by the first song, heavy guitar, angry vocals and all, but after that it kind of fell into place. I know everyone says it, but I liked their early stuff better. This fits well into the Fat Records sound, SNUFF-influenced, melodic and somewhat driving. I think it's funny that the vocals are exactly what all these US bands are trying to copy but this guy is for real. If you like what they put out at Fat, then I see no reason for not liking this. (PA)

(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690 San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)

GOZZILLA & LE TRE BAMBINE COI BAFFI - "Sono Il Piu' Bastardo Della Citta" EP

So the Italians can do the dumb goofy punk thing too. And people tell me punk isn't a universal movement. Yep, thanks to the miracle of translation, I now know how to sing (in Italian) songs about how princess Di died with no underwear on; or how I can drink a lot of beer, and other topics. All of this in 4/4 timing, too. (JF)

($5.ppd: Grillo Andrea, Via Galilei 57, 04011 Aprillia (LT) ITALY)

GRISSLE - "A La Carte" CD

Snotty punk played tight and fast. Hints of melody but not pop punk. Pretty cool. Especially if they jump around a lot which will make me like any band. (TG)

(Scorched Earth, P.O. Box 2504, Glendale, Arizona 85311)

half my time
no more lies

HALF MY TIME - "No More Lies" EP

FUCK THANKING NIKE! So BOLD did it, get over it, stop supporting it! Stop straightedge exploitative jock fashion. It's bullshit. Positive hardcore should go a bit deeper in '99. Off my soapbox now. Originality is not what one looks for in youth-crewish bands, but there has to be a renewed energy and power to pull it off. I don't get that here. They are fine and of course, the pursuit of owning every international HC record is a worthy quest. (TJ)

(Youth Crew, Massimo Tieni, Via U. Betti, 113, 20151 Milano, ITALY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

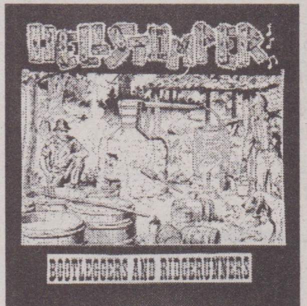
THE HANDSOME DEVILS - "The Originators of the Hub City Hot Rod Sound Burst Into Flames!" CD

I like the name the HANDSOME DEVILS, I didn't know Saskatoon was known as the Hub City and the Hub City sound is just surf music and I think these guys are a little too young to be the originators. Those are just my first impressions. My second impression is that surf music is nice, but I get bored easily. My third impression was a really weird dream I had involving a suped-up mint conditioned hot rod, 30 permanent markers, my three 5 year-old cousins and me pissed off cos I'm stuck babysitting. (CK)
(PO Box 7833, Saskatoon, SK S7K 4R5 CANADA)

H.C.A.
The Green Goblyn

HCA/THE GREEN GOBLYN PROJECT - split EP

The HCA mix whiny lead vocals with old school charm. I'm always a sucker for this rockin' early-'80s guitar stuff. Fans of the "Killed by Florida" disc will wanna check this out. Now on the flip side, you got some fuckin' weirdos the GREEN GOBLYN PROJECT truly show this is a "project" and not a band. What's with this bad '80s, gothy, new wave number. Hmm... I picture posters of Robert Smith on their bedroom walls. (DL)
(New Deal Records)

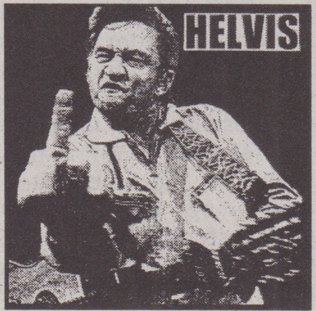


HELLSTOMPER - "Bootleggers and Ridgerunners" EP

Weeeehaw! One minor snafu with RPM's, (one side is 33 one is 45, both are labeled 45, oh well) and we're off on another liquored up punk rock hayride. HELLSTOMPER has the brilliant ability to write anthems that will run through your head all goddamn day and crack you up. Kinda like, "There's a place in France... " when you were a kid. "Back to Berkeley" and "Pabst Blue Ribbon" are the standouts here, and they've been sitting on this shit since '97 without committing it to vinyl. Go on, you know you want to, eat more possum! (RY)
(Ruff-Nite, 3249 Rorer St., Philadelphia, PA 19134)

HELLWORMS - "Crowd Repellent" LP

Simply put, this is a fucking great record. Featuring 2/3 of VICTIM'S FAMILY, the HELLWORMS pick up where that band left off and expand on it. See, there are other bands that have weird timing and stuff, but the HELLWORMS have actual well-crafted songs too. Crazy distortions on the guitar and vocals, along with one of the tightest rhythm sections around, just add to mix. A pure gem, almost as good as seeing them live. (JF)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, Ca 94141)



HELVIS - "Genocider" EP

Grungy, bass-heavy rock from Nottinghamshire. At times it borders on sounding almost industrial, then some hardcore riffage and blasting speed takes over. Not a bad first release. (AM)
(Weird, 61 London Rd, Balderton, Newark, Notts, NG24 3AG, UK)

THE HOT DOGS - "Rock and Roll Army" LP

Whoa! Quick, somebody shove a wallet in my mouth cuz I think I'm gonna swallow my tongue! This band is fucking dynomite! As Don Perro Azul would say: "Muy fantastico!". Totally fucking sexy Spanish rock band with that '77 style that's so abundant these days, but something about this band rings true. Very reminiscent of the NEW YORK DOLLS and the STOOGES. They "write big hits for lonely girls" and don't skimp on the "Ooh ooh ooh"s and "Naa Naa Naa"s. A phenomenal record, it's just too bad about their hokey band name. (JN)
(Safety Pin, PO Box 51241, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

THE HYMANS - "Chairman of the Board" CD

¡ Que´raro ! They're from Sweden... they sound dead on like the RAMONES... but "Brain Drain" era!?! What the heck!?! Don't get me wrong I loves me some RAMONES, but... why!?! "Brain Drain" sucked... hard. They're from Sweden, so I'm guessing they don't know any better. Actually, this is very well done. They really do sound dead on like the bruddas. Punk points for the use of Johnny's real last name. (BM)
(Amp, 92 Kenilworth Ave., S. Hamilton, Ontario, L8K-239 CANADA)

THE IMPORTS - "Bitchen K-Car" CD

I hate to say that I'm not into this record because the songs are catchy, the music is well played and the recording sounds good; but there is too much of this music going around. I can only listen to so many of these bands that sound like SCREECHING WEASEL. The kids have got to have some originality in them, so lets put it in the music. Please! (PA)
(54 Orchard Place, Buffalo, NY 14218)

JOHN Q PUBLIC - "The Never Ending Why" CD

It's too bad that they don't include the insert because I'd like to at least know the song names but I don't want to bother writing them. Oh well. Sloppy three chord punk that doesn't move me either way. I'm thinking along the lines of early PROPAGANDHI, just not as good. (PA)
(Middle Man, P.O. Box 4606 Lafayette, IN 47903)

MUSIC REVIEWS

J'aurais voulu...
Enfants du béton

J' AURAIS VOULU
"Enfants du Beton" - EP

This is classic punk rock. They've got mohawks, they've got "whoa whoas". You know what I'm talking about . The lyric sheet is in French, but a little note attached says the songs are about homelessness, and "boring life in the blocks", I don't speak a word of French though so, they could be singing about anything for all I know. This isn't bad, just forgettable. (ST)

(Limo Life, BP10. 94191 Villeneuve St-Georges Cedex, FRANCE)

KRIGSHOT - "Maktmissbrukare" LP

Sweden's newest powerhouse returns with a full LP's worth of some of the most brutalizing thrash to grace my ears in quite some time! I know it's only February but I think this LP will stand up as the best HC LP of '99 hands down! Think MOB 47 riffs sped up with a crazed gut-wrenching vocalist screaming out against all the fucked up shit in this world. It's a serious adrenaline rush listening to this shit especially when played at a very loud volume, it'll peel paint and knock shit off your walls if you're not careful! Awesome jackhammer production is an added plus and helps to pound the shit into your cranium! As usual, Ken can pick 'em, he has yet to do me wrong in the almost 10 years his label's been in existence. As a side note, I'm wondering if the guitarist is the same Jallo from such legendary bands as NO SECURITY, DISCHARGE, TOTALITAR, DISFEAR, etc... as KRIGSHOT is from his town. If it is, you've outdone yourself this time Jallo, Cheers! Buy or die!! (TS)

(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

LARRY & THE GO NOWHERES - LP

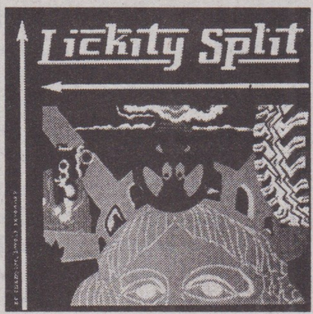
Okay, I was a little hesitant to put this LP on due to the fact that one of the members is wearing a BLACK SABBATH shirt. Since I consider BLACK SABBATH one of the most annoying nuisances on the face of the planet, I'm proud to report that LARRY & THE GO NOWHERES are straight-up leather jacket-wearing punk rock. Think: the good Mystic Records 7"'s type punk, and yes, there were some, and that's what this record is. I may not listen to my reviewer copy every day, but like a cold brew on a hot day, I'm sure this will sometimes hit the right spot. (JF)

(Puke, P.O. box 1835, Seattle, WA 98111)

LET'S GO'S - "Green, Green Grass of Rock 'n' Roll" EP

Why are we reviewing this shit? This sound's like fucking WEEZER! Please note the sarcasm, but this does remind me of a cross of WEEZER and the slickest of power pop punk. Maybe if this had harmonies to emphasize the power pop... but it doesn't, so it's just kinda boring. (RL)

(Grinda , PO Box 507, Southeastern, PA 19399)



LICKITY SPLIT/NO SENSE AT ALL - split EP

LICKITY SPLIT starts off with an OK tune on the lighter side of the post-hardcore thing. The second song made me feel sick. Mixing punk and ska guitar is wrong, I mean it sounds horrible. Please stop this! NSAA plays ANTISCHISM-style political hardcore bordering on grind core. Out of the three songs nothing really stands out as great. (PA)

(Dirty Leon's Big Ride, PO Box 5211 Conover, NC 28613)

LOADSTAR - CD

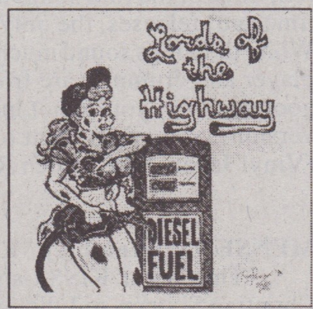
Pop, pop, pop, pop, poppitty, pop-pop, poppy pop punk. This is pretty fun mostly because every song seems to be tip toe stepping on the verge of losing control. Whenever they slide into a slow part or a mid-tempo middle 8, you can tell they're dying to bust into the hardcore beat. As a result, all the songs seem to speed up which is charming in a dumb way that perhaps only I can appreciate. If it weren't for that, you would think they were MxzvPxwq or BLINK 3215690934 (LH)

(Little Kid, PO Box 14155, Portland, OR 97293)

LOLI & THE CHONES - "Rock 'n' Roll Genocide" LP

I'd heard stories about how people would go see LOLI & THE CHONES and have coronaries and orgasms and veins bursting in their head and spontaneous combustions in their panties because they were so fucking good. This is the first time I've ever heard them for myself, though, and I must say this is a great garage rock record. They have that magic formula of being fucking rocking while keeping it simple, kinda like the RAMONES. You would do well by yourself to acquire this record. (JN)

(Repent, 1120 S. Orme Ave, Boyle Heights, CA 90032)



LORDS OF THE HIGHWAY - "Diesel Fuel" EP

I've got to admit that as much as I've always liked the notion of cowpunk, the synthesis often fails to send me. That said, the L.O.T.H. cover of "40 Acres" could have been a really good specimen of such if it had more guitar crunch (key word for everything I'm reviewing this month is "subdued"). "Diesel Fuel" is a solid instro in a S.C.O.T.S. vein, but "Rig Rock" is too ponderously swampy for me. (DD)

(Drink & Drive, PO Box 771101, Lakewood, OH 44107)

MUSIC REVIEWS

LOWER CLASS BRATS - "Rather Be Hated Than Ignored" CD

On the front lines of lone star oi. Here you got the LOWER CLASS BRATS plotting through 12 well-produced epic tales of boot-boy woes. Not adding much to their genre, these guys stick to street punk formulas handed down from the '80s. You got all the typical ingredients here: recycled poppy hooks, Clockwork Orange references, blah, blah, blah. My impatient ear just wants to cut all these songs in half! Plus, the overindulgent use of "oi! oi!" and "whoa whoas" is complete overkill, almost a parody. Careful BRATS we wanna laugh with you, not at you. (DL)
(GMM, PO Box 15234 Atlanta, GA 30333)

LYCOSA - "Nostra" CD

This three piece from Richmond, VA kick down some thick and angry grindcore. Most of it is slow to mid-tempo with all of the band members pitching in on vocals. While this isn't bad at all, there are so many bands jumping on the grindcore bandwagon nowadays it really takes something amazing to stand out on top. So based on that standard this is definitely a solid release, but nothing mindblowing. (RC)
(Silent, c/o Will Smith, PO Box 1862, Roanoke, VA 24008)

MAGNITUDE 3 - "She's Mine" EP

Two quick Japanese bursts of garage. LINK WRAY cover. Sigh. Love lies limp. (RW)
(Rockin Bones, Via Cuneo 2, 43100 Parma ITALY)

THE MEGAMEANTS - CD

These guys play fast pop-punk minus the irony and snottiness. It's ultimately listenable, and you can tell they mean what they play. It's hard to listen to all the way through, but sounds just fine in small chunks. They are tight and catchy enough to satisfy most fans of this style. A worthwhile band to support. (BG)
(Thick and Thin, PO Box 2165, Columbia, SC 2917)

MENACE - "Society Still Insane" 12"

A new MENACE record? Yes and no. As far as I can tell, three of the four songs have appeared on previous (long time ago) releases, the only exception being the title track. While the songs sound much like the originals, only the bass player and drummer are from the original band. Still, very good oi and if you're not lucky enough to own the original versions, you might want to search this out. (KK)
(Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Rd, London, NW1 9EA, UK)

MENSEN - "Wembley" EP

They wear KISS t-shirts and the guitarists name is Christine Sixteen so I thought they were going to suck, but this is more RUNAWAYS meets DEAD BOYS, and if you're 14 years old you don't know what I am talking about so let me rephrase it for the underage readership, this is DONNAS meets ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN. (EC)
(Hit Me! c/o M. Martinsen, Christiegt. 15, 0557, Oslo, NORWAY)

MENSEN
Hey you!

MENSEN - "Hey You!" 2x45

This debut release by MENSEN is hot enough to melt the fjords, a possible contributing factor to global warming. It's straight ahead power chord punk, the crunching guitars mixed up so high you can barely hear the plaintive female vocals in the background—but it's also incredibly powerful, one cut after the next. Individual songs don't assert themselves as much as their sound, with a guitar sting like on early MISFITS records, and vocals that might have given the AVENGERS a run for their money. Watch out for their second single, released simultaneously. (SS)
(Marianne Martinsen, Christiesgt. 15, 05570 Oslo NORWAY)

THE MOB 40s - "Three Chords and the Truth" CD

Some heavily produced classic hardcore to that popular street punk stuff. These guys have tendencies towards that DROPKICK MURPHYS sound with the gravelly voice and plenty of back-up vocals full of "Oi! Oi! Oi!s". This macho stuff's pretty good, but I don't think there's much truth to get excited about... no real issues that require any truth seem to be tackled by this mob. (HM)
(Scorched Earth, 1905 E University Dr #A201, Phoenix, AZ 85281)

THE MOLOKO MEN - "Drunk and Poor" LP

I'd like to correct one of the reviewers from this mag who said "Fresno ain't hard". Quite the contrary. From what I'm told by people I know on both sides of the law, parts of that town are as fucked up and violent as anywhere. You get your pick as to whether you want to hang out with rednecks who like speed, guns and fighting or gangsters who like speed, guns and fighting. Fun! Now these guys are from nearby Visalia but I doubt it's much better there. That might help explain why this is such a gnarly sounding release. Thick production, crunchy guitars, lots of shouted choruses, samples of machine guns and people screaming. Fuck! Also, unlike a lot of skinhead bands these days, the songs are really catchy. Some of the lyrics are questionable, I doubt these guys are out there offing cops like they claim they're ready to do in "Moloko Militia", and I'm not much for that ultra violence and patriotic shit, but some of those songs which talk about being poor, lower class and pissed off I can really identify with. Kind of like when I heard EASY E say "fuck the police" for the first time. For what it's worth this is the best release I've heard from a skinhead band in quite some time. (RM)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albuquerque, NM 87196)

MUSIC REVIEWS

MOTHERLOAD - "From Hillyard" CD

Although this CD features 29 tunes from '92-'94, Spokane's MOTHERLOAD is back kickin' ass in Portland in '99. You can catch some of these tunes live if you're lucky (unfortunately they harvested all that hair in the pictures). MOTHERLOAD have one of those hard-to-pin-down-sounds kinda like BIG BOYS meet the MINUTEMEN. Their tunes are riddled with hooks and breaks, but none of that math rock crap. Eight of these gems were previously released primarily on Very Small/Too Many comps. Rockin'! (HM)

(We Got, 623 NE 21st, Portland, OR 97232)

NAILED DOWN - "Violent Distortion" 10"

I saw a NAILED DOWN 10" on my review list, so I was totally stoked, then I took a look at it and I realized it's just a European reissue of the Japanese 3" CD that came out 4 years ago (which I already have), DOH!! But for anyone who missed out on the CD the first time around, you will want to pick this up as it's one raging slab of vinyl. This is blast beat-driven power violence straight out of the same mold as CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, DROP DEAD, CROSSED OUT, etc... They even throw in covers of KURO, CONFUSE, and NEGATIVE FX for good measure. This shit was recorded when the band was at it's peak, since then they've changed their style to a slower, sloppier DISORDER-ish punk noise, which doesn't come close to flooring me like this record. But at any rate, this stands the test of time 4 years later and still gets my blood pumping, so you shouldn't miss it. By the way, hey Kim, where's my letter and package you drunk fucker!? (TS)

(Revolution, c/o Romain Trocherie, Les Brunetieres, 53370 St. Pierre Des Nids, FRANCE)

NEMA - "Bring Our Curses Home" LP

Fuck, NEMA, I don't know what to say. This is too much, you shouldn't have. Gift package: one slab of meticulously planned, wrenching hardcore that challenges your concentration and makes you want to play hardcore. It's personal, idealistic, pissed, political in content. It samples, broods, sprints, mumbles, shrieks, pounds, briefly pauses, then explodes. Lovers of intricate (fast) guitar play should check this out. Stellar, amphetamine drumming too. Yikes, lovely (If you need nice hooks to grab on to, I'd steer clear, though). (AC)

(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742 Covington, KY 41017)

NO WAY OUT - "Next Step" EP

This is sXe chant-core with lyrics about resisting the conformist adult conspiracy. Not preachy, just stoic, purist, not too imaginative. There are choruses and break-downs, but also heavier, less sanitary guitar fuzz than you might expect. Basically, we've come down with a tough case of youth crew, no cure in sight. This could be a good thing for you, who knows? (AC)

(Straight Force, 49 Crestdale Rd, Glastonbury, CT 06033-2408)

OBLIVION - "Suckers from the Start" CD

This is more like it. Punk rock with enough personality that it doesn't fit so easily into any box. There are some truly catchy punk pop-type numbers, some more straightforward songs, and some that are hard to categorize. The lyrics are always clever. Sometimes hilarious ("Hamster Man"), and sometimes awkwardly touching ("Ellen McCarthy"). There's 26 songs in all, culminated from comps, EPs, and unreleased tracks. There are a couple clunkers here, but the greatness of the songs that get lodged in your brain more than make up for them. And who can resist a great whistling solo ("We Had to Say It Again")? Not me. Refreshing. I want to hear more. (BG)

(Sinister, PO Box 1178, Lagrange Park, IL 60526)

THE ODD - "Rock Rock Burn/ Freak You Out"

the ODD
ROCK! ROCK! BURN!

In their attempt to create an authentic late '60s rock record, these folks have inadvertently come up with a really weird record. Parts of this record are a direct tribute to "Aftermath" period STONES. But the totally wacky keyboards and fucked-up backing vocals on the a-side send this record swimming through the sea of SUICIDE. I think this might be a great band. But I'm definitely afraid to commit. (LH)

(Jet Star, 1634 Breda Ave., St. Paul, MN 55108)

OF NO AVAIL - "Deadline" CD

Emo-pop punk from the Netherlands that gets me groovin'. Speedy stuff with a PROPAGHANDI meets STARMARKET feel. Not really emo actually, just lots of harmonics and octaves. This is catchy as hell with lots of great vocal play. Well recommended. (RL)

(Waaghals, Vlietberg 27, 6576 jb ooij, NETHERLANDS)

ONE SIZE FITS ALL - "Co Cord Control" EP

ONE SIZE FITS ALL
Co.Cord Control

Damn! It has been a long time since a record has sent chills down my spine upon first listen, but that is just what this release did. There's some really crazy punk shit going on here. I can hear so many different bands here. The GERMS, the LOUDMOUTHS, MINOR THREAT, TEENGENERATE and the STALIN all come to mind. This group definitely has a sound all its own. There's some weird breaks and tempo changes, but it always comes back to a stripped-down, punk rockin' attack with buckets of attitude. It's records like this that keep me coming back month after month! (RM)

(H:G Fact, 401 Hongo-M,2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164, JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

OS MOCOS - "Zoofobitch" EP

This was one good month for vinyl, and OS MOCOS is like the icing on the cake. Sounding a lot like LA POLLA RECORDS, OS MOCOS play that mixture of all styles of punk all in one time that is so popular in South America and parts of southern Europe. Really, if you don't know what I'm talking about, buy this record and find out. (JF)

(Disco Sin Fronteras, PO Box 8004, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

PAXTON BOYS - "Skinhead Rock 'n' Roll" EP

The cover and title offer a few clues to the direction of this band. While the music is on the punker side of oi!, the lyrics betray an affection for some of the uglier aspects of skin culture. They rail against both commies and fascists, but their call for bootboy pride under the red, white and blue, their equation of homosexuality with child abuse, and their predilection for violence leave me cold. (AM)

(Punk Core, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

PCP - "Evolution Slaves" EP

PCP are members of FLEAS AND LICE/ CATWEAZLE and two female vocalist. PCP are in that same crusty hardcore range, and though they don't sound like anything ground breaking or new, they still managed to put out good fucking record. Now, if they are as good live as FLEAS AND LICE are, then that would be something! (JV)

(Resuscitate, PO Box 324; 7900 AH Hoogeveen, HOLLAND)

PEECHEES - "Life" CD

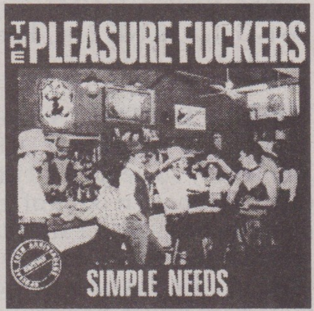
The Bay Area's former queen and kings of art-school squall offer an eighteen-track parting shot, culled from various singles and EPs. Love them or loathe them (and there were plenty of people in both camps), they'll always be remembered for their loose, angular tunes, on-stage excess, and Chris' remarkable collection of wide-lapelled dress shirts. As another reviewer pointed out, this collection has a broader scope than their full-lengths, and makes for a better listen. If you're a fan, this will offer solace in your darker moments. (JH)

(Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State #418, Olympia, WA 98501)

PINHEAD CIRCUS - "Detailed Instructions for the Self Involved" LP

...This sounds like the bastard child of AVAIL and JCCC. This is one of those records you put on when you're tired of playing you're SEX PISTOLS LPs and there's a scratch on your AFI 7". (BM)

(BYO, PO Box 67A64, Los Angles, CA. 90067)



THE PLEASURE FUCKERS - "Simple Needs/Nile Song"

A 10th anniversary reissue of their first 7", released just in time to commemorate the day the PLEASURE FUCKERS called it quits. Although I'm going to assume that's the 10th anniversary of the band, since this record was recorded in 1990 and they broke up on December 30, 1998. I'm sure these are the two songs all the diehard fans want to hear when they play live, but the recording on this is so muddy, it's hard to listen to once. Macho guitar rock, but you miss on the macho-ness and the guitars cos you can't hear them. "Simple Needs" shows you where NASHVILLE PUSSY got their inspiration and "Nile Song" is a slow, droning number. (CK)

(Incognito, Senefelder Str. 37A - 70176 Stuttgart, GERMANY)

PONTIUS PILATE - "Witness the Crucifixion... " EP

Whoa!!! I get two Minneapolis bands to review this month!!! Fitting I suppose, since I have a tattoo of Minnesota with a star representing the Twin Cities (No, I'm not from there)... Anarchist crust punk from a city (if I remember correctly) that has laws against standing still in a public place. I can't say that this makes me freakout or anything, 'cause I was always more partial to the REPLACEMENTS and DILLINGER FOUR melodic type stuff from the Cities, but someone has to keep the studded spirit of anarchy alive in Minneapolis, a place once known for its thriving anarchist community, especially now that Profane Existence are no more. (PB)

(c/o Arise Book Store, 2441 Lyndale Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55405)

POSITIVE NEGATIVE - "For How Much Long We Can Stand Their Oppression" EP

Six songs of toe-tapping, Finnish crusty hardcore. The riffs are catchy, the vocals are coarse (not unlike Al from NAUSEA)... shit, you know the drill. If you're a fan of mid-paced late '80s crust-core, this is about as catchy as it comes. Higher quality than most that has been released in recent years. (MW)

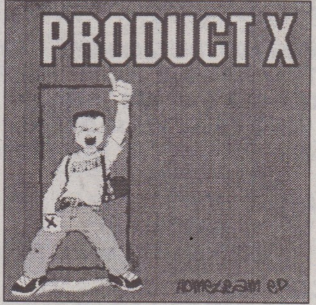
(Fight, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS

PRIMATE 5 - "The Smash Hits of... " EP

This simian-themed garage bunch deliver a slicker sound than on their Rat City EP. Includes "Ape Ape Ape," the venerable chestnut (most famously from the RAIDERS' songbook) "Make You Mine" and two organ-heavy instros. One of the latter is (unintentionally?) new wave-tinged, while the more R & B "Show Stopper" is my personal pick of the litter. (DD)

(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston VA 20195)



PRODUCT X - "Hometeam" EP

Gotta admit, the band name threw me off. Once you realize the subtle difference, you're probably prepared to guess the remainder. Energetic, 'Finger in the Air' (as the cover would indicate) straightedge. Not that I'm complaining—it's quick, definitely punchy, and the choruses/breaks are executed with unfaltering precision. Won't blow you into the ionosphere, but you'll be singing along with your feet still on earth. (TM)

(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS)

THE RABBLEROUSERS - "The Way the Street Ought to Sound" EP

I must say the first cut on this, "Boys in Blue", is as good as anything the EJECTED ever did. A classic pogo-punk, sing-along tune if there ever was one. Actually all four songs by these Canadians are about that caliber. An entire LP of this would get a bit repetitive and boring, but this is great! (RM)

(Blind Beggar, Bogenstr.25, D-66957, Eppenbrunn, GERMANY)

RADIO BIRDMAN - "Murder City Nights!" LP

RADIO BIRDMAN occupy one of those gaps in my cultural literacy—though I used to see second-hand copies of their LP everywhere, and I've read plenty of gushing testimony from hack rock 'n' roll writers, I've never actually heard any of their supposedly classic songs—just like I've never seen "Citizen Kane" or been to Disneyland. So much for my punk rock credibility... anyway, as I figured, I've been missing out. "Murder City Nights" is indeed a rare find, a live record that doesn't sound like shit and clues you as to what the band actually sounded like. Sixteen tracks on blue vinyl, a couple of covers ("TV Eye", and "Route 66", among others) and rough, high-energy originals comparable to early SAINTS. No big surprise, considering both bands are usually credited as founding fathers of Punk Rock Australia in the mid-'70s. Though it's a limited, unauthorized-looking release, the sound and packaging are all top-notch. Good news for obsessive fans and clueless listeners alike. (JH)

(Red Line S.r.l., Via Trentacoste, 32-20134 Milano, ITALY)

RADIO BIRDMAN - "Rock & Roll War" LP

Yet another cool bootleg comp from RADIO BIRDMAN's bottomless pit of unreleased/live archives. The sound on this record (like the other boot reviewed in this issue) is compressed and would be better served by a legit issue. Gee, something tells me there must be something in the way of that happening. 500 copies only and probably already sold out, oh well. Prime '70s Aussie rock 'n' roll, way more raw than the albums they put out originally. Buy if you can. (RW)

(Mission, no address)

RAPED - "Complete Recordings" LP

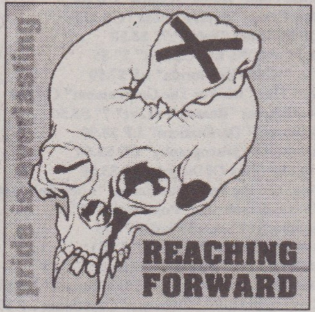
This LP collects all of the RAPED recordings from 1977 'til their end in 1978. Good basic UK punk that's glam-influenced. Really fun to listen to Faebhean Kwest, the guitarist the SEX PISTOLS rejected. (MM)

(Get Back, Piazza Maltoni, 50065 Pontassieve, Firenze, ITALY)

THE RC5 - "In the Bottle" EP

Straightforward (the way I like it), bare-bones, melodic punk 'n' roll, without the pop-edge that has a tendency to destroy a lot of similar stuff. Faster-paced with grinding guitars and a dangerously catchy rhythm section. Four songs all with distinct personalities. Cool (If you're nice they might send you a cheesy band photo like they did for us.). (KK)

(My Fat Ass, PO Box 45133, Seattle, WA 98145)



REACHING FORWARD - "Pride is Everlasting" EP

With lyrics like "Come on man put on that INSTED shirt, now mosh around without others getting hurt," I don't think there is any question what this band sounds like. If pubescent Caucasian kids wearing the latest in Nike apparel, that have big X's on their hands. sounds like your cup of tea, then have at it. (RC)

(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, The NETHERLANDS)

REACHING FORWARD - "Pride is Everlasting" EP

This is one of several records that came in this month from European bands that emulate late '80s straightedge HC and do a damn fine job of it. With lyrics like "point your finger and jump into the crowd," these guys aren't tough, they're just cute. But the vocals are raw and the music is energetic and victorious. (JP)

(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, The NETHERLANDS)

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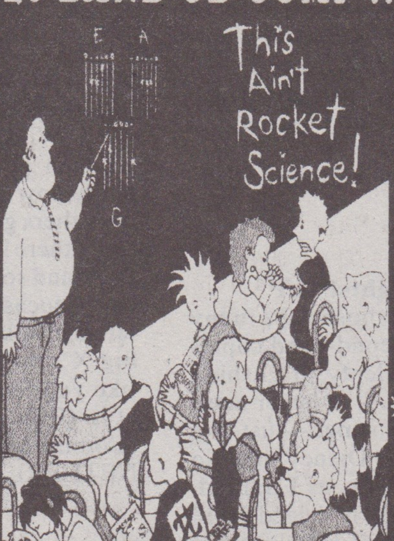

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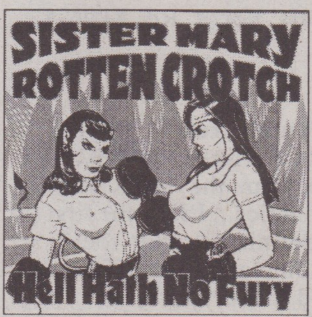
MUSIC REVIEWS

SIMPLETONS - "The Miracle of Sound in Motion" CD

Not to be confused with the old beach punk from SoCal with a similar name, these guys have a very loose raw pop feel a la SWEET BABY. Based on the skinny ties, I'm guessing retro power pop too. A decent but not incredible release. Although as a whole this has some very cool tunes here and there. (RL)

(Unshared Worldwide, 6161 86th Ave N., Pinellas Park, FL 33782)



SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH - "Hell Hath No Fury" EP

Skip Sunday school this week kiddies, here you got raunchy Catholic chicks gone punk (plus Brother Dave on skins) from Kansas City, MO. These sisters spit out 7-loud and snotty commandments in the name of sex, raw meat and rock 'n' roll. The most righteous of the bunch is "Club a Club Kid for R 'n' R" which explores the evils of techno. Convert, fuckers. (DL)

(American Upstart, PO Box 10005, Kansas City, MO 64171)

SIT 'N' SPIN - "Faster/High School"

This band can always be counted on for well-crafted songs, even if they often lean a bit on the pop side for some tastes. "Faster" has more than a hint of rockabilly flava and could have been close to killer with a more upfront guitar such as is featured on the cover of the MC5's "High School." Keep on slugging, gals! (DD)

(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

SMASHED BLOCKED - "Lift Up Your Skirt" EP

Almost no info on the single, you get a garagey recording of a soaring psych-punk ditty that recalls in style the '60s band that gave this unit its name, JOHN'S CHILDREN. One-sided, mysterious and great. Kinda like the long-lost and totally underrated PRISONERS. (RW)

(Dig The Fuzz, PO Box 79, Nottingham, NG5 9BT, UK)

STAB 4 REASON - "Dispute in My Brain" CD

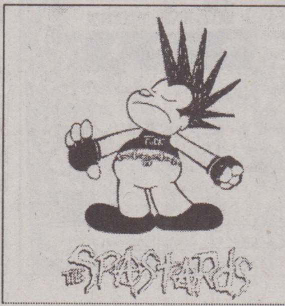
Holy Christ's shit!!!! THIS IS A JAPANESE BAD BRAINS COVER BAND!!!! No shit!!! The packaging, the music, the vocals, everything. First, DISCLOSE doing the DISCHARGE thing, now this!?!?! Huh? I'll take the BRAIN's "Rock for Light" or the ROIR tape over this... I mean, why settle when the real shit is readily accessible, ya know? WHAT'S THE FUCKING POINT? (PB)

(Answer, Hase Bld. No.2 B1, 5-49, Osu Naka-Ku, Nagoya-City, Aichi 460 JAPAN)

THE SPACESHITS - "Misbehavin" LP

.......so far, very poppy..... I like this..... shit, I'm playing the "B" side first!!!!!!!..... oh well, I'm reviewing this record backwards..... that's good.....still, so far so good.... production is pretty good.... I'm listening to this wax on the headphones and the stereo seperation is pretty good.... fuck, I'm into the third song and this is STILL pretty motherfucking good...... the singer has got a nice little raspy voice..... he must be a cocksucker.... a pro-cocksucker..... I know the sound of a cocksucker..... I live in San Francisco....... oh no!!!!.... these guys are from Canada!!!!!.... YIKES!!!!!..... too bad...... shit, this is a good album.... don't break any new ground, but what does anymore??????.... ROCKNFUCKINROLL!!!!!!!!!!....... there's quite a mix of styles going on with this here record, which is good....... but time's up......it's half past seven..... time to hit the Bay Bridge and jump off..... (SW)

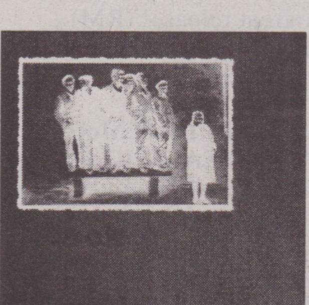
(Sympathy)



SPASTARDS - "Manic Panic" EP

This band has that weird quality where you can probably name all the bands they listen to by picking out chord structures and vocal stylings that you recognize, like there goes that NOFX anthem vocal intro, that SCREECHING WEASEL one-string thingy, that RAMONES riff, etc. The weird thing is they don't suck. They take the familiar sounds we all love and mix 'em up and manage to not sound like clones. Good recording too—not too slick but not lo-fi either. This one's a keeper. (DP)

($3: Nasal Defect, 227 5th St. SE, Leeds,AL 35094)



STACK - "Selbstfindungsgruppe" 6" EP

Big German hardcore sound. Thick-ass bass, huge guitar sound that is at the same time nice and compact, and drums that actually resonate, none of that annoying hollow tap tap tap on the fast parts. Good time changes as well. As carefully crafted as their Crust release, fucking solid, and not to be missed (TH)

(Coalition, Hugo De Grootstraat 25, 2518 EB Den Haag, NETHERLANDS)

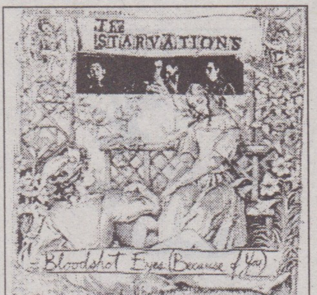
MUSIC REVIEWS

BLEEDING FACE
stamanech 6.40
SPLIT 7"

STAMANECH 6.40/BLEEDING FACE- split EP

STAMANECH 6.40 start their side off with a super slow and heavy riff, leading me to assume the rest of their side would maintain that speed. But lo and behold, they pick things up and send their side into fast beats mixed with sludgy breakdowns. They remind me of a slower NASUM or SOILENT GREEN. They get major points for thanking a skate park in their thanks list too! BLEEDING FACE rip through 6 songs of absolutely killer high- speed hardcore that could have come out in '82. The vocals are ultra pissed, and the whole aura of their approach bleeds early Boston hardcore. Total pissed. (MW)

(Rely On, G.P.O Box 2233T, Melbourne VIC., 3001 AUSTRALIA)


THE STARVATIONS
Bloodshot Eyes (Because of You)

THE STARVATIONS/ THROW RAG - split EP

To put it so even the most clueless mother fuck out there can understand, the STARVATIONS rule! I've heard the singer in this band can be a real asshole, but what the fuck? This is punk rock not some love-in. Anyway, their tune on this is the same awesome blend of punk and country they've been serving up for a couple of years now. A lot of bands try this approach to music only to fall flat on their asses, but this band succeeds where so many others fail because a) they know how to write good, catchy songs and b) they keep things raw and full of attitude. Great! THROW RAG's offering, recorded at the now deceased Clipper Club, is a cool tune as well. A really creepy blues/twisted lounge number. Again, lots of attitude and style help carry the day. A great release! (RM)

($3: Revenge, 729 High Dr, Laguna Beach, CA 92651)

STEAM PIG - "Motorhead at 5 AM" EP

STEAM PIG have got quite the street punk reputation, so I was happily surprised at the fairly straight-ahead punk sound of the title track on this EP. But fear not, bootboys, the flipside has plenty of sing-along choruses for ya. The lyrics to "Motorhead at 5 AM" are clear enough, covering that time of night we all know when suddenly, the hours you've just spent drinking don't seem like such a good idea after all. But the lyrics on "Fail Your Bloodtest" and "Putting Out the Bins" are a bit more on the (dare I say it?) arty side. Maybe that's going too far. Perhaps if I were Irish... (ST)

($4: Rise Above, 3, Hillcrest Walk, Lucan, Co. Dublin, IRELAND)

STOOL SAMPLE - "4 Life" EP

I think that with a name like STOOL SAMPLE, a label called Defecation Nation, a song title "Fucked in the Ass" and a cover photo of a toilet full o' shit tattoo (I sincerely hope it's fake), someone's not made it past the anal stage of psychological development. Musically they're okay, hardcore with strong whoa, whoa vocals. Lyrically they're obsessed with blowjobs, assfucking, drinking and beating up girls. If that's not correct send a lyric sheet next time, and I won't draw my own conclusions from what I think I hear. I really can't recommend this, and I think they would make shitty boyfriends, too. (DP)

(Defecation Nation, 4290 Bells Ferry Rd #106-82, Kennesaw, GA 30144-1300)

THE STRIKES - "Verflixter Teufelskreis" CD

Okay, second album out of Berlin Rock City. The promo I got came with a note from the label stating: "streetmusic, but *not* oi!" Ah, semantics... I'll be the first to admit that I have a hard time defining "street rock" as opposed to "oi" or "'77 punk". Some of their stuff sounds just like TOXOPLASMA and other parts are like LES THUGS or LES SHERIFF. Big production and all that shit only musicians seem to care about. It's sorta rockin' although the slickness kinda keeps it from really taking off. (LH)

(Teenage Rebel Enterprises, Wallstreet 21, 40213 Duesseldorf-City, GERMANY)

SWALLOW THIS - "Mr. T vs. Godzilla" EP

Mr. T vs. Godzilla... hmmm? I dunno, but it'd be a good fight though. SWALLOW THIS can swallow me. Es muy abierito. Fast tempos that lead nowhere. (BM)

(Blood Stain, PO Box 35254, Phoenix, AZ. 85069)

THE TANK - "There is No "I" in Band" LP

I can't believe that this sat for two years before it was put on vinyl. The TANK consists of half BROWN LOBSTER TANK and half WELT but the record is far better than anything either band put out. Musically, this fits perfectly into the Dr. Strange catalog, catchy as hell mid tempo pop songs. I don't even like the DESCENDENTS, but I like this record. (PA)

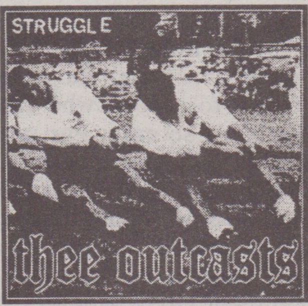
(Dr. Strange, PO Box 7000-117 Alta Loma, CA 91701)

TERVEET KÄDET - "The Ultimate Pain" CD

Well, these guys will never live down what they have already done. When I put this on, I was scared it was going to suck real bad. In all honesty, I thought some of their past efforts fell way short of listen-ability, but this is actually okay. A lot of the songs pull out some fast Finnish crusty beats, but then degenerate into some parts that are way too rocking for me. A little too much repetition to hold my attention, but it's okay. (MW)

(Solardisk, Box 50, 90251 Oulu, FINLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS



THEE OUTCASTS "Struggle" EP

These poor Canadians play a style of hardcore closely associated with straightedge and they aren't. So they have some issues, but they fucking shred, anyway. They've got that late '80s HC drive down at least on side one (two songs on the second side have a little bit of a scary pop edge. (FYI—11 songs total). (TJ)
(Sounds of Revolution, PO Box 20017, Lasalle, ON 075019, N9J 3E5 CANADA)

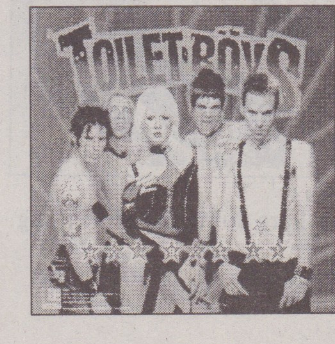
:30 SECONDS
TOKYO
THE AMBITION OF ONE... THE HATRED OF ALL

30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO - "The Ambition of One... the Hatred of All" EP

This band's name obviously made me think of the ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS song of the same title, but 30 SECONDS don't sound anything like that. This has more of a generic poppy hardcore sound about it than those arty ROCKETS. Big improvement over their Beer City release if you ask me, this isn't bad, just slightly forgettable. (ST)
($4: Police, 287 Chicks Crossing, Well, Me 04090)

324 - "Soulwinter" EP

New four song EP from Japan's answer to TERRORIZER. This definitely has a much fuller production sound than their EP on 625 Productions. Grindcore madness, diverse and original!!! I lose my shit every time I listen to stuff like this. Face it, it's metal, but fast enough and with enough of a razor sharp edge and an actual rhythm to keep the song interesting throughout, unlike a lot of other bands in this genre. It's time for a full length, the true test of a grindcore band's originality and stamina. (PB)
(HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano-Ku, Tokyo 164-0013 JAPAN)



TOILET BOYS/ THE DONNAS - split EP

Shift the Camaro into drive, adjust your tight pants for the ride and crank it. Slick punk rock for the rocker in you, done by bands you love or hate or could give a shit about. These two bands are total eyecandy. So check out the cover at least and get an eyeful of these little foxes. (TJ)
(Lookout!)

TROUBLE - "Nobody Laughs Anymore" CD

Punk rock that borders on hardcore from this street punk label. Fast stuff that almost sounds like MINOR THREAT at times and just plain punk rock at others. Lotsa energy and screaming vocals, but for some reason this didn't really move me to excitement. (RL)
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

THE TRUENTS - "Every Day of the Week" LP

These street smart chaps crank out them street punk tunes with enthusiasm and vigor. Decent guitar leads pop up throughout, and their cover of CHRON GEN's "Outlaw" with that goofy double lead sounds remenicent of IRON MAIDEN! Ain't too bad, and I'm sure regular TKO enthusiasts will give this one a thumbs up. (HM)
(TKO, 4104 24th St #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

TÜCHEL - "Rape The Nation" CD

Heavy, fast, punk rock that alternates with slow skank parts including a slight metal influence. Well recorded but not quite slick, thankfully. Vocals are sung in English with personal/political lyrics. (MM)
(c/o Peter Huesmann, Antoniusstr, 7, CH-9000 st. Gallen, GERMANY)

TURBONEGRO - "Apocalypse Dudes" LP

Lucky me, my glorious boyfriend was able to score me one of those hard to find, now out-of-print, import copies of this record a few months ago, presenting it proudly to me knowing it was something all expensive and special. Boy was he pissed when Sympathy picked it up! But lucky youse—a great record that's easy to get! New artwork that's not as cool, but very cool new pink vinyl. I do not know the future plans of the now departed TURBONEGRO, I do have one hope after this here last album—that if they do go on, their new form doesn't include backup singers. Otherwise this is the same caliber hard-ass, loud, scuzz you'd expect from the now vets of Norse punk. (RY)
(Sympathy)

THE TWITS - "Family Man" CD

The desert heat has pissed these kids off. Catchy punk rock with passion. Fil has her eyes open to all the shit going on, but I like a bit more growl with my angry punk vocals. They have a very TILT thing going on, faster TILT that is. (TJ)
(Dirty, PO Box 6869, Glendale, AZ 85312)

MUSIC REVIEWS

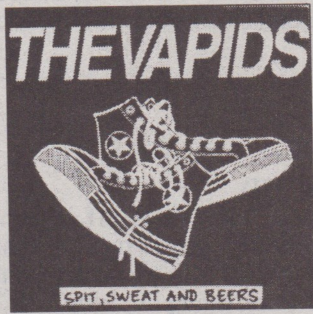
UNDERPRIVILEGED
NATION

UNDERPRIVILEGED NATION - "Trip to Hell" EP

The general approach of this band reminds me of INEPT, harsh vocals and equally harsh guitars that rip and roll through. The grind is significantly less here, and bits of guitar clarity frequently show up where references to SWIZ and other east coast guitar heavies can be found. Solid personal political lyrics that are sometimes delivered in a manner you'd expect on a Slampt! release. All of this is packaged in the silkscreened envelope, you might expect. (TH)
($3, PO Box 1307, West Chester, PA 19380)

UNHOLY GRAVE/TRAUMA ACUSTICO - split LP

The highly prolific UNHOLY GRAVE come at us this month with 13 new high speed blasts of whirlwind grinding insanity featuring Takaho's trademark "gargling with glass" vocals and his highly intelligent political lyrics. These guys probably hit the mark with their politics more than any other Japanese band I've heard except for maybe BATTLE OF DISARM. Very impressive musically and lyrically, as usual with this band. The flip side comes from Brazil's TRAUMA ACUSTICO. This is the first I've heard from them. They are equally as political with lyrics touching on women's liberation, vivisection, religion, class issues, etc...Their music is very primitive sounding blasting mayhem with dueling "cookie monster vs. banshee" vocals. The production sounds like a shitty boombox recording of a '86/'87-era NAPALM DEATH show, so that sort of hampers the power this band might possess with a good studio recording, they definitely show promise though. Noisecore fans only need apply! (TS)
(Absurd Records C. Postal 302, Osasco/SP, 06002-970, BRAZIL)



THE VAPIDS - "Spit, Sweat and Beers" EP

¡Que´ Divertido! Fun, RAMONESie teenage sing alongs. A friend of mine has been trying to get me to listen to these cannucks for awhile, but I'm retarded so I never listened. Thankfully, this found it's way into my reviewers bin. Catchier than a cold in Canada. (BM)
(PO Box 316-2021,Lakeshore Rd., Bulington, Ontario, L7R-1A2 CANADA)

VINDICTIVES - "Party Time for Assholes" 2xLP

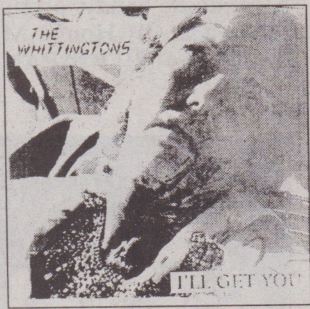
The VINDICTIVES covering 25 of their favorite songs. They're offering a free t-shirt to anyone who can name all the bands covered. This ain't so easy. For one thing, they all sound like VINDICTIVES songs, because they are played VINDICTIVES style, so it's kinda hard to bring up the original in your mind. Second, some of these songs are pretty obscure. Then there are the few that you recognize, but never knew who did them in the first place. Oh well, I think it's a pretty good record even though I'll never get that shirt dammit. (DP)
(Liberation, PO Box 17746, Anaheim, CA 92817)

WALLY - "Freud" CD

First off, this really failed to deliver. On the cover of the lyric sheet I was informed that those who can't take a joke, or are easily offended by graphic imagery shouldn't go any further. I can't imagine even the most uptight Midwestern personal 'zine writer even blushing at this release. Musically, extremely solid rockin' hardcore sounds with a shitload of energy. In the same camp as recently reviewed SUPERFAN, who were of the same camp as BLAST, and later BLACK FLAG. A careful selection of songs and this would've made a great EP. (TH)
(Ghetto Cat, PO Box 30909, Philadelphia, PA 19104)

THE WHAT 4? - "What You Need" EP

Pretty dull garage rock. The songs linger on the catchy boundary, but never come across. The recording sounds fuzzy and flat. They say "What You Need" and I say "What 4?". (CK)
(Max Picou, PO Box 15-1294 Genthod, SWITZERLAND)



THE WHITTINGTONS - "I'll Get You" 7"

This trashy trio offer up one original and a bare bones rendition of a DEAD BOYS cover. Clocking in at maybe a minute and a half this budget garage punk outfit bang out distorto-strained vocs with rinky dink production. There's some genuine rock n' roll conviction here. There's just millions of other bands out there doing the same thing. (DL)
(Sack O' Shit, PO Box 308, Kankakee, IL 60901)

MUSIC REVIEWS

WITH LOVE - CD

Terrible name for a band. They barely get over the name, which is also unfortunate. A sampling of screaming, meandering hardcore that attempts too much and does too little. While I'm in favor of the occasional "introspective" interlude, having it happen every song makes one wonder if it's a hardcore band getting soft, or a soft band trying hardcore. Either way, it's a clunker... too bad, as the faster, more energetic components show much promise. (TM)

(Green, Via. S. Francesco 60, 35121 Padova, ITALY)

V/A - "Angry Punk for Skunx" - CD

This compilation has tracks by PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES, TEMPLARS, ANTI-HEROES and VIOLENT SOCIETY. Most of the songs by these bands are from more recent records and not as good as their best. The exception being "Who the Fuck," by VARUKERS and "Bone Idol," by the DRONES. It's worth the price they're charging for it. (JV)

($7 US, $8 world: c/o Henry Knight, PO BOX 2568, Decatour GA 30031)

VA- "Bacteria Sour—Vol. 2" EP

Yesyesyesyesyes. Well, maybe just yesyesyes, but that's still pretty damn good. Welcome to the repress of this mayhemic 7" collection featuring new songs by IN MY EYES, STOMPEDE, and DEVOID OF FAITH. A great screamy new track from CLUSTER BOMB UNIT was also added. Songs from ROSWELL PROJECT, DETESTATION, and OAC remain unchanged. Almost identical art by Pushead. It's worth picking up the first, second, hell, who knows how many times, in what strange ways they'll manipulate this thing? Doesn't matter, it's limited, very limited. The record starts screaming at you even before you get it on the table. Buy. (AC)

(Bacteria Sour Ltd, PO Box 422968, San Francisco, CA 94142)

LUCKY SLOTS
better luck
next time
DOUBLE DOLLARS

V/A - "Better Luck Next Time" EP

Whoa. Packaging was so great, I couldn't find it in the review bin. Talk about blinded by the light! Sandwiched in a spiral bound cardboard binder, this is apparently the last comp Christopher from Witching Hour is going to attempt. At least he goes out with a bang, not a whimper. Suitable modern hardcore theme music provided by BURNED UP BLED DRY, COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN, ORCHID, DEVOLA, GYGA and others. (TM)

(Witching Hour, PO Box 30287, Indianapolis IN 46230)

V/A - "Cruisin'—Ox Compilation #33" CD

This CD is one of a series, included in every issue of the expansive German fanzine *Ox*. Bands pay $80/minute to be included if the editors like them. This one has: ANGRY SAMOANS, WONDERFOOLS, RHYTHM COLLISION, ASSMEN, TALK IS POISON, etc. etc, 33 tracks. Not noteworthy, just advertising, really. (AC)

(OX, PO Box 143445, 45264, Essen, GERMANY)

V/A - "Four on the Floor" LP

¡Madre de Dios! ¡Me encanta! A four way split LP featuring SCREECHING WEASEL, MORAL CRUX, ENEMY YOU and the TEEN IDOLS. Fuck me friendly!!! This is genius. WEASEL belt out four new classics capturing the song structure of "Formula 27" and the intensity of "Major Label Debut". Possibly the best stuff they've done in a while. Just listen to Ben chronicle his punk rock carrier in "Punk Rock Explained". MORAL CRUX are tellin' it the way it is by combining pop punk with political and social issues. ENEMY YOU (the lesser known of the four) sound like what would've happened if BAD RELIGION signed to Lookout when "No Control" came out. As for the TEEN IDOLS... I'm sorry to say that they will never be able to top their self titled album. Sorry (but if you'll marry me, Heather, I swear I'll take it all back). Too bad Ben didn't send a reviewer's copy. ¡Que pena! (BM)

(Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 60614-801)

V/A - "Godzilla—A Japanese Hardcore Compilation" LP

If you find this, get this. That is the first point. This LP is four old Japanese hardcore EPs/flexis that are just more evidence of why Japanese hardcore destroys fucking everything. It has BRAIN DEATH (the female vocals are so over-the-top!), CHICKEN BOWELS, GOOGOL PLEX (I've been searching for the original for years) and the CLAY. The quality is top notch, all the bands are relentlessly fast and powerful...all I have to say is *I love Japanese hardcore!* and you're fucked if you don't. (MW)

(Harakiri Psycho)

V/A - "Hardcore Holocaust" LP

This sampler originally came out in 1984 on Propaganda Records under the name "Finnish Spunk—Hard Beat" and is now being reissued for a whole new generation of punks who missed out on the amazingly brilliant and active Finnish scene between '81-'84. Some of the greatest HC/Punk of all time came out of this period and this LP includes many of the bands that put Finland on the map back then. 16 bands and 22 songs from the likes of BASTARDS, RIISTETYT, KAAOS, RAPPIO, APPENDIX, VARAUS, TERVEET KADET, TAMPERE SS and many more less known but equally as good bands. It comes packaged really nicely too with lots of photos and information about the bands. Definitely a must have for fans of this style, I really wish I could take this one home, oh well... (TS)

(Fuckin' Finnland, PO Box 354, 67904 Helsinki, Finland)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A- "Killed by Italian Skinheads" EP

As the title suggests, this is a boot of bands from the early Italian skinhead scene. Seeing that most of the tracks are taken from originals of cassette only releases, the rather poor sound quality can be excused. What can't be easily excused is the compilers breezy mentioning of sieg heiling at RIP OFF shows, before shifting to discussing the next band on the comp. Other bands include NABAT, PEGGIO PUNX, BEBE 84, and DIRTY JOY. (TH)
(no address)

V/A - "Punk 'Til You Puke" CD

It's a fucking punk comp that's put out by the folks that do *Bad Stain* zine. There's 32 fucking bands on this fucking thing mostly doing the melodic punk thang, including: LINK 80, LESS THAN JAKE (they cover the "Laverne and Shirley" theme), MANDINGO and 29 more! Mostly pretty fucking good melodic punk. Liked that cut by FAT FREE. (MM)
(Bad Stain, PO Box 35254, Phoenix, AZ 85069)

V/A - "Punx Unite" LP

Even the stupidest of skins could see this record kicks ass. An assault of oi and "working class" punk. CASUALTIES, LOWER CLASS BRATS, KRAYS, BANNER OF HOPE, DEVOTCHKAS to name a few. All these bands contribute a hit instead of an out take, so the reason to fear this comp is that it will make your mohawk stand on end. And punx unite. (TJ)
(Charged, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829)

V/A - "Pure Punk" CD

Hey, I don't believe it, a CD compilation that I actually enjoyed listening to. 17 bands doing that oi-influenced sound that is so popular these days. Highlights include: the BOILS, BRUISERS, RANDUMBS, and the CUFFS. So all you clean-shaven, well-scrubbed kids can send your extra cash to... (JF)
(Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

V/A - "6 Pack Records Comp" CD

This 5 band record comp is not bad, but not essential. Each band plays 5 or 6 songs, and the styles vary, from early '80s meat-and-potato HC (BUGSY!), to CRIMPSHRINE-style punk (8WDR), to bad moshy joke metal (MAD COW DIZEASE 182). BOX 8 and S.A.D also appear. Not the worst thing in the world, but I sure wouldn't miss it if it disappeared. (BG)
(6 Pack, 4 Spruce Tree Lane, Huntington Station, NY 11746)

V/A - "Suburban Voice #19" EP

This comes with the most recent issue of *Suburban Voice*, a long-time 'zine out of the Boston area. The only other EP from this zine that I'd listened to before was one with a 411 song. Anyway, this one has the PINKERTON THUGS doing a great CLASH cover, the TROUBLE playing a song much more akin to MINOR THREAT then the street punk or oi! sound their band name seemed to suggest, and FIT FOR ABUSE blaze through the fastest song on this record with similar hardcore punk fury. If the songs of the last two bands are also covers, the rolodex in my head isn't recalling the originals. (TH)
(Suburban Voice, see fanzine section)

V/A - "Super Yobs Vol. 2" CD

The year was 1996. I had pink hair and was drunk a lot, the yuppie hordes had yet to completely overrun San Francisco and Vulture Rock unleashed a record that changed the face of music as we know it. Yeah, yeah, again it was good. This is the CD version of that same record with good tunes by the likes of LRF, the TOUGHSKINS, SIDEBURNS, HAWKS, BOVVER WONDERLAND and BAD VULTURES, among others. (RM)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albuquerque, NM 87196)

V/A - "Teenage Treats Volume 1" LP

This retrospective covers twelve UK bands who put out material from 1978-'80, some quite obscure. Among the highlights: the BEARS ("On Me" is a sharp, power chord corker from this rather famous band); the WASPS (not terribly rare, but "Teenage Treats" has great, snarly vocals like COCKSPARRER and a solid tune to back it up); the TOURS (the classic tune on this LP, "Language School" is a perfectly crafted pop-punk, vocal choruses and all); and the TEA SET (this rarity is a short, basic blast mid-speed punk). All in all, a mixed bag, pretty good for filling in the empty spaces in your collection. (SS)
(Xerox)

V/A - "Teenage Treats Volume 5" LP

This volume covers England's late-'70s new wave/punk bands. I use the term new wave because the arrangements are clean, the singer actually sings and the tempo is slow. The EXITS, the BLEACH BOYS and the SURPRISES are more punk and definitely steal this. (EC)
(Xerox)

V/A - "Viva La Vinyl Volume #3" LP

This installment in the "Viva La Vinyl" series chronicles some of the best contemporary punk rock around. This volume is leaning way towards the snotty punk 'n' roll sorta thing, with great examples of this genre turned in by HAUNTED HEAD and the B-MOVIE RATS. There's a few hardcore crust tunes thrown in (DETESTATION and INFLICTED establish themselves as worthwhile representatives) to break up the rock and roll bonanza. A solid comp, but seems like it should've been a little more diverse like the other two volumes were. (PB)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078)

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"SOUNDS OF MAYHEM"

"ONE AWESOME 7" SLAB. HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION," MRR 182
"KICK ASS ROCK AND ROLL... AS GOOD AS IT GETS." PP 27

THE BLOWTOPS
"VOO DOO ALLEY"

"WORDS DO NOT DO JUSTICE" MRR177
"SANCTIFIED WRONGNESS...THIS CAN NOT BE FAKED" ROCKTOBER 22

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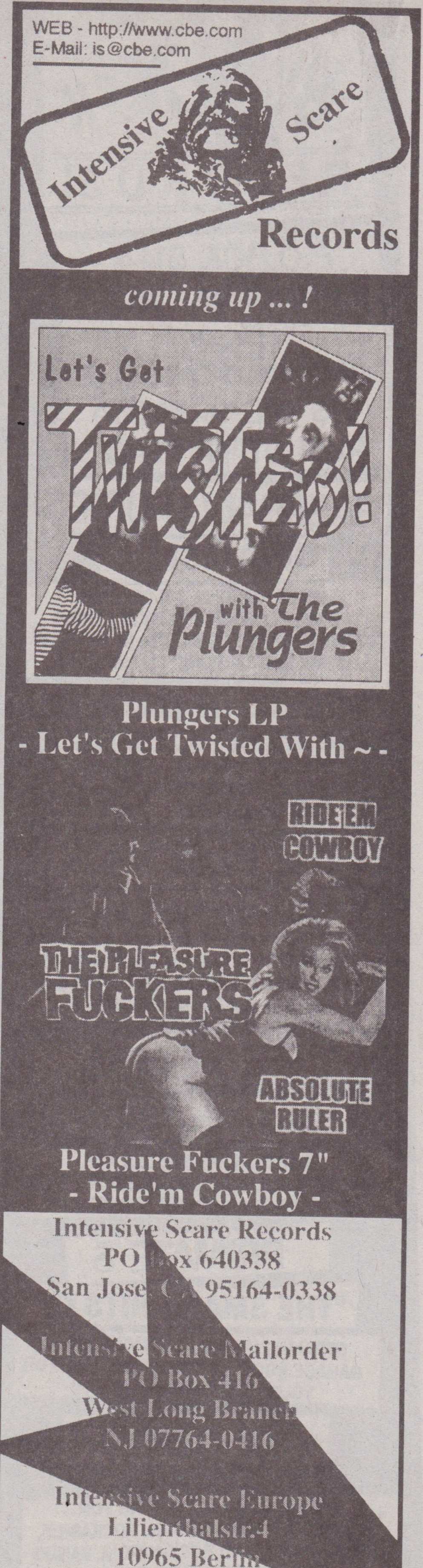
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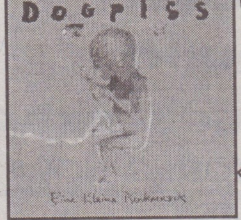

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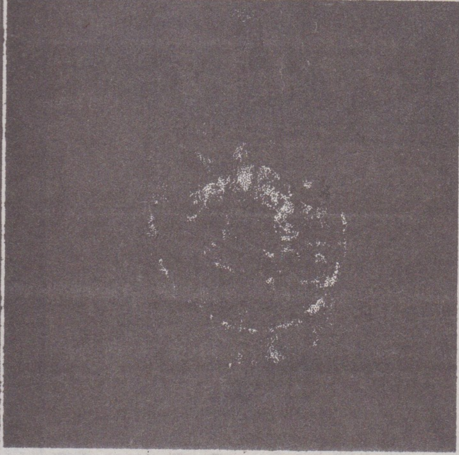

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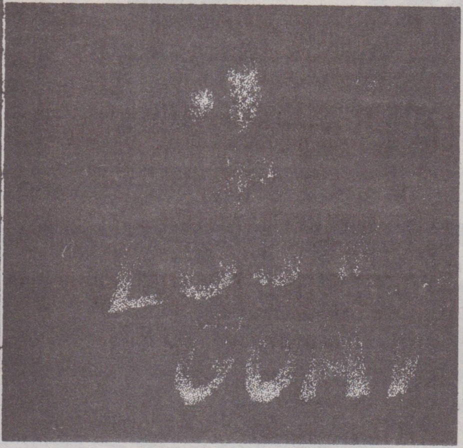

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Mike Blair NOTHING LEFT #8

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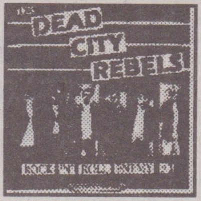

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FANZINE REVIEWS

Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn, (LB) Lily Boe, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (JC) Jeremy Cool, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (MJ) Mary Jane, (RL) Rachel Liba, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (CR) Casey Ress, (SS) Sean Sullivan, (TX) Trixie.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you! ***Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.***

ABSURD #5 / $4 ppd world
5 3/4 x 8 1/4 - offset - 68 pgs - Swedish/English

This is the final issue of this mostly-Swedish fastcore zine. Too bad cuz this issue kills. In English are the good (if a little old) mail interviews with Rupture, Parateni, and Noothgrush. In Swedish is the interview with Nasum; the Genocise SS tour diary; demo, zine, vinyl and CD reviews; letters; recipes; and bit of other stuff. No ads. Graphically it looks really sharp. I loved this and I couldn't read 3/4s of it. (JM)

Jonas Lannergård / Flogstav 91 B / 752 72 Uppsala / Sweden

ALLIANCE FANZINE #2 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs

I love reviewing straight edge fanzines! They're always filled with these great homo-erotic pictures of tough looking young white boys. This one's no different. The virtues of the good life are extolled in several informative columns with such gems as, "...they must to correct that void...(in reference to sex)". Another great thing about SxE fanzines in general and this one in particular, is the unavoidable interview with Ian Mackaye. At some point, one would think that the SxE community would begin to understand that he is not interested in becoming the spokesperson for the SxE movement, but no, they continue with questions like, "What was the original intent of the SxE movement in DC?". Anyway, this isn't that bad for a SxE fanzine, but I'm not really sure how much that says. (CR)

Chris Henry / 659 Willow Lane / Vass, NC 28394

ANNOYING CRACK #6 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 56 pgs

Beautifully designed little zine about a punk and his mountain bike and travels and life and such. The stories were fun, especially if you like reading about European travels (and a little of US adventures as well). No band interviews and two tiny pages of reviews which was okay by me. (MD)

Tom Sap / Kranenbroeklaan 19 / 8930 Lauwe / Belgium

annoying crack #6

APITO #16 / $5
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 116 pgs

This thing is a mess. It's the tenth anniversary issue, and it's made up of bits and pieces from the last 15 issues, but it's thrown together so randomly that you can't tell which way is up. What's more, it looks like the original pieces were done on a typewriter that was in desperate need of a new ink ribbon, then copied badly. I really couldn't decipher one article from the next. Maybe the original issues made more sense. (JC) PO Box 6280 Central Old Mail Ctr. / Queensland 4702 / Australia

BANAL PROBE #14 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 26 pgs

OK, so this is not your standard punk zine fare. But I like it. *Banal Probe* is a collection of short stories that may or may not be fictional. Some of 'em are good, some of them are what you would expect in a fanzine like this. maybe it's just because I need a break from boring columns and interviews, but I recommend this one as a pleasant change of pace. (CR)

PO Box 4333 / Austin, Texas 78765

BORED AND VIOLENT #2 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs

Comics about monks drawn by some guy during school. Some of the monks have tentacles. I'm scared. I don't think I would pay for this, but I might pass it to someone during study hall. Also, an interview with Sloppy Seconds, who come off as really really really sexiSt (BC)

2727 Van Hise Ave / Madison, WI 53075

CHUMPIRE #112 & 113 / a stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs

I always enjoy this li'l one pager. This double issue is mostly Greg writing about his vacation, PA scene stuff, "extreme" marketing, that type of thing. Also there are a few reviews. There's always a lot said in a little space here. (JM)

PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

COOL BEANS #9 / $6 ppd
7 x 8 1/2 - offset - 66 pgs

This really is cool. Interview with Mudhoney, bike-related stories, PEE tour diary, and an interview with a riot grrl stripper (that should arouse your prurient interest) make up this issue. Beanie babies, bootlegging, cab driving and metal round it out. Good looking, fun to read, and comes with a CD. (MJ)

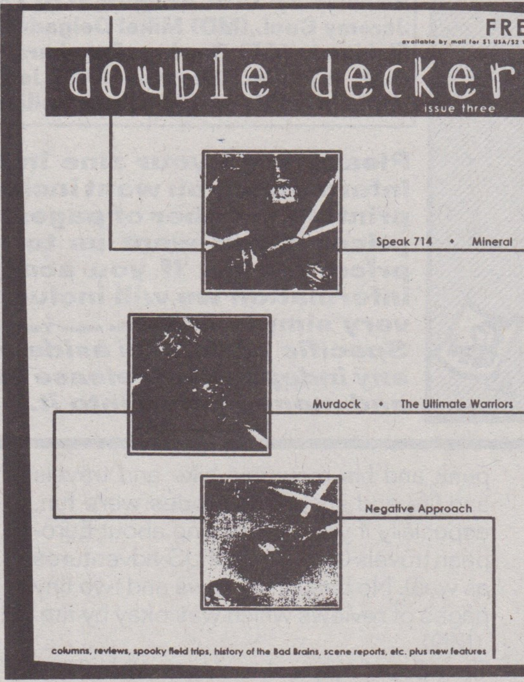
3181 Mission #113 / San Francisco, CA 94110

DOUBLE DECKER #3 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
'I'm actually pretty impressed with this one. Amy's putting out a quality product here, with an obvious bias toward hardcore: interviews with Mineral, Speak 714, Murdock, Ultimate Warriors and Negative Approach. Atom (of Atom and His Package) writes a very well-informed column on black metal. That guy's everywhere, and it's starting to scare me. A history of the Bad Brains rounds out this impressive zine. Give 'em a couple more issues and this fanzine is going to be a force to be reckoned with.
803 Saint John St / Allentown, PA / 18103

THE EAST VILLAGE INKY #2 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 40 pgs
This is, without a doubt, the greatest new zine I have seen in ages. Inky is the creator's baby, and this is put together around taking care of her. Chronicles of life in, you guessed it, the East Village with tips on places to shop for food, the tales of putting Inky in commercials, general life in the big city observations. Creative, fun to read, funny.(MJ)
Ayun Halliday / 409 E. 9th St #7 / NY, NY 10009

EMPOWERMENT #10 & #11 / postage
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 8 pgs
It's subtitled "A Hardcore Newsletter", so you'd probably surmise that it's targeted at smelly, hairy, vegan, sparechangin', dog-havin', Roadwarrior-lookin' crusty punks; and you'd be right. Editorials on people dying, being poisoned, destroying the environment etc. Vague references to "revolution." To quote the editor, "Yeah revolution starts at home but hey, wake up, what you consume makes you what you are! (except for my converse shoes)." Hey pal, hate to break it to ya, but Converse was exploiting Mexican workers long before NAFTA came along and made it ok for all the other multi-nationals to do so. So gather the kiddies around the fireplace and let's all get empowered! (JC)
El Trasgo / BP 40 111 / 35 101 Rennes Cedex 3 / France

EQUILIBRIO PRECARIO #3 / $?
7 1/2 x 10 1/2 - offset - 65 pgs
The title of this translates to "precarious balance," and the band's featured are American indie-rock bands, almost exclusively, though they also review some punk records. Cover inspired by De Chirico, the painter. Also, the Burning Heads from France talk about Epitaph, Italy's Cardosanto defend themselves against "art-core," record reviews are grouped by label, and demos are reviewed. There's a detailed, informative article on how and where vinyl is pressed, plus two interviews with pressing companies. This is "arty," and nicely put together, but doesn't offer too much else to you anti-establishment types. In Italian. (AC)
c/o Stefano Paternoster / via Cembra 49/2 / 38015 Lavis (TN) / Italy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FIST FUCKED #4 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
Strange zine with what seemed like a feminist slant, but I don't know...There's lots of personal writing that either goes nowhere, or I just didn't get it. DIY porn with phrases like "huge volcanic member" and a piece about how only beautiful women get harassed on the street and how ugly girls would like it because it would make them feel attractive.(?!?!?) I don't know what to say. (MD)
Heidi Riches / PO Box 34 / Listowel, ONT / N4W 3H2 / Canada

FLIPANT #4 / $2, £1 or trade
5 - x 8 - copied - 36 pgs
This is the diary of a guy going through his hospital stay in his battle with leukemia. Pretty damn interesting, and good graphics too. He'd really rather have trades. (GF)
359, Tudor Rd / Leicster / LE3 5JJ, England

FLUKE #5 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
After the alienating cover of some sort of gun toting robot... Within you find observations of a bright high school student, some poor poetry and an interesting piece on chess. If this was more about games my recommendation would be unequivocal. (AR)
417 11th Ave / Seattle, WA 98122

FREEDOM ZINE #2 / $1.50
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
This zine is free in Hawaii, and they seem to have a handle on the local scene. If you live in Hawaii or plan to tour there or go there or just want to read about the local scene, this is for you. Otherwise it's not that notable, but it's good that they support and talk about Hawaiian bands and venues, instead of some guy writing about some show he went to in Chicago three years ago. (BC)
46-365 Kahuhipa St / Kaneohe, HI 96744

F.U.TV #7 / $12 ppd
video - 120 min
This is pretty cool, and I wish more people would do video zines. The Forgotten Rebels and Nashville Pussy segments were my favorite parts, but there is music here for everybody, like Automatic 7, Millencolin, The Wild Bunch, etc. There's interviews with each band, a spoken word deal, interviews with homeless punks and more. It's pretty hip, but 12 bucks? For that, you could pick up a case of Schaeffer and The Shifters EP (at least that's what I'd suggest). (NF)
PO Box 67585 / Spadina West / Toronto Ont / M5T 3B8 Canada

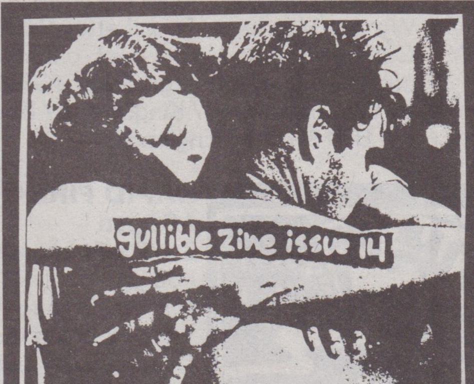
GOIBA #1 / $1.50
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Comics drawn by Mark Plaid: 'Three Me and a Brain,' which was strange but entertaining, 'Dummy Man,' which is a Happy Noodle Boy rip-off but still funny, and a short on hot dogs. I'd like to see how this develops in later issues, because it was entertaining, albeit unoriginal. (BC)
Gnarly Productions / PO Box 23211 / Toledo, OH 43623-0211

GULLIBLE #14 / $3 ppd
7 x 7 - copied - 26 pgs
So a couple weeks ago, *Gullible* #16 appeared in my box for review and now I get #14 too! Strange. A 7" of the Flesh Eating Creeps was supposed to come with this issue too but I didn't get it. Whatever. Anyways, this zine is cool—the guy who does it, Chris, writes about his road trip (he went through Tennessee and didn't stop at Dollywood! Shocking. I have to say that he missed out. I went there last summer and it was da bomb), weird unexplain-

able seizures that he was having for awhile, and more. This zine could use some more pictures and stuff to complement Chris' writing but all in all is really well done. (LB)
PO Box 4909 / Richmond, VA 23220

GULLIBLE #16 / 55¢ or two stamps
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 32 pgs
More lovely writing from Chris in here. This time, he talks about his local punk club, chillin' with some hippies, eating expired hummus, making a loft, and a lot more. I liked issue #14 a bit better but this one is good too. Nice pocket size and well worth two stamps. (LB)
PO Box 4909 / Richmond, VA 23220

GULLIBLE / NOTHING IS COOL / SQUARE SUCKERS / TO SMEAR YOUR FACE WITH AMERICAN DIRT / 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Imagine if Cometbus was done by four different people and you would end up with something like this travel emo combination. I can't say that any of it was nearly as compelling as any issue of Cometbus. In fact, the writers don't really reach out to the audience and seem a bit self absorbed and dramatic for my tastes. But then again, maybe I'm being picky. (MD)
Chris Terry / PO Box 4909 / Richmond, VA 23220


gullible zine issue 14
With flesh Eating Creeps 7". Lyrics enclosed.

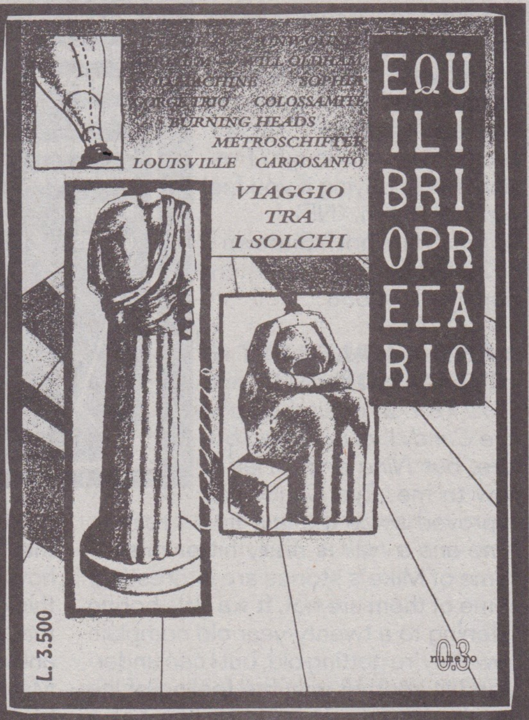
HITLIST #1 / $3.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset -128 pgs
The screaming babe of Jeff Bale's *Hitlist* is new to the world, but it's already crapped itself. A mess was inevitable, since Jeff strongly advocates a "no diapers" policy. The neonate focuses on opinion, with disgruntled former *MRR* columnists and other punk scenester-types, all male, mouthing off in various directions. There is an informative, minutely researched article on politics in the Scandinavian Black Metal scene, and interviews with Electric Frankenstein, the Fastbacks, and the Toilet Boys. Also: a small review section that promises to grow, a colorful cover, and a lengthy manifesto. (AC)
PO Box 8345 / Berkeley, CA 94707

I HATE YOU #7 / $2 ppd, no trades
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Cynical. But hey I'm a cynic, and I loved this zine. Not just because it has lots of Smiths quotes. Not just because it has cool graphics and layout. Not just because it's a well written zine done by a smart, tough woman with lots to say. All these things and the fact that this zine is emo and personal without excluding the reader - I'm psyched. Just writing about life, relationships, friends and much more. Awesome. (MD)
Jen / 14 Easton Ave #207 / New Brunswick, NJ 08901

IDIOT #4 / $1 or 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
The cover is a good start:, a picture of Bill Clinton looking lost in thought with the "idiot" title right above his forehead. Inside is the result of a special brand of Hawaiian Island fever boredom that I understand 100%. There's personal stories on getting a job as a dishwasher, passing the time in a small town, stories, truly "pointless comix" and an interview with Norm Arnes of Texas is the Reason. If you've ever lived in Hawaii (or a small town), you'll relate; although probably more so if you know the authors personally, which I don't. (RL)
2828 Kapiolani Blvd. Apt. C / Honolulu, HI 96826

INTERNATIONAL STRAIGHT EDGE BULLETIN #25 / $3 world
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
This is a sad day. The best straight-edge magazine in the world, with right on politics, an appropriate context and an international focus is now dead. Not that I do not understand why, but to see *ISEB* die is tragic. It should have been passed on. Anyway, if you are of the anti-authoritarian set, then this is a must have. (AR)
Boisleve / BP 7523 / 35075 Rennes Cedex 3, France

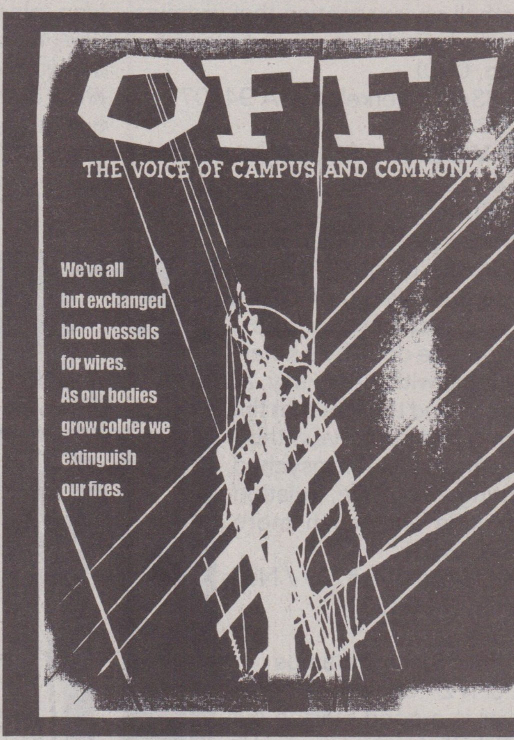
THE KAN DU #1 / $2 ppd
11 3/4 x 8 - offset - 32 pgs
This is a really slick, glossy mag from Austria that has a hardcore bent to it. There's interviews with Ink and Dagger, Ten Yard Fight, Driven, Proahska, Staydown, and for all you rock n roll kids, Tommy and the Bankrobbers. A lot of time obviously went into this, and I think if they can keep it up, this will be a major new European magazine in no time. By the way, there's a center fold pull out of Converge that I found a bit too weird. (SS)
7534 Olbendorf 606 / Austria



LIGHTWEIGHT #3/**HELP MY SNOWMAN'S BURNING** #4 / $1
8 1/4 x 11 3/8 - copied - 32 pgs
I read the Lightweight side first, and quite enjoyed it. It's a smart little zine with interviews from Avail and Muckhole (who I gather are pretty darn popular in New Zealand, but I've never heard of 'em) plus an article on a local skatepark and some reviews. Brief, but enjoyable. I liked the HMSB side until the editor (editress?) started dissing Buffy The Vampire Slayer & Xena. How can you live in New Zealand and dis Xena!? For shame. (JC)
PO Box 14562 / Kilbernie/ Wellington / New Zealand

MARRIED PUNKS #13 / $1.50
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 42 pgs
I don't know what to make of this. The question of how to portray sex/sexuality in a politicized, punk rock context is tricky. You are bound to offend many people, people who are often right. This mag would probably offend many, it only offends me in it's quality. The author has some decent lefty type opinions which he backs up with reprints from *Unamerican Activities* among others. There are pictures of naked peo-

ple, there are advertisements and classifieds for pornography. But don't hide the children, they'll tire of this on their own. (AR)
PO Box 713 / Eureka, CA 95502


OFF!
THE VOICE OF CAMPUS AND COMMUNITY
We've all but exchanged blood vessels for wires. As our bodies grow colder we extinguish our fires.

MILLPOOL #1 / (stamps?)
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
This is pretty damn boring. Standard zine format with columns, interviews, reviews etc. The interviews were boring, they like shitty music and the columns never get more interesting than "racism sucks." Heard enough? Possibly worth buying if you feel sorry for them. (NF)
Jason "Rimshot" Sitdown / 3922 Grand Ave / Western Springs IL 60558

9 AND A HALF LEFT #6 / **EYE CANDY** #9 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
Eye Candy I've reviewed before, but *Nine and a Half* is new to me. *Eye Candy* has improved since the last time I read it. *Nine and a Half* is really hit or miss—some of Mike's stories are interesting, some of them are not. It's a little boring listening to a twenty-year old complain how they're getting old, but I can understand in another way the feeling of life passing you by. *Eye Candy* has some stories that kind of seem to go nowhere, like the one about his "bicycle adventure". Both zines have a pretty good layout, with the *Nine and a Half* side being just a little bit more interesting. (CR)
Mike Rodemann / 1460 W. 110th / Cleveland, OH 44102

NEUS SUBJEX #17/18/19 / SASE
4 X 11 - copied - 1 pg
"The Official Zine of Cincinnati Punk Rock." Basically it's one 8 1/2 x 14 page scene-report with zines and record reviews, packed with tiny print and tons of writing on both sides. The drunk/punk as fuck aesthetic bores me but if you're into it, and want to know what's going on in Cincinnati, check it out. They also have #20, the latest issue, out on 8 1/2 x 11 paper. (RL)
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018

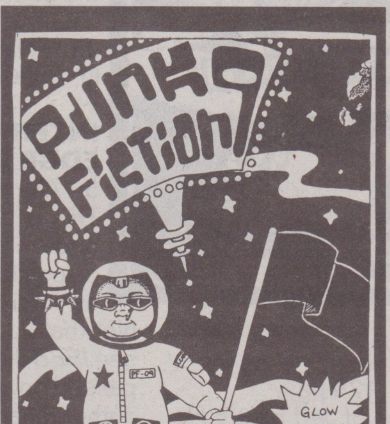
OFF! autumn '98 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
Evidently, the taxpayers of the state of New York are picking up the cost of printing and mailing this fat publication. I really liked this. It's got a ton of news blurbs and longer articles, activist tips, protest coverage, stolen graphics, etc. I especially liked the pieces on animal rights, not fitting into mainstream psychology and the interconnected-ness of the global economic crash. I don't see how they can be against technology, and think the internet is a good way to spread that message. But your hard copy is free, and as such highly recommended by me. Maybe college is good for something. (JM)
c/o Off! editor / Off Campus College / SUNY Binghampton / Binghampton, NY 13902

OX FANZINE #33 / $5
8 x 11 1/2 - offset - 130 pgs
This tidy, insanely dense German zine includes a 33-song CD, apparently in every issue (this month: Angry Samoans, Screeching Weasel, Freeze, Talk is Poison, many others.) Bands pay $80 dollars/minute to be featured on the CD—fuck, OK, you can pay to play, if the editors approve. *Ox* is massive in scope: with a long impressive roster of interviews ranging from the Onyas to No Means No. In between demo, record and show, zine, book, and movie reviews (plus a clever chart which contrasts the opinions of seven different reviewers about the same record.) Also: "punk rock history," classifieds, recipes, how to construct a small naked man out of clay, comix, etc. I'm blown away by the amount of work they must put into this ambitious zine. (In German). (AC)
OX c/o Joachim Hiller / PO Box 14 43 45 / 45264 Essen / Germany

PUNK FICTION #9 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Punk Fiction goes beyond the usual record reviews and columns to bring us some pretty interesting stuff this time around. There is a very interesting, if kinda poorly put together, article on radically political skinheads, a set of "corporate crook" trading cards, and an interview with the old head honcho from *Maximum*, Jen Angel. I, of course, can't forget to mention the glow-in-the-dark cover either. Not bad, not bad at all. (SS)
1011 Upper Middle Rd / E #1314 / Oakville / Ontario / L6H 5Z9 / Canada

PUNKS NEED LOVIN' #6 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
Beer stories, record reviews on a spice girl scale, a few political thoughts, some other drunken ramblings, a decent poem or two. Interview with Furious George, Link 80 and Plan-A-Project. (Can you tell I'm bored, yet?) (RL)
21 West St / Middle Island, NY 11953

PUNKSOXO #5 / $3 ppd world, 99p England
8 x 12 - copied - 20 pgs
Very punk, coming out of Bristol, possibly the crusty center of the universe? We got Varukers, Four Letter Word, Combat Shock. Looks cool, old style cut and paste, lottsa graphics. (GF)
18 Woodland Way / Kingswood / Bristol, BS15 1QH / England


Punk Fiction
GLOW IN THE DARK COVER!

RAPID FIRE #18 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 36 pgs
R.F. has 36 pages. 1/3 of it being music/zine reviews (wow), 6 pages are about motorcycles (huh?), and a whopping 14 pages are dedicated to live show reviews (holy shit!). Sound cool? Think again, turbo. Anyways,, unless you love reviews or you're curious about the 997 cc's in the 1998 Kawasaki ZG-1000 don't blow yer dough on this dogshit. (NF)
RD #1 Box 3370 / Starksboro UT 05487-9701

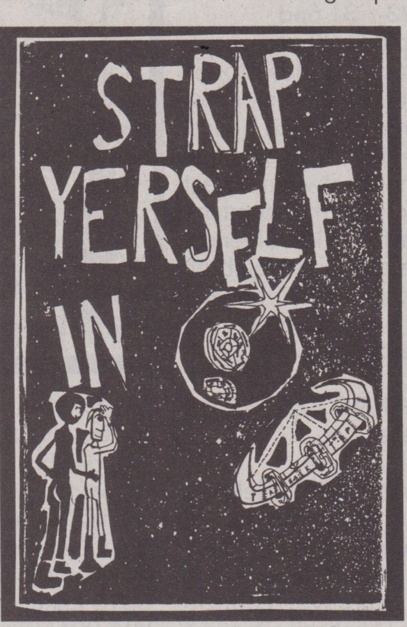
RATS IN THE HALLWAY #10 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
This is really fucking stellar. Another excellent output from a guy who recently found the joys of simple, stupid punk/rock. They've got a nice little piece on SHARPs, an interview with Agnostic Front (not very probing, but how in-depth can you get with Roger?), Billy-club, Tiltwheel, etc., and has an in-depth piece on Mumia Abu-Jamal, that actually taught me quite a bit about him. The interview with Lawrence Ferlinghetti (who was the brains behind publishing all the popular beat writers, like Ginsberg) is probing and well thought out, and doesn't waste any time in asking interesting questions. You definitely need this. (RD)
PO Box 7151 / Boulder, CO 80306

SAVE US ALL #2 / $1US / 100¥ Japan
4 1/2 x 5 1/4 - copied - 28 pgs
This little zine covers a lot of territory, including: anarchism, veganism, tattoos and hard core. None of it is covered very extensively, and though Ryan says he didn't want to rattle on in an academic fashion, I would expect a little more substance from someone finishing up a philosophy degree. (SS)
Ryan Barker / c/o Center for International Edu / Kansai Gaidai Univ. / 16-1 Kitakatahoko-cho / Hirakatashi Osaka / 573-1001 / Japan

SCUMFUCK TRADITION # 40 / $?
6 x 8 1/2 - offset - 60 pgs
This issue comes with the "Scumfuck Bizarr Vol. Pullern" compilation CD we reviewed last month (Broilers, Rascals, Tin Soldier, etc.) We also screwed up in the music review section by listing this as issue #10. When we suck, we suck. Anyway, to make amends...this zine has a Holidays in the Sun report, some schlong and breast shots sprinkled around an interview with a porn editor (?), an interview with a tattoo artist in Dinslaken, and an article on the Marquis de Sade (yikes). There are also reviews, scene news and other info relating to the oi/street punk scene around those parts. Sex, violence, chaos, in German. (AC)
Scumfuck / PSF 100709 / 46527 Dinslaken / Germany

SKYSCRAPER #4 / $3
8 - x 11 - offset - 140 pgs
This zine has grown. It's huge! Harriet the Spy, Man or Astroman? The Crimson Curse, Jets to Brazil, Joan of Arc, lots more. As you can see, more emo and indie than punk. Really good, long interviews. This was good before, now it's great, and pretty much a must-have if you're into this kind of music. (GF)
PO Box 4432 / Boulder, CO 80306

SHIP OF FOOLS #1-3 / $11.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 110 pgs
While the artwork's not the most awe-inspiring, the storyline is great. Think the *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* meets *Star Wars* meets the *X-Files* as told sardonically by Kilgore Trout. Section Eight, 'Martyrs without reason, villains with just cause', is headed by Mala Moralez, the Wonder Womanesque heroine, flanked by fallen secret agent Darius Trill, and Mala's lover, Shiro, who looks like he's from Mos Eisley. They're on a crusade to save the universe from JBI (Jet Black Illuminati) who have a brutal, clandestine control over anything. Their biggest hindrance, however, is mass apathy. Satire at its fineSt (BC)
Slave Labor Graphics / 325 South First Street / Suite 301 / San Jose, CA 95113



SKY AND MEPHISTOPHELES #1 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
This is a big ole comic thang with cool pictures. It's all about a fellow named Mephistopheles and his adventures in a library. This library ain't like any library I've ever been to—there are whores and junkies, it's open all night and you can smoke there. Wow. I like the drawing in this a lot and the story is pretty cool, though a bit random at times. Check this out if you're into the comic thing. (LB)
Matthew Oreto / 47 Healdville Rd. / Hubbardston, MA 01452

SLIVER #5 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 96 pgs
I was initially turned off by this magazine's slick, glossy, corporate look, but after a few minutes of reading it, I realized that it was an indie zine that was just really well put together (and people should never hold that against the zine). This caters more for the death/black/metal side of hardcore, with a bit of grind thrown in for good measure. They interview Slayer, Fear Factory, Harvest, Dayinthelife, Avail, Samiam, and a bunch of others. The interviews are the kind that are well-done, and enjoyable even if you're not into the death metal scene. Intelligent and fun, but I'm sure you'll like this a lot more if you know more about this scene (RD)
27 Commercial St / Gloucester, MA 01930

SLUG & LETTUCE #57 / free
11 x 17 - offset - 20 pgs
The usual *S&L* fare, a couple of columns and a whole lot of reviews. Always a good resource though not necessarily the most interesting to read. (CR)
Christine Boarts / PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261-6632

SORE #7 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This is a truly outstanding personal zine, covering topics that just about anyone will relate to. The main writer, Taylor, is a freshman in high school, and his writing is superb, without a hint of pretension or naivete. It's a great collaboration of various and sundry writers, who discuss the ups and downs of the SxE world, getting caught for blowing up mailboxes, relationships, and just seeing life fly before their eyes. Pick this up. Now if only they would just get rid of that rubbish they call poetry... (RD)
PO Box 68711 / Virginia Beach, VA / 23471

STRAP YERSELF IN #? / ?
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 26 pgs
The guy who made this dressed up in a skimpy Santa outfit and went around handing out coal and "The Santa Manifesto" (in which Santa declares he is on strike) to office workers. Unfortunately, nothing else in *Strap Yerself In* measures up to the story about this escapade. The other stuff includes an interview with Greg der Anian, a story by J.R. Tisk, Red Cross hate (they apparently have whack-ass tendencies about the questions they ask people before they give blood, like asking them if they are homosexual instead if they use condoms). (LB)
Plan-it-x Records / PO Box 954 / Bloomington, IN 47402

SUBURBAN VOICE #42 / $4 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 130 pgs
I love *SV*, this is a truly great thing. I first read it when I was the most fledgling of punk rockers, and it's amazing to see how much it has progressed and also

that Al has stuck it out. You really feel his love of music and lack of pretension and cool-scene-guyness. Great focus on local New England bands too. Even the reviews are interesting!! There is so much in this - news, interviews with Dropkick Murphys, Final Conflict, Subhumans and Special Duties, among others. Really great, enjoyable, will affirm your faith in the punk rock. This issue comes with a 7" w/ Pinkerton Thugs, the Trouble and Fit For Abuse. Inspiring. (MJ)
PO Box 2746 / Lynn, MA 01903-2746

SWANKHOLE #3 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
An entertaining read. Includes stories packed with youthful exploits, show reviews, and an interview with a local band. Many zines like this display an inability to discriminate between a great story worth printing, and the mundane experiences of the editor and his friends. The stories in here are saved by both their genuine humor, and their brevity. (AM)
PO Box 1606 / Carmel, NY 10512

TEENAGE WARNING #25 / $3 (Europe), $4 (elsewhere)
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 28 pgs
This is a street punk zine from Belgium that is written in English. The whole thing is basically interviews with various oi/punk/skin bands like Judge Dread, Dropkick Murphys, Fabrizio Barile, and Chaotic Dischord. This is a glossy magazine with a really nice layout, but the content is nothing special. Recommended only to fans of the interviewed bands. (LB)
Johan Van Mieghem / Postbus 46 / 9050 Ledeberg 1 / Belgium

TEENAGE RAMPAGE #9 / $4
5 1/2 x 8 - offset - 48 pgs
This little guy was formerly known as *Rote Kuh*. It has a bunch of short columns, one of which extols the virtues (vices?) of punk rock girls, an interview with the Eyeliners, and an article about Incognito Records. Also included is scene info, tour dates, record reviews, and similar stuff. It's not amazing, but it looks friendly enough to take out to lunch. (In German). (AC)
Danny Winkler / Elsterwerdaer Str. 37 / 04932 Prösen / Germany

TEN THINGS JESUS WANTS YOU TO KNOW # 20 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 84 pgs
Now, I may have missed an issue or two, but I don't remember *10 Things* ever having naked people in it. I guess it's a new thing. I mean, it's not like all naked people or anything, it's not like, trying to keep up with *The Probe*, but there are definitely nude people here. I'm sorry, I don't mean to be harping on the nudity, it's just that this is a new thing for me (not nudity in general, just nudity in *10 Things*), but I'm not like, anti-nude people or anything. It's still got the great columns, reviews, interviews and everything else *10 Things* is known for, now it just has something, um, extra. (JC)
8315 Lake City Way NE #192 / Seattle, WA 98115

Teenage Warning!
Street music-zine
Issue 25
Winter 98
JUDGE DREAD (RIP)
DROPKICK MURPHYS
FABRIZIO BARILE
BRAINDANCE TOUR DIARY

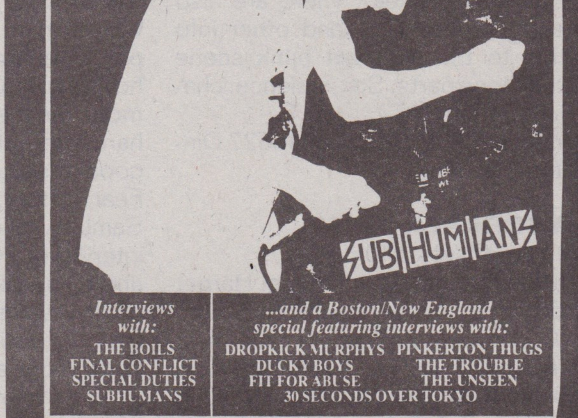
THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND #4 / 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Drunken silliness: some offensive, some thought-provoking. I'm sure some would appreciate it but I don't. Bathroom reviews in Austin, TX and a good strategy for executing revenge on car-tow companies. (RL)
PO Box 40001 / Portland, OR 97240-0001

TORPID LIVER #2 / $1
7 x 81/2 - copied - 24 pgs
This is done by a group of torpid livers. Dem torpid livers like beer and skating. What is a torpid liver? Well... "To be a torpid liver is to define oneself at odds with conformity. Torpidity is putting all of one's heart into a non-traditional set of values and not giving much thought about the societal validation of that decision." If you read that and said "Word," this zine is for you. (LB)
PO 12065 / Seattle, WA 98102

TOXIC FLYER FANZINE #27 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
This zine is chock full of interviews, photos, record and print reviews and scene reports. So, it's good on the amount of info end, but the print is *really* small, blurry and hard to read, which makes it hard to focus on the content. Includes interviews with Los Gusanos, Love Sikk Junkiez, The Suicide Machines, The Unseen, Raw Power, Apocalypse Hoboken, Texas Terri & The Stiff Ones, and Final Conflict. (RL)
Billy Whitfield / PO Box 39158 / Baltimore, MD 21212

TRASHCAN # 2 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
So this month I got one zine with a motorcycle theme, this one's about cars!?...what the shit is goin' on here? Well, besides all that spooky car jazz, this has quite a bit about the pacific northwest scene, with the music dealing with garage, rock n' roll, and straight punk. Interviews with the 440's and The Loudmouths were alright, but I liked the "Drinking with Bif" column and the big fuck you list is a cool idea too. If I was stuck in Washington, I'd buy it. (NF)
PO Box 2618 / Olympia WA 98507

TURNING THE TIDE vol. 11, #4 / $2 plus postage
11 x 17 - offset - 28 pgs
Published by the So. Cal. organization, People Against Racist Terror, this tab-


Included with this issue: a 7" EP with unreleased songs by THE TROUBLE, FIT FOR ABUSE and THE PINKERTON THUGS

SUBURBAN VOICE

NO. 42/$3.00
$4.00 ppd in US/Canada
$6.00 ppd overseas

Interviews with:
THE BOILS
FINAL CONFLICT
SPECIAL DUTIES
SUBHUMANS

...and a Boston/New England special featuring interviews with:
DROPKICK MURPHYS
PINKERTON THUGS
DUCKY BOYS
THE TROUBLE
FIT FOR ABUSE
THE UNSEEN
30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO

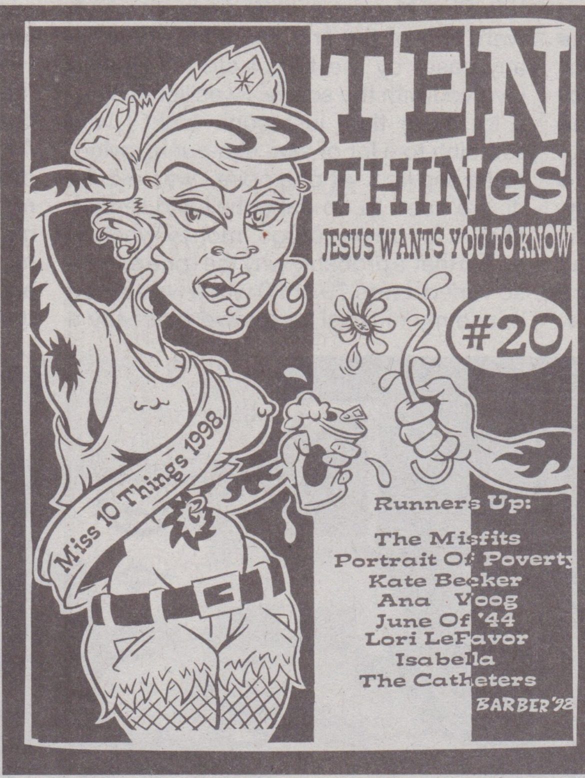
loid is a mix of editorials and articles about combating organized racism in a variety of forms. I liked the pieces on the links between anti-abortion violence and white power groups, and countering arguments about "overpopulation" in the environmental movement. ARA has a few pages (including a nationwide chapter listing) and there are updates about various legal developments among persecuted activists. I thought there was too much stuff about mainstream movies and their implications for society. While not the best issue of *TTT* I've seen, their work is important and I did get a lot out of the parts I liked. (JM)
PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232-1055

TYPOGRAPUNX #8 / $?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs
Typography isn't something you see a lot of punks writing about, so I was pretty excited when I got this zine. These kids have a great layout going, and I found the page on proof correction marks engrossing (call me dork, and I'll answer). I wish the whole thing had been bigger and the text more well thought-out though. I really hope they continue to do this. I hope in the future as much thought goes into the actual text as obviously goes into the layout. (SS)
15 Churchville Rd #115-163 / Bel Air, MD 21014

UPS #4 / $2 ppd
5 - x 8 - copied - 32 pgs
Cool zine from Holland, but it's in English. Interviews with Boycot, Undone and a PCP tour diary. I liked reading about the history of the Rotterdam punk scene. (GF)
Plesmanstraat 321 / 3769 HK Soesterberg / The Netherlands

THE URBAN ALTERNATIVE #13 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
Rather dull oi/streetpunk focused cut 'n' paste thingy with reviews, columns, interviews (the Templars, the Drones, Violent Society) and show reviews. It's not particularly horrible, but it's nothing you haven't seen before. (JC)
620 Hansell St SE / Atlanta, GA 30312

WOUNDIG #7 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 50 pgs
Woundig is a personal-ish zine about the author's moving experience from Nelson to Ottawa-her first time living away from home. The author gives us the scoop on how to brew the perfect cup of coffee and shares vegan factoids including nutritional information and recipes. Also, an interview with the band Daddy's Hands and some nice drawings. I loved the instructional comic on how to make espresso liquor. A good read. (JL)
Kristy Schmisty / Apt. 203c 1720 Baseline Rd. / Nepean, ON K2COB9 / Canada



X-TREEM #33 / $?
4 x 6 - copied - 60? pgs
X-treem is extremely hard to read, since the type face is so tiny. It also falls into a million little pieces when you pick it up. But, these guys have now been around in Rotterdam for ten years, covering, it seems, various local punk and political activities with detail and dedication. The editors start off talking about a center (squat?) which has been moving from place to place for a while. They also discuss a CD project, with 23 bands. There is also political information, and some joyless poetry. Despite its diminutive proportions, I'm sure this is a little pocket resource gem for Dutch punks. (In Dutch.) (AC)
Zeilmakersstraat 20-B-1 / 3025 NW Rotterdam / Netherlands

ZINE WORLD #9 / $3 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 80 pgs
If you like to read zine reviews, which I would assume you do since you're reading this, then you'll probably enjoy *Zine World*. A couple of pages of letters and a ton of zine reviews. Great resource. (CR)
Doug Holland / 537 Jones St / San Francisco, CA, 94102

MORE LISTINGS

CHUMPIRE #111 / 1 stamp
This is a one page deal, full of zine, band reviews, and personal tidbits about life. Features an e-mail address if you wanna know about shows. Good stuff!
Greg Knowles / PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

EXHIBIT 16 #2 / 3 stamps
The Slobs, various rants and stories about dumb shit.
3885 Timber Ridge / Okeana, OH 45053

FUCKING KANSAS #1? / $1?
Basically, a zine of stories about the author's adventures train hopping, drinking, and traveling. A lot like a personal travel journal that's really raw and detailed.Just reading it exhausted me and made my life look menial and boring.
Andrea / PO Box 1650 / Portland, OR 97280

MOSH OF ASS #3.5 / free
A brief blurb. Anyone who knows it may appreciate it. It's filled with reviews of the grindcore genre...
PO Box 423413 / San Francisco, CA 94142-3413

OTAKU #4 / $2 + 2 stamps
The way this zinester writes, he could make hemorrhoids sound romantic. Anyway, this is a bunch of personal tales about life in Ottawa, garage sales, good lovin', and a recipe for vegan chocolate cake.
114 Canter Blvd. / Nepean, ON K2G-2M7 / Canada

PUNKS AGAINST INBREEDING #2 / $1 ppd
Clinton conspiracies, Interview with the Boils, reviews and, unfortunately, some poems.(MJ)
PAI / PO Box 974 / Bryn Mawr, PA 19010

TEENAGE GENOCIDE #2 / 2 stamps
Lynyrd's Innards and New Left Standard interviews, reviews, and columns. Very ska-core based. No address listed.

T.V. SAVAGE #2 / $1 ppd, trade
Stories about going to shows and being punk. A little too punk for me.
1442A Walnut St #419 / Berkeley, CA 94709

Boricuas Bestiales

Javier does "Boricuas Bestiales," the biggest punk zine in Puerto Rico and he is also very active in his local scene. It was a great opportunity to get an idea of what's going on there as well as how life is on this island. This was done via e-mail in October '98 by Le Bouffon for the French zine Earquake.

MRR: Who are you and what do you do? How did you get involved in the scene?

J: Hi, my name is Javier and I am the editor of Boricuas Bestiales. We are basically a music 'zine and are now working on our ninth issue. The 'zine was started by myself and my friend Omar some three years ago, basically because no one else was doing anything at the time and we had some ideas that we wanted to work out. Over the years it has grown from a half-sized xerox affair to a 32 page newsprint thingie of which we press 2,000 copies. We've had to make some compromises over the years (like taking major label ads), but all in all we've remained true to what the original idea, which was to give more exposure to local bands and to help out bands from other countries as well. We've tried to stay away from the typical California-punk/ska-punk bands that every US 'zine carries, instead trying to get bands from Italy, Spain, Mexico, South America, etc.

Ivan, Javier,

MRR:Tell us about your zine. Punk is just one topic you talk about, how did you get interested in other music?

J: Well, music has been a big part of my life for a long time. I think the first contact I had with punk rock was some 10 or 11 years ago, when I was in what you would call junior high. I used to hang out a lot with the punks from my school, even though I only listened to new wave at that time. I didn't really get into punk until I started skating, which was probably when I was in 7th or 8th grade. My first record (well, tape) was "Suffer" from Bad Religion. I got it for free when I subscribed to Thrasher magazine. From then on I started getting all those hardcore-punk records from the 80's: Minor Threat, Circle Jerks, JFA, etc. But I didn't really start going to shows until some 5 or 6 years ago. My first show wasn't even punk, it was a ska show with Los Pies Negros and Skapulario, which were two of the first ska bands here. In any case, by the time I started getting involved with the scene, I was listening to a lot more than just punk rock. I was listening to a lot of ska, ska-punk, swing, salsa and jazz. At one point I was even a dj, we used to do dancehall and reggae shows for beers, drugs, money whatever. So that's probably why the 'zine seems so varied. I was 19 or 20 when we started it, and my musical tastes were already a bit more mature than when I started listening to punk. So to make a long story short, the 'zine is not punk only, there's ska, reggae, oi, dancehall, hardcore, soul, rock en Español, swing, whatever we can get our hands on. We used to include more political articles, but to be honest, I don't consider myself a great writer, and I hate 'zines that only recycle articles from others, so I try to not do it myself.

MRR: How is it to be punk in PR?

J: These days, I wouldn't really call myself a punk, and I can't say that there are that many real punks out there anymore. But to answer your question, it's never been easy. People here are extremely fashion-driven and are less tolerant of anyone who looks different. I've had my choice of clothing or hair color made fun of more than once. Punks used to get beat up a lot, but instead of by jocks (which are basically non-existent here), by what you'd call rappers and gangsta wanna-be's. Anyway, things changed a lot after the whole Green Day thing, first, punk became more acceptable, and in all truth I couldn't care less. There were more shows and all. The problem was that a lot of stupid people started coming to shows and making asses of themselves, imitating what they saw on MTV, getting into fights, breaking stuff up, and a lot of clubs closed their doors to us.

It used to be way cooler. You'd go to Old San Juan on Fridays and Saturdays and there'd be twenty or thirty people just hanging out, skins and punks (and even some rockers) together. Nowadays it's deserted. Everyone has their own little group and you just see people at shows, when there are shows. A lot of people have left the scene, and others don't support it that much anymore. Still, it seems as if things are gonna get better again. There is now more than one show a month (a while ago we'd go 2 months without anything) and a lot of new people are coming in. Just yesterday my girlfriend and I went to meet some people at the show and realized that out of some 60 people there, we only knew 15. That felt really weird, 'cause it used to be that you knew everyone. In any case, with some guidance I think a lot of those kids will turn out alright (right now they only care about moshing, breaking up stuff and doing drugs, but we all pass through that phase at one point or another).

One thing that really sucks is that Puerto Rico is an island, so few bands ever come here 'cause they wouldn't make much money. Still, we've had some good bands come here like 2 Minutos from Argentina, Cebollas Ardientes from Venezuela, King Chango and 25-ta-Life from New York and a couple more I'm sure. The Ramones came once, but I didn't see them, it was too far away and I didn't have a car then. In two weeks the new Misfits are gonna be playing here, but I've never really been a big fan of them, I'll probably go though just to see something different.

MRR- What's the history and origin of punk/ska in PR? How did they evolve through the years?

J: Like I said, I haven't been involved in the scene since the beginning. I can tell you that it all started out in the late 80's (but there were definately punks before that; my ex-girlfriend's uncle used to have all the old Ramones and Clash

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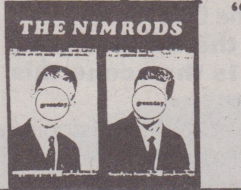

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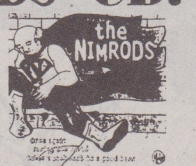

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Boricuas Bestiales

I personally do not like. But they also carry a lot of oi, ska, punk and hardcore releases, and sell all of the local bands' recordings.

There are two other regular 'zines that I know of. One of them is Eniznikufesin, which is the longest running 'zine here (some 5 years maybe??). The guy who does it is called Danny and he's very into freestyle bikes and heavier music, like hardcore. The other is called 'Zinevergüenza, and is more of a punk 'zine. It is done by Taina, the singer for Cojoba. Fixed places to play are virtually non-existent. There used to be more regular places to play, but nowadays, bands play wherever they can get into. Usually after one show, the owner decides that he doesn't really like our kind at all. To be honest, I can understand them. Imagine having your place run over by a bunch of funny-looking kids who write on the walls, break stuff up and buy very little beer. Once a month there is a matinee show at Rumba, which is also owned by the guy from Tenet/Finyl Vinyl.

MRR: Do you feel a big influence of the US or more from Latin countries?

J: I would say that one of the biggest influences on local bands when they start out are the Spanish bands. If they're Punk bands, then it's stuff like La Polla Records, Eskorbuto, Kortatu, etc. Then there's the British oi/punk bands from the early 80's. As far as ska bands go, the first few where influenced by bands like Skarabajos and Korroskada. As they got more into it, their influences grew as well.

MRR- What are the connections with Latin America (which countries) and with the rest of the world? Is the Spanish/Euskadi influence still important?

J: There have always been connections, but you gotta remember that we're in the particular situation of being an island that's pretty outta the way for every one, and we rarely ever get to see the people we are in contact with. So usually the connections are broken after a while. Like I said in the previous question, the Euskadi influence is very important, probably because we are in similar situations, except that there's less political violence here... now. There used to be a lot more in the 60's.

MRR: Where do the 2000 copies of your zine go? Is the scene this big?

J: No it's not that big at all. A lot of copies are traded out and sent away. To be honest, I couldn't say how many people are part of our scene right now, but we do give out a lot of copies here.

MRR: What would be your dream interview?

J: Three of my favorite bands are La Polla Records, Mano Negra, and Skavoovie and the Epitones. I've already met Skavoovie, so that leaves the other two. Mano Negra is no more, so that leaves La Polla, which I believe would be the most interesting of the three bands to talk to anyway. But I hear they don't do interviews anymore, so it'll probably never happen.

BORICUAS BESTIALES
La Experiencia de Toñito Cabanillas
Dos Minutos
Los Naborias
King Changó
Los Fabulosos Cadillacs

Issue #3

MRR: If you want to add something, please do so.

J: I dunno. Thanks a lot for the interview. I hope it's not too long. I tend to talk a lot and I guess it also moves into my writing.

Here are some local addresses:

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Finyl Vinyl/Tenet Records-Calle San Justo #203 Viejo San Juan, PR 00901

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Kampo Viejo- (modern ska, pretty poppy) Casette EP: A Mal Tiempo... Address: Calle Plaza Santa Cruz AN-11, Antillana, Trujillo Alto, PR 00976

Los Naborias- (traditional ska, jazz, swing, etc.) Cassette EP: Grandes Exitos. Their e-mail is: bestial@coqui.net. As for a postal address, you can write to the Boricuas Bestiales PO Box. Los Pies Negros (2- tone ska) Cassette: Moviendo los Pies (Moon Records). Address: Box #2 Cabo Rojo, PR 00623.

Punk

Actitud Subversiva (anarchist melodic punk) Cassettes: Censurados por Decir la Verdad; Ni Tu Ni Dios Ni el Mundo. Address: Calle Polaris FQ-10 Sec. 12 Santa Juanita, Bayamón PR 00956

Cojoba (punk rock with drum machine and female vocals) Cassette: Espíritu de Punk. Address: Taína/ 7th St. C-19 Metrópolis, Carolina, PR 00987

Da' Pingaz- (punk/oi/reggae) bestial@coqui.net or the Boricuas Bestiales PO Box.

Golpe Justo (NY hardcore). They have a CD out: Hecho en Puerto Rico. Address: Via 22ML-26 Villa Fontanta, Carolina, PR 00983. inaruu@prtc.net

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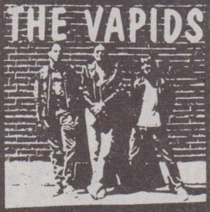

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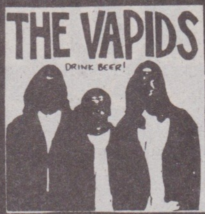

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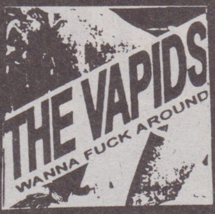

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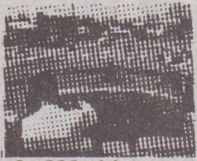

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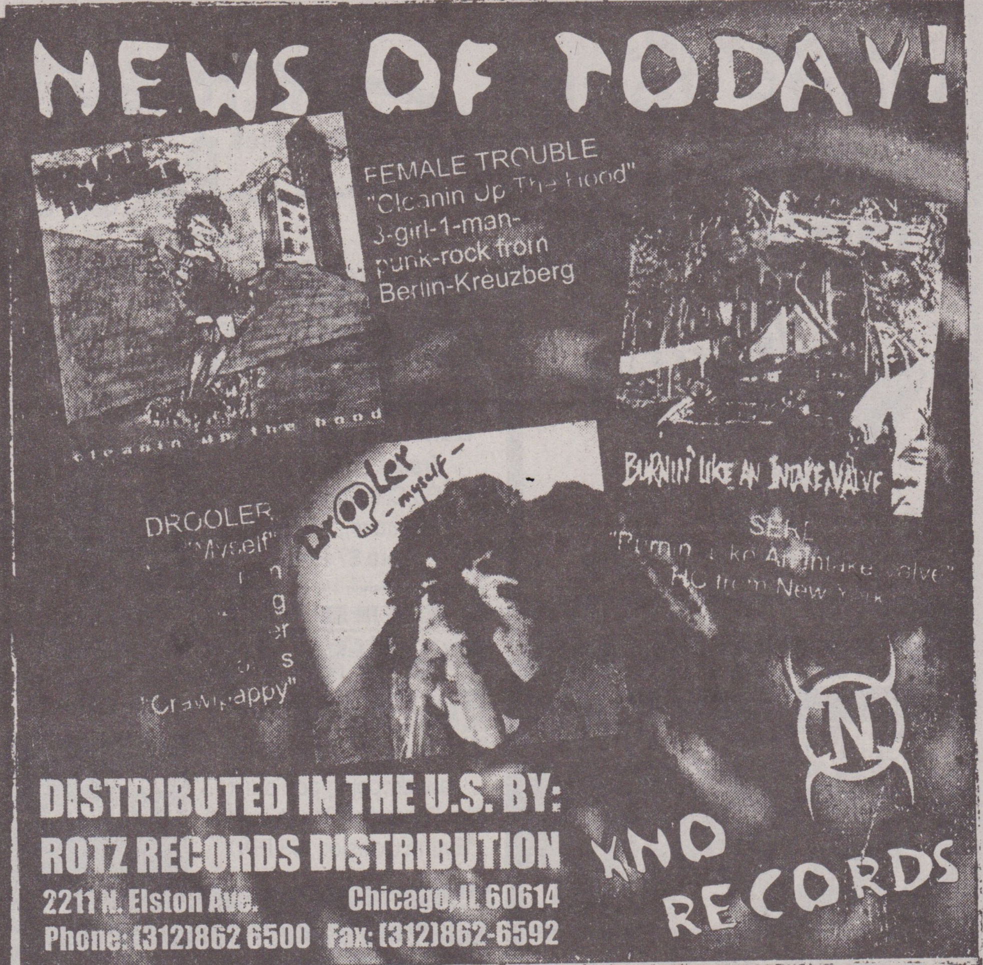

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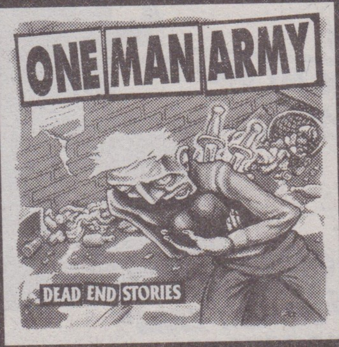

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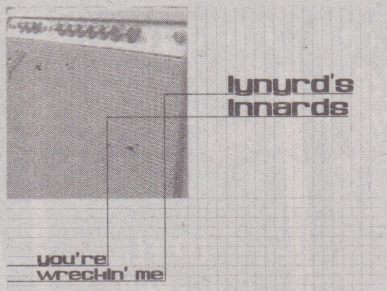

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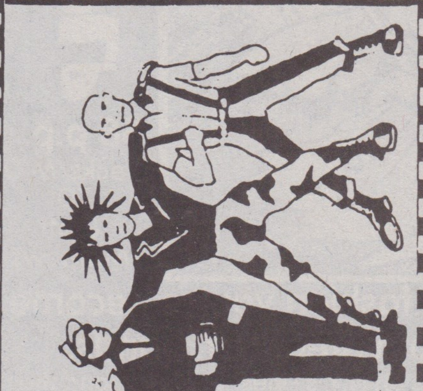

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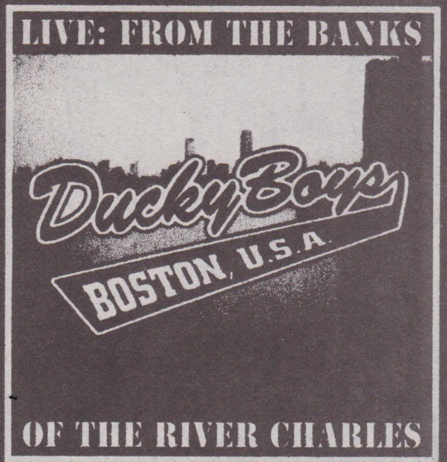

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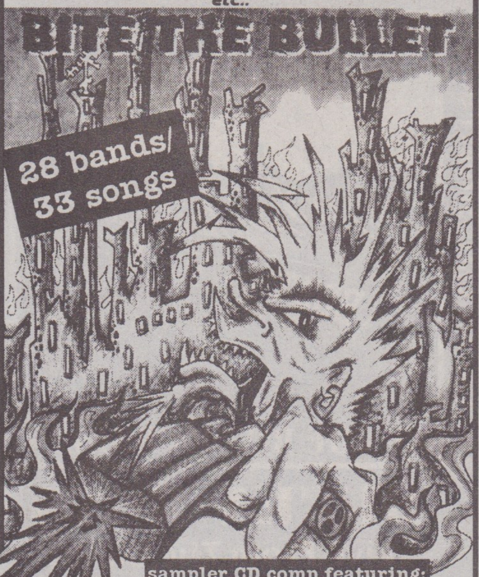

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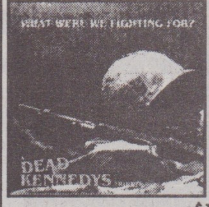

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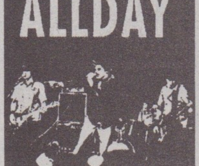

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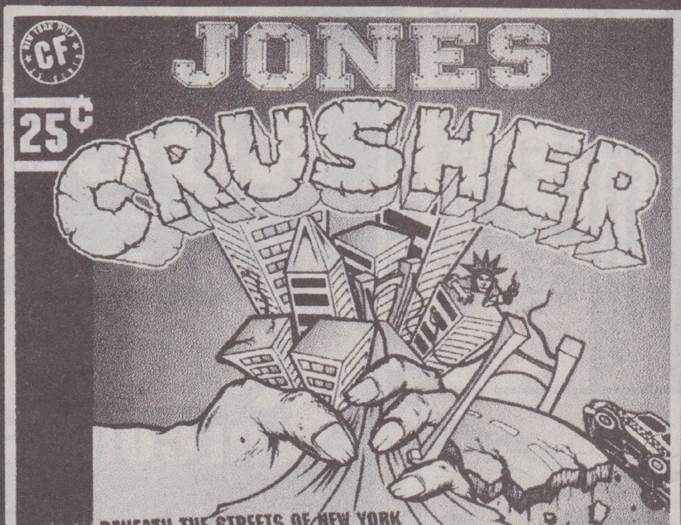

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BANDS WANTED for compilation cd's. For more info send a recording and phone number to: Loco Diablo, PO Box 332, Thomasboro, IL 61878.

BANDS WANTED for a CD compilation, a 2x7" picture disk, plus 3 or 4 bands for your own 7" or split 7". Depends on response!! Life Is Pain Love Is Death Records wants punk as fuck bands that are willing to get their shit together quick! Such as lyrics, graphics, photos,...All that dumb shit. So that all of them come out at once. Everyone will get their fair share of what's pressed! Please send demos to: Mr. Sissy, 8 Germany Dr. Apt. #1, Wilmington, DE 19804.

WANTED DESPERATELY Want Larm/ Stanx split LP. Will pay good price or trade. Also looking for Genocide / MIA split LP. Iron Cross both 7". Rupture split with Drop Dead and 10". Also looking for Finnish and Swedish stuff. Write to: Chris Andrea / 32 St. Pauls Road / Clifton / Bristol / BS8 1LR / England / UK

LOOKING FOR PENPALS / people to trade tapes with. 17 y/o into oi!, punk, hc. into bands like Last Resort, Agnostic Front, Iron Cross, GBH, Oxymoron, Combat '84, Templars, etc. Write me: Joe / P.O. Box 264 / Bronxville, NY 10708

RECORDS WANTED: Sham 69 "That's Life" and anything from the Idiots (from Yugoslavia). That's it. Thanks. Veda or Travis: 1207 N. 167th St, Shoreline, WA 98133. (206) 542-5942

EMPTY SKULLS LP from '86 w/ Crude SS, Eater, Pandemonium, Legion of Parasites, Colera, C.O.C., etc. $10 ppd. Everywhere. Sore Throat new 7" $3 America, $5 world. After the Bomb PO Box 66876, Portland, OR 97290

DON'T TAKE CHANCES! Hear it before you buy it! Send us a blank sixty minute cassette and a buck for shipping , and we'll send it back filled to the brim with punk, ska, indie, spoken word, and experimental music from our label/distro along with our catalog and a sticker. Mail tape and one dollar to: Mensual Records, PO Box 394, Hudson, NH 03051

RARE PUNK VINYL: LP's & 7"s 1969-1989 @ Roamin' Records On Line @ http://members.aol.com.HalRom/RoaminRecords.html or call 949-650-1343.

SOCIAL DISTORTION - Bad Religion wanted! Posters, CD's, imports, promos, boots, or any cool merchandise. Please send written offers with clear descriptions to: Paul Parker / 7125 W. Irving Park Apt. 9 / Chicago, IL 60634. Rip off bastards need not apply!!!

BRISTLE - Still alive and still in Seattle. See ad for record / CD / tour info. Bristle / 6201 15th Ave. NW / Seattle, WA 98107.

WANTED: LEATHERFACE (all/any) Screeching Weasel Radio Blast, split w/ Pink Lincolns. Also very interested in (all) Toy Dolls vinyl & Posh Boy releases (Agent Orange / Social D.) I may have trades. Send list or will just pay cash. Send info on above to: Edi Rodriguez / 1103 NE 59th Avenue / Portland, OR 97213. Email messages can be left at: bbpress@portland.quik.com

KILL YOUR RADIO! Punk, Pop, Hardcore, Indie, Emo, and Ska from the finest independent bands and labels. Write for free catalog and stickers: Skatterbrain Records POB 68082, Schaumburg, IL 60168. www.skatterbrain.com

TRADES WELCOME- I have Avengers, Molls, Electrochoc, Germs, Features, Matcheads, Ex, S-Tribesmen, Godhead, S-Chalice, Predator, Rejex, M-Monday, Pack, Corpsicles, ICE9, Offenders, Mad, Txn-3, Kjott, Snots, Dynamo, Mnt-Ill, Breakouts, Meatbuys, Lama, Vopos, Lk-Lever, Kangrena, Panics, Re-Red, Deprogrammer, Fr-Color, Joneses, Tx-Reasons, Widows, Rvg-88, Subverts, No=No, Jetsons, DOA, Vom, V-Majority, Alcoholics, Bugs, Beastie, Sleepers, Degenerates, Crime, Haerverk, E-Normaali, Patriots, Nervebreakers, Defnics, Tracks, Abused, Subway. 1-714-840-7373 Robert's: 17901 Denvale Cir, Huntington Beach, CA 92649 USA

OLD'BARN PUNK FEST: I encourage anyone who came in '97 or '98 to write to Tim (owner of the Old Barn Lodge) and let him know you appreciate him letting us use his land and helping out with the fest. thanks... Erik (write to: OLD BARN c/o Tim, 19572 150th Ave., Jim Falls, WI 54748

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL music classifieds

WANTED - STUFF BY F.U.'s / S.S.D. / Iron Cross 7"s / Pandemonium / Infest / Final Conflict 7"s / Nausea Boot / Euro stuff by Rattus, T. Kadet, Upright Citizens, Mob 47. Japanese and Australian stuff, too. Will buy or trade. Also looking for Planet of the Apes stuff - new figures. Chris Andrea / 32 St. Pauls Road / Clifton / Bristol / BS8 1LR / England / UK

TRADING/SELLING: Rosemary's, Weirdos, SNFU, S-Unrest, Tweed, Worst, Nuns, Rattus, T Treuter, Rebell, Poles, Stranglehold, Usch, Offs, Sothaevn, Trash, U-Resorte, Vores, Wipers, Ypoviis, T-Rocket, Warhead, State, Unruled, Vacum, Oxpow, Speedies, Tn-Idles, Watabout, Y-Brigade, P-Sticks, Sud-Fun, Undead, Vanaalit, Xistentials, Z-off, CCCP, J-Tragic, Users, Viletones, Wh-Cross, Offbeats, Pain, Swindled, Urbandk, Zeros, N-Riches, Perverts, Refugee, Pandemonium, Pupukusikko, Rondos, Pigs, Rousers, Problem, Rejectors, Puncture, PVP. 1-714-840-7373 Robert's: 17901 Denvale Cir, Huntington Beach, CA 92649 USA

CHEAP VIDEOS, HAVE LOTS: Spazz, Jets to Brazil, Candysnatchers, Los Crudos, Hatebreed, Business, Dropkick Murphys, Dwarves, Donnas, Subhumans (98), & lots more. Send stamps for list to: Billy, 1019 N. Anza, El Cajon, CA 92021. Also do printing, buttons, & silkscreening, very cheap- we need projects.

TRADES WELCOME- I HAVE: Pagans, GG Allin, Henchmen, Agnostic, Comes, Z-Boys, Ch-Molesters, "Paere," Debils, Mothers-R, S-Reptiles, "AK79," Stalin, MDC, Panic, B-Brains, Battalion, Speedtwins, "10-29-79," Voxpop, "B-Luxford," Slobabans, Nitwitz, Misfits, Nolla-, F-Prophets, Crucifix, F-Spiderz, Stains, Puke-Spit, Vectors, "W-Cares," D-Abortions, Bucks, Embarrassment, Ivgreen, astakask, VVV, "Palladium-," Nothings, P-Disturbance, R-Rampage, "77kk," Cosmetics, B-Religion, Bohemia, Zippers, Funeral, Tazers, Lewd, J-kids, Heartbreakers, WW24, TST, Faith, Meatmen. 1-714-840-7373 Robert's: 17901 Denvale Cir, Huntington Beach, CA 92649 USA

RARE VIDEOS! Rebel Rebel, Dead Boys, SS Sputnik, Nashville Pussy, Wasp, Kiss, Prince, NY Dolls, Plasmatics, Hanoi Rocks, GG Allin, etc. $13 for 2hrs, list & details: FTW Films, 7510 Sunset Blvd. #174, Hollywood, CA 90046. 909-875-9521 or ftwrec@ix.netcom.com

TRADES WELCOME- I have Controllers, Ism, Friction, R-Birdman, Skunks, Accelerators, Xpulsion, Dishrags, Ct-kent, Karanteeni, M-Virgins, Brulbajz, Vd-Idols, BVD, Reklamation, J-Lalumia, Reruns, Sconeheads, PfCommando, Cheaters, Eb-Gron, Razors, Gordons, Pl-Idols, GI, Starshooter, Suspects, X_X, Gizmos, RPA, Shrapnel, Factory, Tampax, Malibu-K, Ugly, Man-Depr, Saigon, Wasteland, Goteborgsd, Se, Electrodes, Stiffs, Nkr-99, Stormtrooper, Wannskreak, LaPeste, Slugs, Customs, Ratsia, Scabs, Slugfuckers, Ru-Kids, TNT, Monitors, Pankrti, Frantix, Londonpx. 1-714-840-7373 Robert's: 17901 Denvale Cir, Huntington Beach, CA 92649 USA

TRADING/SELLING: Kaaos, Lockjaw, Appendix, M-Class, Nerves, Mutants, Infest, Jyn-Doe, Map, Malinheads, Gigolos, Mecht-M, Glueams, KSMB, Loners, Lullabies, MG15, Flyboys, Models, Godhead, Husker Du, Kilslug, J-Ryder, Geza-X, Fleshapoids, Headcleaners, Lepers, Half-Jap, Mankazam, Necessaries, Beaver, AOD, Mercenaries, Crudess, Bones, NOTA, Burnt, Curse, Bastards, Cold, Brigades, Cunts, Chronics, Bristles, Clues, Artless, Negativ, Blitzz, C-Dissident, Bunker, Brainiacs, Artratz, M-Warfare, Lucy, Attentat, Bellevue, Deathside, Cyanamid, Dildos, Fartz. 1-714-840-7373 Robert's: 17901 Denvale Cir, Huntington Beach, CA 92649 USA

ANTI-SEEN: "JAILHOUSE" 7" and Hellstomper "Bootleggers and Ridgerunners" 7" available on Ruff-Nite Records $3 ea/ $5 world. Both for $5 N.A./ $8 world. Also, Antiseen "Groove" LP $7 N.A./ $10 world. Prices ppd. Cash/ money orders to: Mike Cooper 3249 Rorer St, Phila, PA 19134 USA

SCANDINAVIAN INVASION IS HERE: Demons "Electrocute" 7" on Ruff-Nite Records consists of 3 "stooged out" punk rock blasts by Stockholm's baddest motherfuckers $3 N. America/ $4 world. Also, Antiseen "Groove" LP $7 N.A./ $10 world, prices ppd. Cash/ Money orders to: Mike Cooper, 3249 Rorer St. Phila. PA 19134 USA

TESTICLE BOMB: Minnesota's most hated band. Rejected by Felix Havoc and the whole shitty Minneapolis punk scene! But fuck them assholes, if you want to hear some real fuckin' hatecore punk noize shit send $5 for info, cd/tape samples, and complete merchandise list to: Clayton Klein, 2710-9th Lane Apt 211, Anoka MN 55303 USA

L.A. DEATH COALITION 1991: Fear Factory, Resistant Militia, Tormentor, Demolition. CD $10 postage paid. Resistant c/o Brenda, PO Box 93772, Los Angeles, CA 90093-0772.

VAGINAL DISCHARGE CD finally out! 26 songs, one hour long, only $5 ppd, world. Acoustic comedy/punk. This is the funniest shit you ever heard! Makes South Park look like Sesame Street! EVERYONE WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE TAPE! Reality Impaired c/o Stan Boman, PO Box 1285, Joplin, MO 64802.

JERK CIRCUS. HC/ PUNK from So. Cal, formerly Drunken Mishap. Looking to contact other bands & labels. So send $3 for 17-song demo & stickers to Jerk Circus c/o Mike Sierra 44535 Anvers Ave. Lancaster CA 93534-3305.

THE VAPIDS from Canada got a new 7" EP out, $4 US, $5 CAN, ppd. and lotsa other shit. We are looking for good distro throughout the world. Also looking to do comps and zine interviews. So write and get a catalogue and let us rock your punk world. Box 316-2021 Lakeshore Rd. Burlington Ontario Canada L7R-1A2 or call 905-631-7152.

WANTED-NOMEANSNO "live in warsaw" cass, Showbiz Giants "benevolent horn" cass, "gold love" cass./ V/A "theft of paradise" cass. Ryan Rodier, 138 Main St. Saskatoon, Saskatchewan S7N OB2 CANADA nixer@sk.sympatico.ca

SHITTY CITY COMP TAPES good quality punk and hardcore very cheap. #2 out now, 19 bands, 30 something songs $2 USA/ $3 world. Can't beat it! Shitty City 6511 Burgundy St. San Diego, CA 92120

GG ALLIN TRIBUTE CD "Straight From Hell" 22 songs by 22 bands. Cover art by Jeff (Anti-Seen) Clayton. Send $15 payable to Crazy Bastard Records, 16420 SE McGillivray, Suite 103-831, Vancouver WA 98683. Meatmen Tribute coming soon!

FOR SALE/TRADE: GISM, CONFUSE, and more obscure japanese records. WANT: DISARM, BGK, WRETCHED, etc... world PUNK/HC RECORDS. Send your want/ trade/ sale list to: Sumiko Iwamoto, A-207 keiefu hights, 3-47-1 fuda chofu city, tokyo 182-0024 JAPAN

SELL 1000 AND MORE...Punk - Hardcore - Oi! - Garage records (ep/lp/cd) and fanzines from 1977 to now. New, second hand and collectors from everywhere. Send a I.R.C. or $1 to get my list to: L. Pallanca-5, Square Raphael - 78150 Le Chesnay - France.

WANTED: MR. T EXPERIENCE 7" records; on Lookout records - So long sucker b/w Zero '90, Love American Style '91, Gun Crazy '92, on Flush records - Blame & Burn '92, on Munster Records - Strum & Bang '92. Preferred condition m/ m-, original. Also want the MTX promo comb & flyswatter from Love is dead tours. Email/fax/write with prices to Nikki at: email: Betls4ever@aol.com fax:949-248-7466 write: 25332 Staysail, Dana Point, CA 92629

BAND WANTED - Illimattic Jerk Record is always looking for bands (all styles). We are looking for bands to put on CDs, comps, and 7"s. We also have a 21 band tape comp out for only $3 including shipping. Send orders and demos to Eric Illmattic, 91 Fishkill Ave., Beacon, NY 12508.

GET YOUR BAND on the internet! Email us @ <info@mega-drive.com> for details or send demo/photo/bio for evaluation/ full information. MDC PO 36, Way, MO 65583! Be part of the new music revolution."

FOR SALE/TRADE: Orig. punk and hardcore list includes Deep Wound 7", Negative Approach 7", Government Issue 7", Last Resort, Skrewdriver, Oi! comps, Kids 1st and 2nd LP. Less rare stuff as well for fair prices. Send $ for list to Sven Wouters, Kapelsestraat 43, 2950 Kapellen Belgium.

FOR SALE-INFEST LP $50, Confuse Contempt EP $50, SSD Kids LP $50, Get It Away LP $50, Septic Death Danger EP $40, Live LP $40, Unity EP $50, Neon Christ EP $50, Gauze Live LP $40, White Cross LP $50, Crippled Youth EP $50, Heresy Thanks EP $40, Wide Awake CT Hardcore EP $50, Neos EP $50, plus more for sale so send all money orders to Jose Ortega, 8922 Clarinda, Pico Rivera CA 90660

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL classifieds

FREE CABLE PUNKS! Laid off punk cable worker shows you how to build your own descrambler with only 7 Radio Shack parts, for under $13! 7 step instructions anyone can do. Fast service, you will receive in two weeks guaranteed! Send well-concealed cash or $10 money order to: Ed, PO Box 157, West Sayville, NY 11796

FREE HBO, PLAYBOY, SHOWTIME! Laid off punk cable worker tells all! Build a descrambler for under 13 bucks with 7 Radio Shack parts. Very easy to do, simple 7 step instructions sent immediately! Send $10 well-concealed cash or money order to Ed Duckfield, PO Box 157, West Sayville, NY 11796. DIY punks!

VIDEOS: over 1000 shows. GG, Anal Cunt, Angry Samoans, Nashville Pussy, Neurosis, Hole, Muffs, Rev.Horton Heat, Junior Brown, Deicide, Sabbath, Pantera, Type O., Sublime, Samhain, Toy Dolls, Cramps, Clash, Dead Boys, J.Thunders, punk movies & comps & many more. Quick reliable service. Write Merle Allin / 214 E. 24th St. #5b/ NY, NY 10010. Call (212) 889-8334. $1 for list.

VIDEOS: over 1000 shows. Murder Junkies, Dwarves, Fear, Antiseen, Screeching Weasel, Queers, Rancid, Op Ivy, Germs, Pennywise, Trashwomen, Bad Religion 96, Conflict, Monster Magnet, NoFX, Beasties, Mummies, Misfits, Lunachicks, Insaints, Pistols, Buttholes, Primus, Dead Boys, KDs, Ramones 96, Rollins, Circle Jerks, Dickies, Social D., Exploited, 7 Year Bitch, and many, many more. Write Merle Allin/214 E. 24th St. #5b / NY, NY 10010. Call (212) 889- 8334. $1 for 40 pg catalog.

VIDEOS: over 1000 shows. All, Adolescents, Adicts, Bad Brains, Bikini Kill, Black Flag, Burn, N. Cave, Chaos UK, Circle Jerks, Cows, Cro-Mags, Damned, Dayglos, Descendants, Dickies, Entombed, Exploited, Eye Hate God, Flipper, Fugazi, GBH, SJ Hawkins, Hole, Jawbox, KMFDM, Hyenas, Leeway, Lyres, Madball, Marilyn Manson, Meatmen, Mighty Bosstones, and many, many more. $1 for 40 page list. Write Merle Allin/214 E.24th St. #5b/NY, NY 10010. Call (212) 889-8334. Quickest service anywhere.

BANDS-I CAN DESIGN and print your 7" covers at a reasonable and competitive rate. One to four colors, single or double sided. Printing w/o graphic design also available. T-shirt silk-screening also available. Write or email for rates. Larry/Genetic Disorder, PO Box 15237, San Diego, CA 92175 or <harmon1@mail.sdsu.edu>.

STAY ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR FREE. The World for Free was started by a touring band to help with accommodations in people's houses. Since then it's grown to over 250 members. You don't have to be in a band! If you like people more than hotels, find out about THE WORLD FOR FREE. For information write to: THE WORLD FOR FREE, PO Box 137-M, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012, USA. Email: twff@juno.com or via the web: http://www.freeyellow.com/members2/seidboard/twfhome.html

TRYING TO PUT TOGETHER a zine of men and women and their punk/metal or any extreme music tattoos. All contributors will receive free issue. Send pictures to: Hunter / P.O. Box 1026 / Nashua, NH 03061.

ALOHA!..http:members.aol.com/hwnexp...Mahalo!

REMEMBER WHEN you were made fun of for having blue hair and a nose ring? When alternative meant alternative? Not having to trip over 13 year olds or cheerleaders in the pit? Remember Ministry, Skinny Puppy, Jane's Addiction, and NIN? Introverted, antisocial bastard seeks correspondence and friendship. C.J. at P.O. Box 641, Green, Ohio 44232

PUNKS BEFORE PROFITS You can order the first issue of our zine for 2 dollars, includes a patch. We do reviews, send your 7"s, cds, tapes, etc. on a blank tape. (Not looking for free handouts). Send to 115 Stowell Ave., Olean, NY 14760. We also run a distro, send us info on your band, and bands looking for shows in or around Olean, Buffalo, Rochester, NY area contact Ryan or Liz at (716) 373-4478. Note address & phone # change.

AMERICAN INDIAN MALE POLYGAMIST, longtime punk, 6'1", 190, seeks woman or girl, open-minded, good hearted, for female-centered household. bigi__@yahoo.com, Carl, 701 Roosevelt #4, San Antonio, TX 78210.

SCUMFEST '97 & '98 two hour video's $12 ppd. per video or $20 for both. Also planning Scumfest '99 August 12th, 13th & 14th. For videos or info: Andy Miller / 2326 Sheffield Road / Raleigh, NC 27610 or call 919-833-6520. Cash or money order only.

VIDEO TRADER wants to sell entire collection of punk / hc videos. Hundreds of shows. Call for details or to make offer. Ryan (770) 973-6038.

STRAP YOURSELF IN! Issue one is 24 pages including a homosexual science fiction story. Two has hitchhiking, biking, greyhound stories. Flying Lesson - a travel zine about life. #1 How I Spent My Summer Vacation, #2 Box, #3 Fight Gravity. Lots of words, pretty looking, too. More available soon. P.O. Box 954 / Bloomington, IN 47402. $1 ppd or trade.

SEX PISTOLS VIDEO compilation: John Lydon Late, Late show 1997, MTV Studios, Letterman 1996, Phoenix Festival 1996, CNBC Time & Again Feature. 2 hours. TDK-EHG. $20 money order. Jim Russo / 7314 Rockwell #2 / Philadelphia, PA 19111. American video format only!

CRAMPS VIDEO Compilation #2 - Bizarre Festival 1992, Inner Tube 1981, Urgh! outtakes, After Hours, Night After Night 1992, The Tube, Conan O'Brien, more! 2 hours. TDK-EHG. $20 money order. Jim Russo / 7314 Rockwell #2 / Philadelphia, PA 19111. American format only!

TRANSVESTITES WANTED to earn money for PIMP equipment. Send $5 for Geeking Dream. Get it out of your pocket and send to: CNF / P.O. Box 9152 / Virginia Beach, VA 23450. Pimp show April 9 with 5 guests at Cogan's, Norfolk VA.

I'M STARTING UP AN Anarcho Punk zine and looking for contributions: interviews, opinions, reviews, protests, photos, political art, DIY how-to's, etc. All contributors get free copies. Marc Silverstein/ 5275 Whisper Dr. / Coral Springs, FL 33067/ (954) 753-0897

29 YR OLD FEMALE needs all kind of mail and crazy stuff. I will send you something in return. I like British punk, bagpipes, mystic & macabres, cats & bats, long hair, horse-racing, whisky and much more. Cola Hey, Zum Kleinen Oelberg 3 53639 Konigswonter Germany.

F.T.B. NEW CATALOG out now! Tons of new patch and shirt designs. Some of the patches I have are: Aus Rotten, Los Crudos, Filth, Choking Victim, as well as new designs from Anti Racist Action, Submachine, the Blanks and many more. I can also Make shirts and patches for your band. Wholesale prices available for shops and distros. For a catalog send 1 stamp to: F.T.B. Inc. c/o Cheez 119 Chesterfield Rd. Pittsburgh PA 15213

ON YOUR BACK SCREENPRINTING Doing quality work for your Band, Label, Zine, or Distro. I use F.O.L. "Best" shirts, can do black or color printing. (You'll be happy with the end result!) I'm also willing to help on design, touchups, distribution & shows for your band-107 Gardiner Av., Olean, NY 14760 or call Tommy (716) 372-8594. tommyvictor @hotmail.com

JEEZUS GAWD DO I EVER need some mail. Me: 24 yr old male Chinese-Canuck. Straight edge, left-leaning, guiltily middle-class. Alienated and alone in Southern Ontario suburbia. Feeling the shame of being and unproductive member of society. Minor Threat, Inside Front, my typewriter, and a pair of dumbbells are things that give me succor. Anyone who writes me gets a reply, no fooling. Dalson / 232 Eveleigh Cres. / Windsor, Ontario / N9E 4M3 / Canada

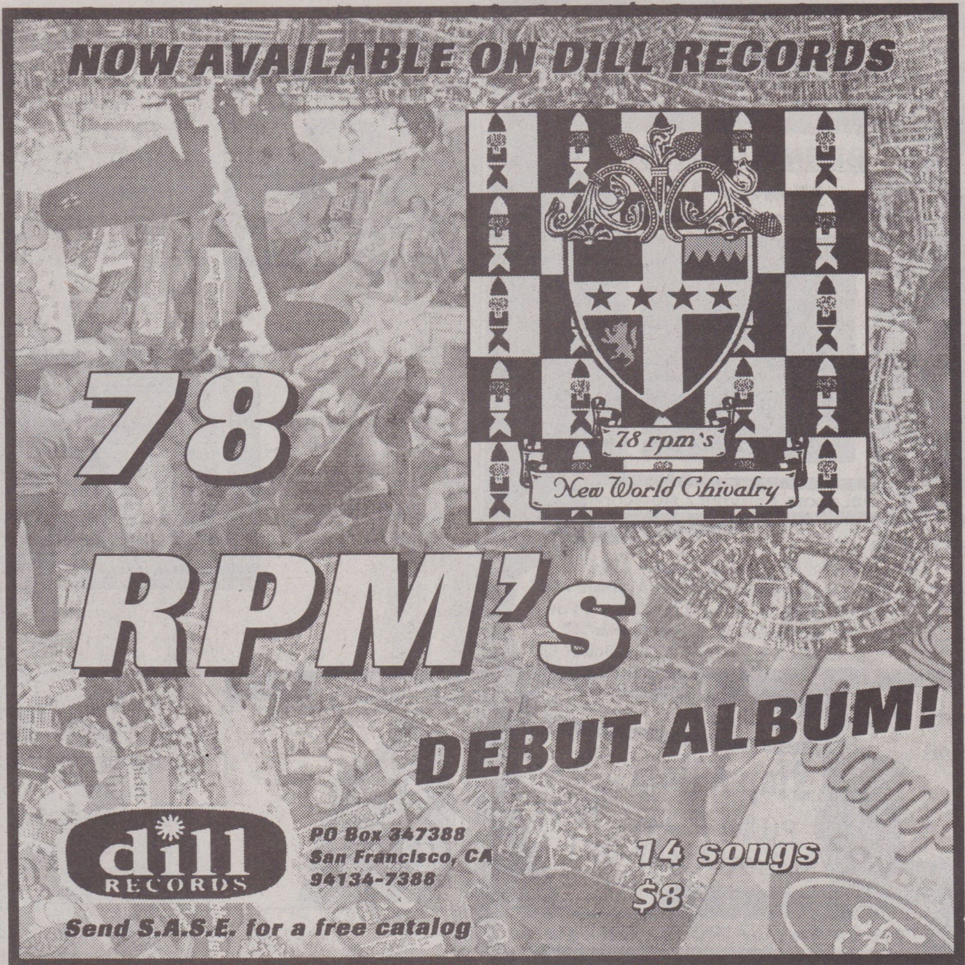
GET COOL STUFF in the mail. Send only $1 to cover postage. Zines, stickers, patches, shirts, etc. Fun grab bag. Send buck to: *A*/ PO BOX 7211161, Roselle IL 60172-1116.

HELP! LOOKING for scene reporters, photos, writers - for the most diverse zine alive today. Five years and going strong. Topics range from evolution of man -sex behaviors, classifieds, fetishes and all genres of music from My Dying Bride - AFI - Amebix - Spahn Ranch - Guttermouth. Also looking for men & women sex stories, drug or anything off the top. Will pay for photos - nude. The Bizarre, 711 Gobin Dr., Carlisle, PA 17013.

HELP! 18 YEAR OLD BOY moving from Boston to Winter Park/Orlando area this fall. I have a place down there, but no friends. I play drums and listen to your favorite bands (probably). Please write! Jaimie McNeil, 15 Upland Lane Ipswich, MA 01938.

Amazingguitars.com unique gear from Teisco, Silvertone, Hagstrom, and more. Good deals and a cool players gallery featuring J. Spencer.

CHRIST THE DARK YEARS chapbook tells about the unknown youth of the christchild, the wanton lust, hate, and killing sprees free with the purchase of The Pimps tape Geeking Dream. Send $6: CNF, POB 9152 Virginia Beach VA 23450.



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I have a couple dozen copies of these left, so I'm selling them as a package for $6 ppd.

Haggis - Cornfield Girl 7"
Haggis / Life After Johnny split 7"
Skidfish / Freak in a Jar split 7"

I also have a few copies of the Cravedog Records CD compilation "The Encyclopedia of Post Punk Hits" for only $5 ppd. The CD features tracks from Haggis, Bubba, 90 Proof, Belligerent Youth and 7 more.

Also still available:

- V/A - 20 Bands Trash 20 Songs to Find the Way to Sesame Street LP - $7
- V/A - Boise Punk compilation LP - $6
- Adversives / Cause split 7" - $3

Make checks / MOs payable to Mark Hanford. All prices are postpaid to North America. Others add $2 per item.

screwball productions
po box 8059
santa cruz, ca 95061
e-mail: hanford@cruzio.com

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CRISPY NUTS Will 7"	£2.65	$5.00
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RANCID HELL SPAWN Gastro Boy 7"	£2.65	$5.00
RANCID HELL SPAWN Teenage Lard 7"	£2.65	$5.00
SAVAGE MALIGNANT Lucky 7 7"	£2.65	$5.00
STEVE McQUEENS Mission To Rock 7"	£2.65	$5.00
ON OTHER LABELS:		
440 SIX PACK One More Round 7"	£2.75	$5.00
A GLOBAL THREAT The Kids Will Revolt 7"	£2.75	$5.00
AFFLICTED Another Form Of Genocide 7"	£2.75	$5.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER Drugs & Masturbation 7"	£2.75	$5.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER Drugs & M. Pic Disc 7"	£3.75	$7.00
BORIS THE SPRINKLER She's Got A Lighter 7"	£2.75	$5.00
COMPLETE EXCLUDE Weak and Non Power 7"	£3.25	$6.00
ELECTRIC FRANK'STEIN / CRISPY NUTS Split 7"	£2.75	$5.00
ENDANGERED FECES Famous Anus 7"	£2.75	$5.00
GNOB Hoping For Extinction 7"	£2.75	$5.00
JETBOYS Wild Party 7"	£2.75	$5.00
JETPACK / PILLS Split 7"	£2.75	$5.00
LOS FEDERALES Ewe Sheep 7"	£2.75	$5.00
MAGNITUDE 3 Jack The Ripper 7"	£2.75	$5.00
SPIDER BABIES Drivin' Me Mad 7"	£2.75	$5.00
STOOL SAMPLE 4 Life 7"	£2.75	$5.00
STOOL SAMPLE / BLOODY SODS Split 7"	£2.75	$5.00
STRIPED BASSTARDS Lessons Learned 7"	£2.75	$5.00
SWINDLERS I Wanna Kill My Friends 7"	£2.75	$5.00
TAKAMATSU CITY H/C Compil 7"- 4 bands	£3.25	$6.00
TOXIC NARCOTIC / UNSEEN Split 7"	£2.75	$5.00
TV KILLERS / TEMPORAL SLUTS Split 7"	£2.75	$5.00
UNBORN SF Pearls For The Swines Pic Disc 7"	£3.75	$7.00
UNHOLY SWILL Shot My Boss 7"	£2.75	$5.00
USE TO ABUSE Let's Go Fuckin' 7"	£2.75	$5.00
VIGILANTES Youth Of Today 7"	£2.75	$5.00

All prices include (airmail) postage. Send UK or US cash, or UK cheques/money orders. Send SAE/IRC for full list.

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LONDON WC1N 3XX, ENGLAND
Email: wrench@hinge.mistral.co.uk Fax: 0171 607 9580
Web site: http://www3.mistral.co.uk/wrench/index.html

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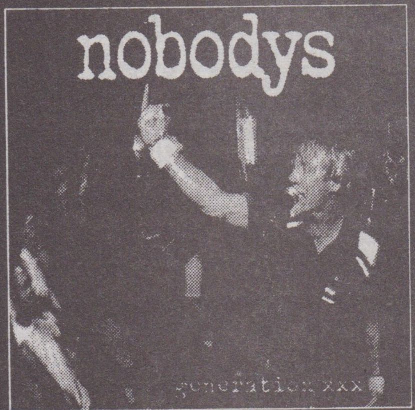
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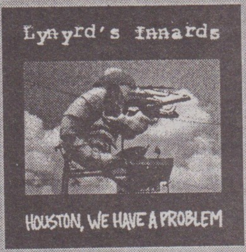
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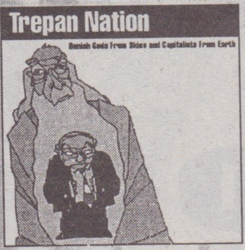
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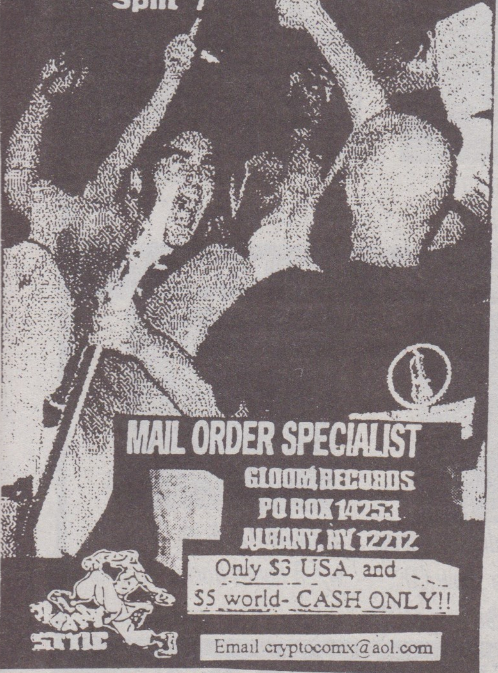

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file under : garage-power pop

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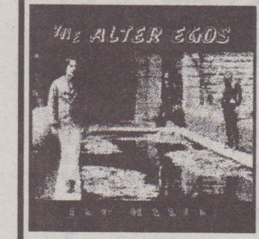

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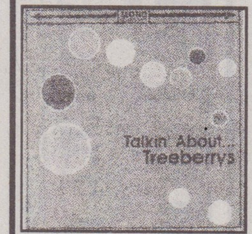
TREEBERRYS - TALKIN' ABOUT CD



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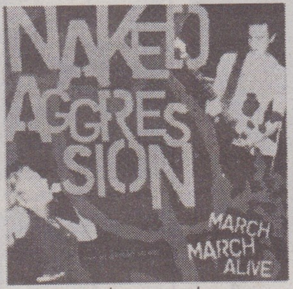

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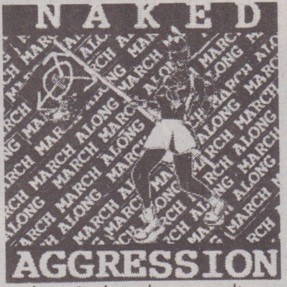

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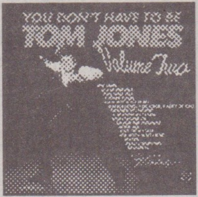

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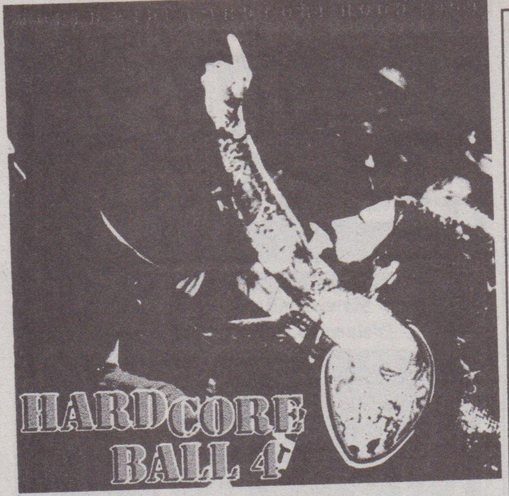

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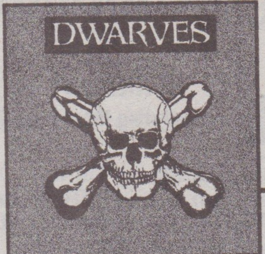

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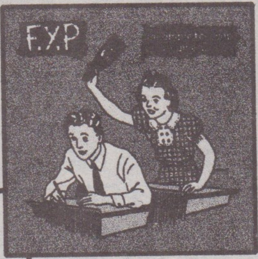

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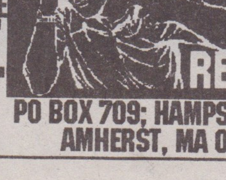

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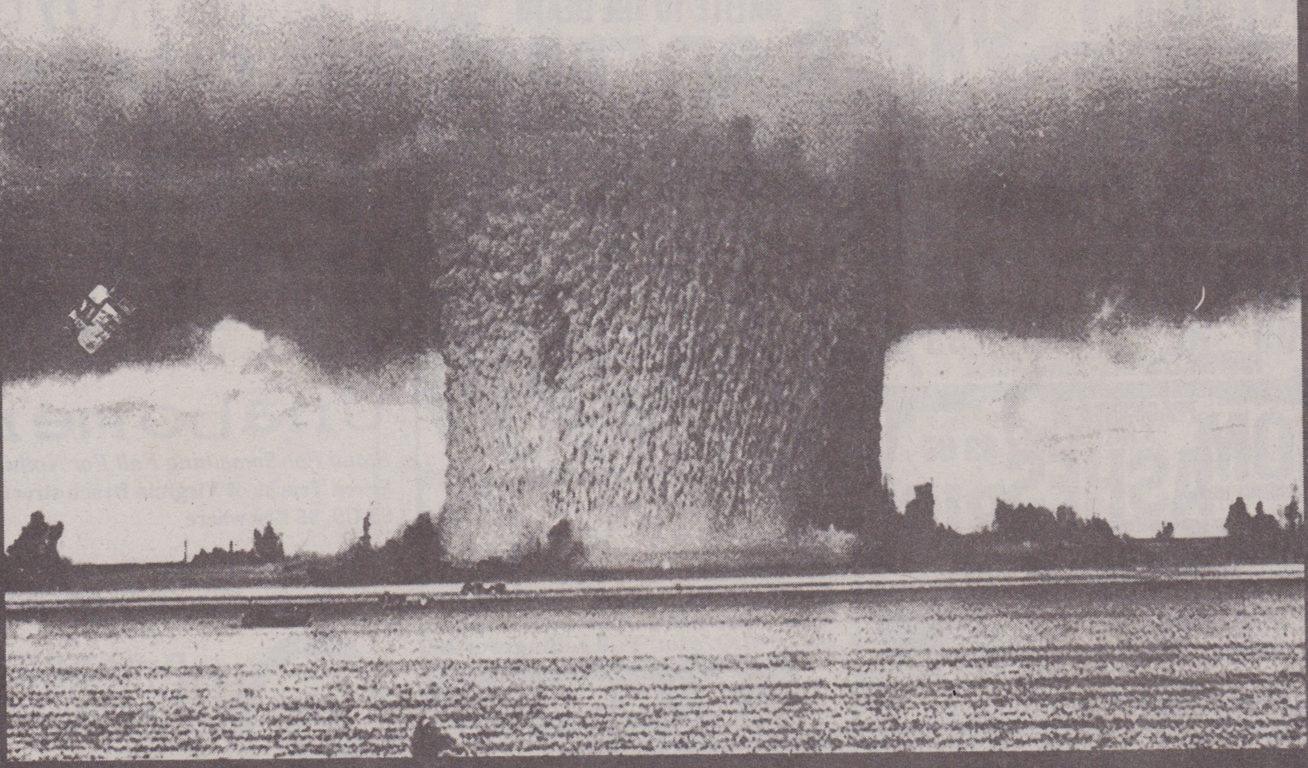THE END